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Collier's

DECEMBER 25, 1953 • FIFTEEN CENTS

Bishop Sheen

TELLS THE STORY OF THE

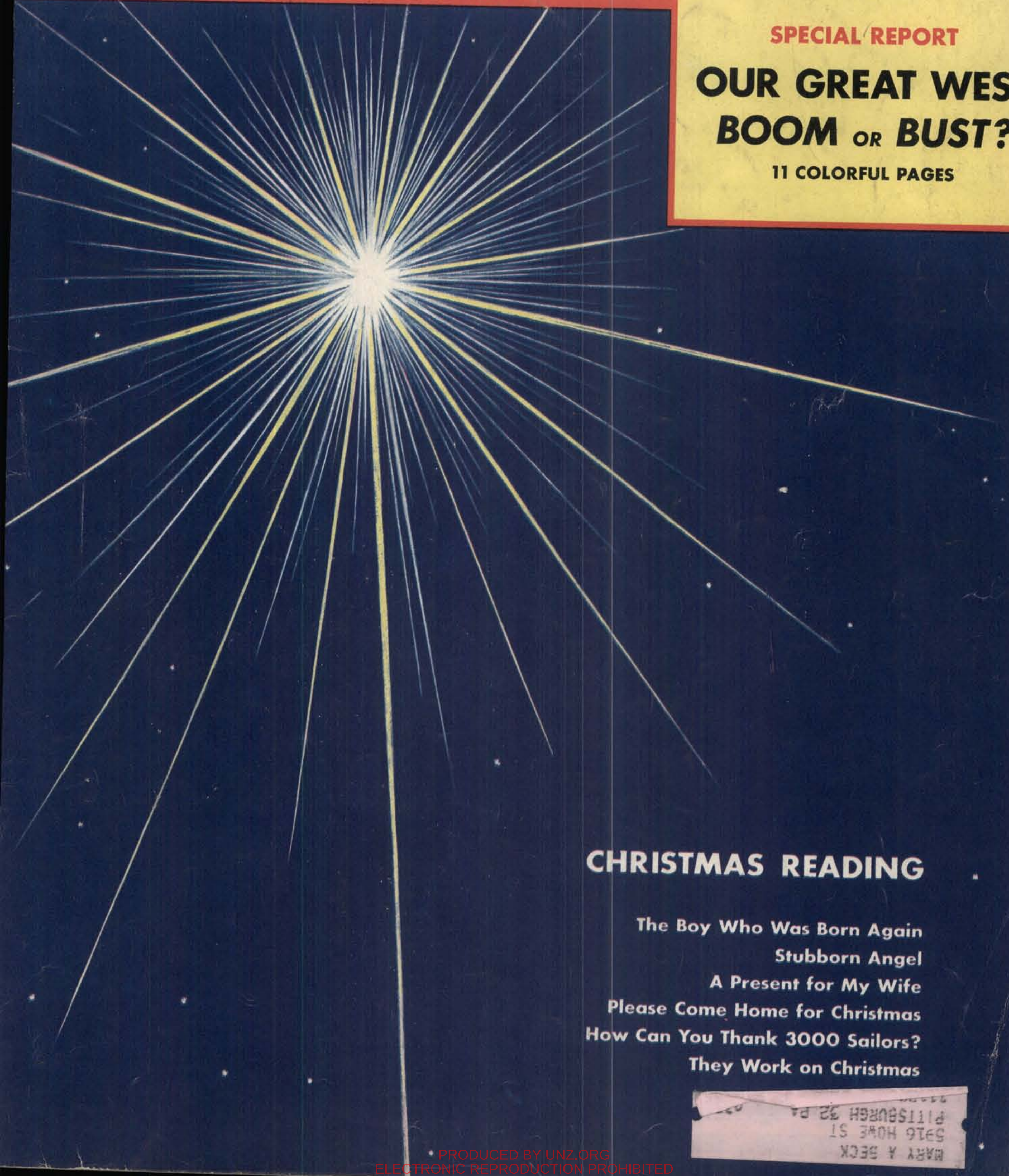
BIRTH OF CHRIST

•

SPECIAL REPORT

OUR GREAT WEST
BOOM OR BUST?

11 COLORFUL PAGES



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Stubborn Angel
A Present for My Wife
Please Come Home for Christmas
How Can You Thank 3000 Sailors?
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The Beer that Made Milwaukee Famous

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Soon it will be the night before Christmas. And many an excited little girl will be nestled all snug in her bed, to dream of sleigh bells and reindeer and a cuddly doll beneath a tree.

Santa Claus is such a jolly fellow that he wouldn't want to miss anyone. But it could happen and that would be very sad indeed.

So again this year, telephone girls in many communities will be helping Santa get around. For days and weeks they have been spending their spare time dressing dolls for little girls.

Throughout the country thousands of other Bell System men and women are collecting baskets of food, candy, toys and dollars for those less fortunate than themselves.

And remembering their co-workers in the armed services with the letters and holiday packages that are so extra-special when a young fellow is far away from home.

To all of you, from all of us in the telephone business, we send best wishes for a joyous, reverent Christmas.

SANTA'S HELPERS

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Collier's

DECEMBER 25, 1953

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The Star of Bethlehem appeared at Christ's birth and guided the Wise Men and the shepherds to the windswept hillside stable-cave where lay the Son of God. As a special feature for the Christmas season, the Most Rev. Fulton J. Sheen, auxiliary bishop of New York and national director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, begins an inspiring story of Christ's life in this issue

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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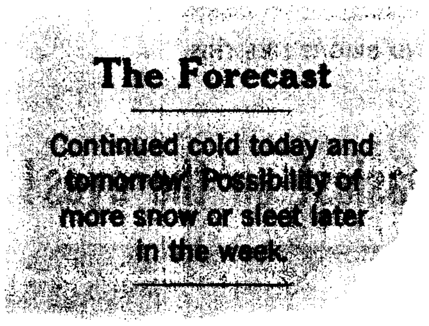
GOOD HINTS FOR WINTER HEALTH



The Forecast

Continued cold today and tomorrow. Possibility of more snow or sleet later in the week.

During the next three months cold weather, like the forecast above, may be with us. While winter holds sway, millions of Americans will have their annual bouts with the common cold. Others will suffer from more serious respiratory conditions ranging from laryngitis to pneumonia.

Despite the increased chances for respiratory illness during the winter, there are many things you can do to help ward this off—or if it does occur, to prevent complications and hasten recovery. Here are some good hints for winter health which all members of your family may wisely follow.

1. Build up your resistance. Respiratory infections are most likely to strike when a person is "run down" or "tired out." So, it is wise to get plenty of rest and sleep, take some exercise, and dress warmly to avoid becoming chilled. It is important to keep living quarters moderately heated with moistened air.

2. Do not be careless about colds. If you get a cold, and have a fever, it is usually advisable to stay at home for a day or two. Rest in bed if you can, preferably in a room by yourself so as to prevent spreading the cold to others in the family. Keep warm and eat lightly. *If fever persists or is unduly high, call the doctor without delay.*

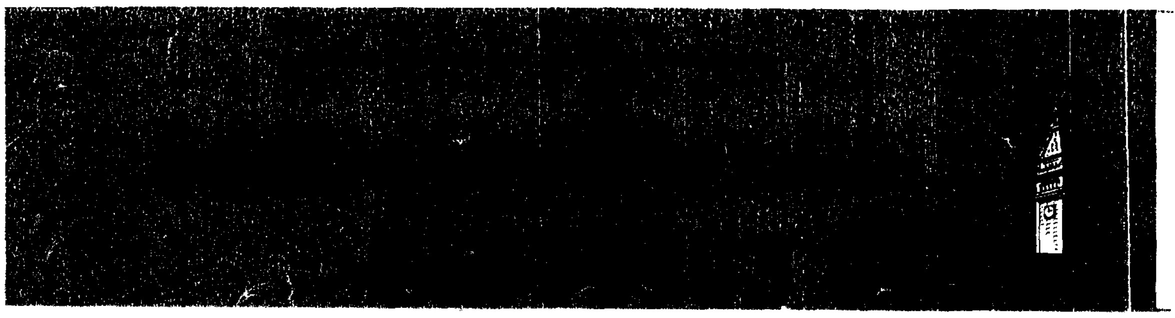
3. Give yourself plenty of time to recover. Medicines which the doctor prescribes may send the fever down rather quickly and make you feel much better, but this should not be a signal to get up immediately.

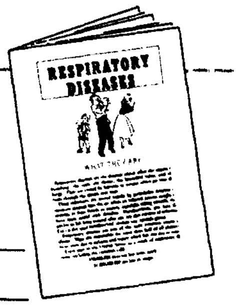
You may run the risk of weakening your body's ability to continue the fight against the invading "germs" if you get up too soon. All too often this results in a relapse which may be more serious than your original trouble.

If you are unfortunate enough to contract pneumonia, influenza, or other severe respiratory infections, follow your doctor's advice faithfully.

4. Have a physical examination. If you have "one cold after another," suffer from repeated sore throats, or are bothered by a chronic sinus condition, it would be wise to see your doctor for a thorough health examination. He may find conditions that can be easily corrected—or he may suggest measures that can help you go through the winter in much better health than ever before.

Metropolitan offers a booklet called "Respiratory Diseases" which contains various suggestions to help you "weather the winter" in the best of health. It also discusses the more common ailments of the season. Use the handy coupon for your free copy.





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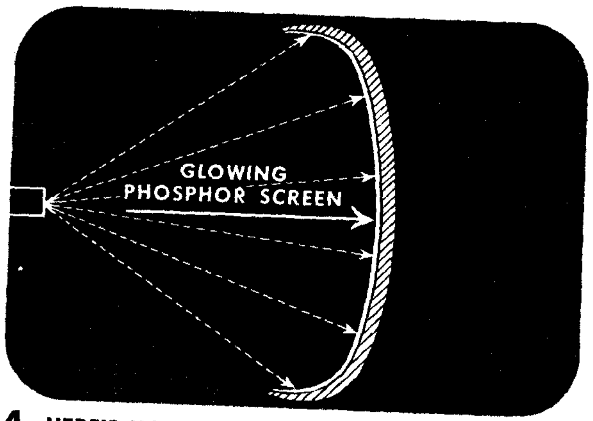
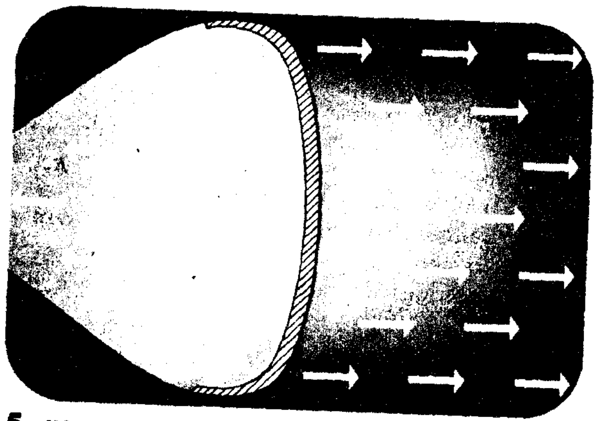
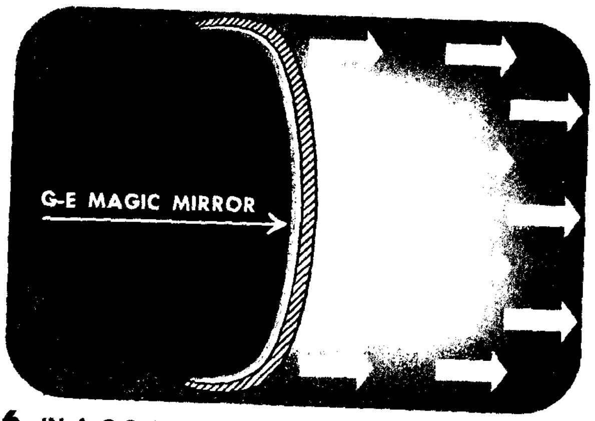


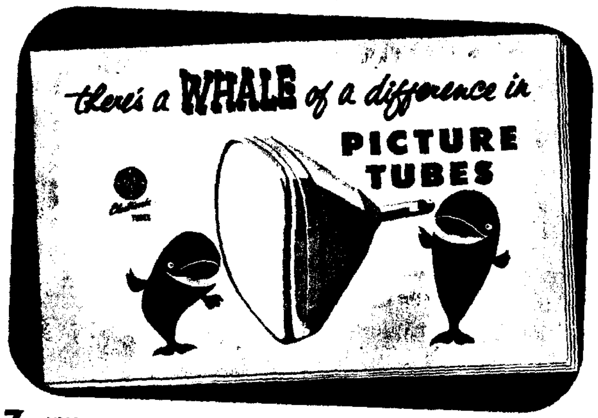
4. HERE'S HOW A TV TUBE WORKS. Electrons shot from a "gun" in the neck of a picture tube create picture light when they strike the phosphor coating on the inside surface of the tube's face.



5. IN AN ORDINARY TV TUBE much of this picture light is lost. It bounces back inside the tube, robbing the picture you see of brightness and contrast. Result: faint, gray, "washed-out" pictures.



6. IN A G-E ALUMINIZED TUBE an aluminum mirror, that passes electrons, blocks light from bouncing back into the tube. It "mirrors" all the picture light toward you—bright and clear.


there's a WHALE of a difference in
PICTURE TUBES

7. "WHALE OF A DIFFERENCE". Free booklet shows how a G-E Aluminized Tube can give you a better picture than ever. Write *General Electric Company, Tube Department, Schenectady 5, New York.*

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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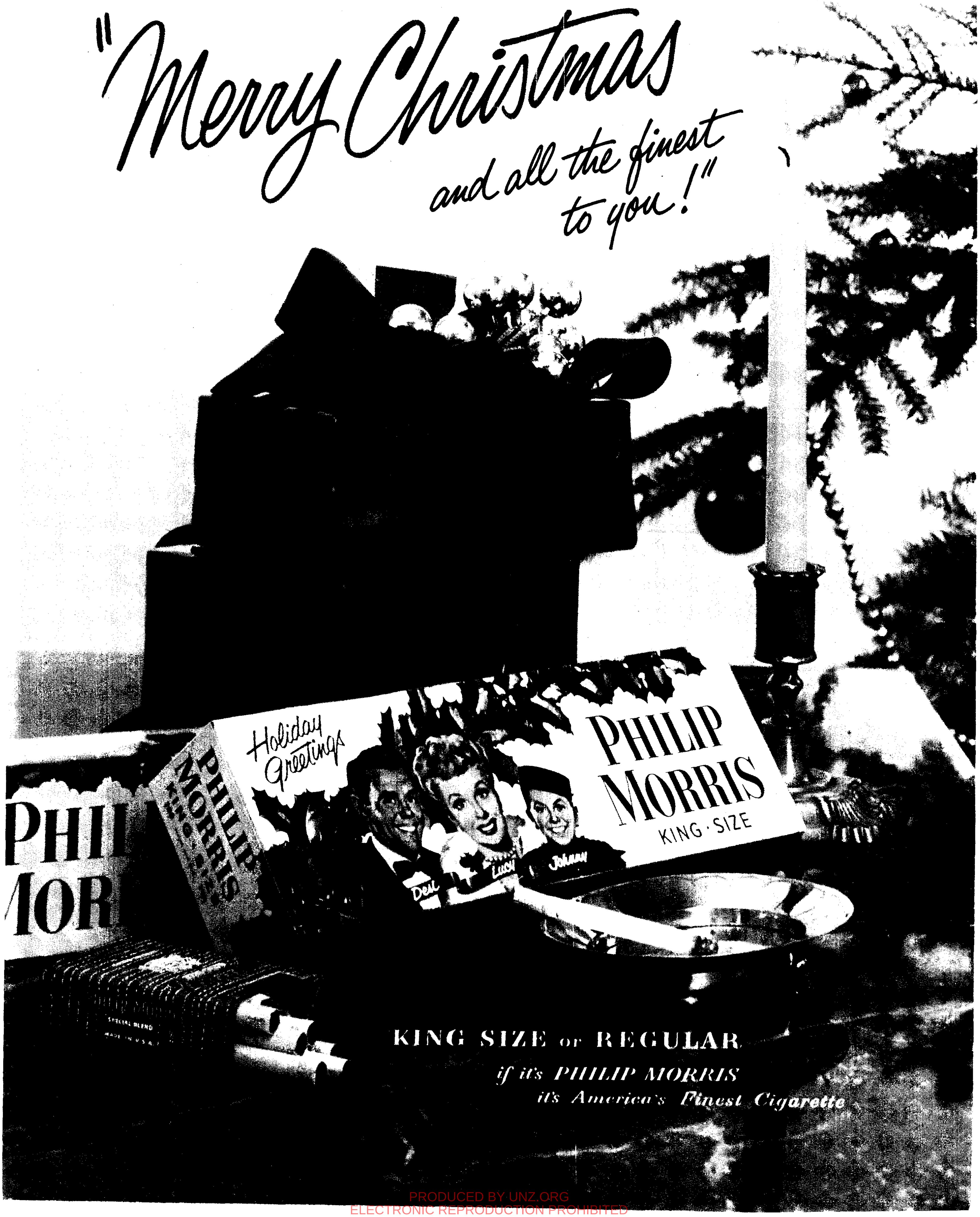
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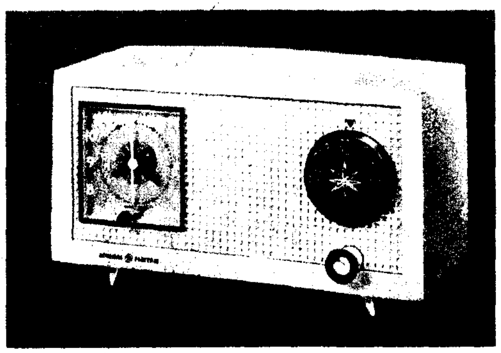


You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Letters . . .

Wrong State

Editor: I certainly appreciate the fine recognition given to my chart on political qualifications in connection with the article by my friends of Oregon, Richard and Maurine Neuberger (Are You Fit for Political Office?, November 13th).

However, I am Secretary of State of Washington, rather than of Oregon, as was indicated. True, we were once a part of Oregon, but that was a hundred years ago. My, how time flies.

Earl Coe, Olympia, Wash.

Our apologies to Secretary Coe for being a century behind the times.

The Short Creek Raid

Editor: I am glad to see that you gave the Short Creek residents a chance to present their side in Edson Jessop's story of Why I Have Five Wives (November 13th). It seems to me that the famous raid was "much ado about nothing." Somebody was surely looking for publicity.

From all I've read about the Mormons (fundamentalist or other) they are sober, industrious, thrifty, kind to their families and mind their own business—which is more than one can say for many monogamous and "respectable" citizens. Louise E. Hilliard, Colchester, Vt.

. . . However open polygamy may compare with our present setup of commonplace adultery and multiple divorce, in morals and public policy, the Arizona officials are apparently bent on doing a much worse and more dangerous thing. Charges of "insurrection" and "conspiracy against the state" are manifestly ridiculous subterfuges to replace the lack of penalties for a different kind of act. In making such charges the state of Arizona commits an act of legal lawlessness.
Russell Anderson, Washington, D.C.

. . . Ever since my Collier's of November 13th arrived I have been trying to figure out the reason you published such a disgusting article as Why I Have Five Wives. To have included such an article in your magazine would have been bad enough, but to feature it as you did is a disgrace.

Mrs. J. S. Bartle, Oak Park, Ill.

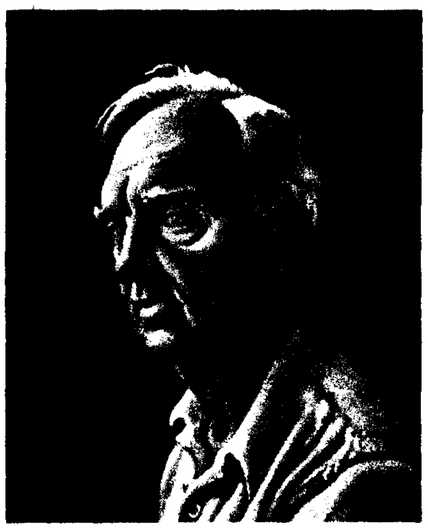
No Duel

Editor: Thanks for the excellent reproductions of the paintings by Tom Benton and myself which appeared in your October 16th issue (The Battle of Beetlebung Corners). And the accompanying article was good fun.

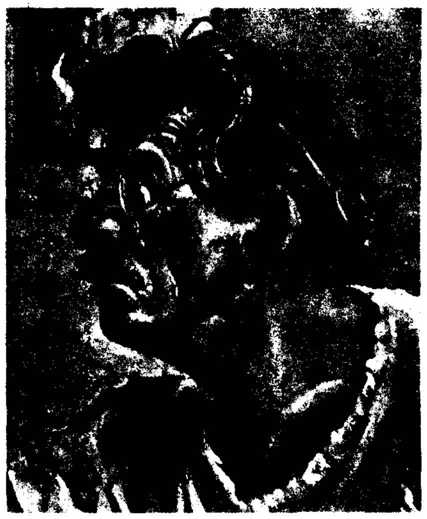
The idea that there was a duel on between Benton and myself evidently induced some of the local observers to want to get in on the fray, and I have learned of one who wrote to the editor of Collier's protesting that I did not get a fair deal because the reproduction only showed a detail of my picture whereas Benton's showed the whole composition. I might claim that Collier's deemed my detail better than Benton's whole composition, and that therefore that round should be awarded to me.

Anyway, there was considerable amusement aroused around here by Collier's presentation—and the magazine is to be congratulated for finding a means of popularizing a kind of art that is otherwise likely to be seen only by those who frequent galleries.

Denys Wortman,
Vineyard Haven, Mass.



Benton's Wortman

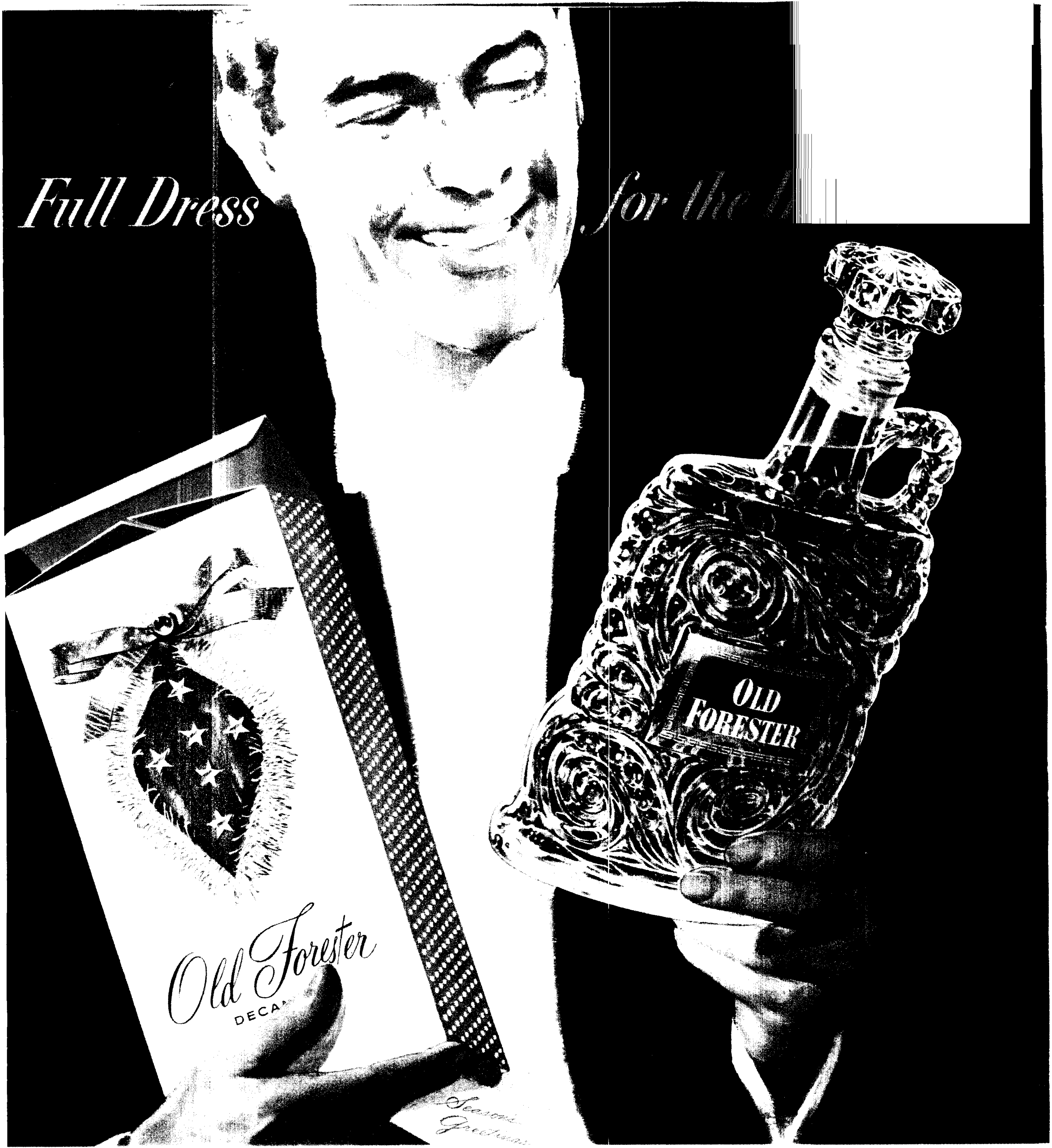


Wortman's Benton

Housing Mix-up

Editor: Several of my freshmen friends and I thought your story This Happened at Harvard! (October 30th) was terrific! In the short time that I've been here so far, I've found out that Dave Tilton's situation isn't so far from some of the zany things that actually happen at Harvard.

In fact, the only farfetched idea is that anyone living in Holworthy—a hall in the Yard where only freshmen live—will get an A.B. degree in six months. Bob Livingston & Friends,
Harvard '57, Cambridge, Mass.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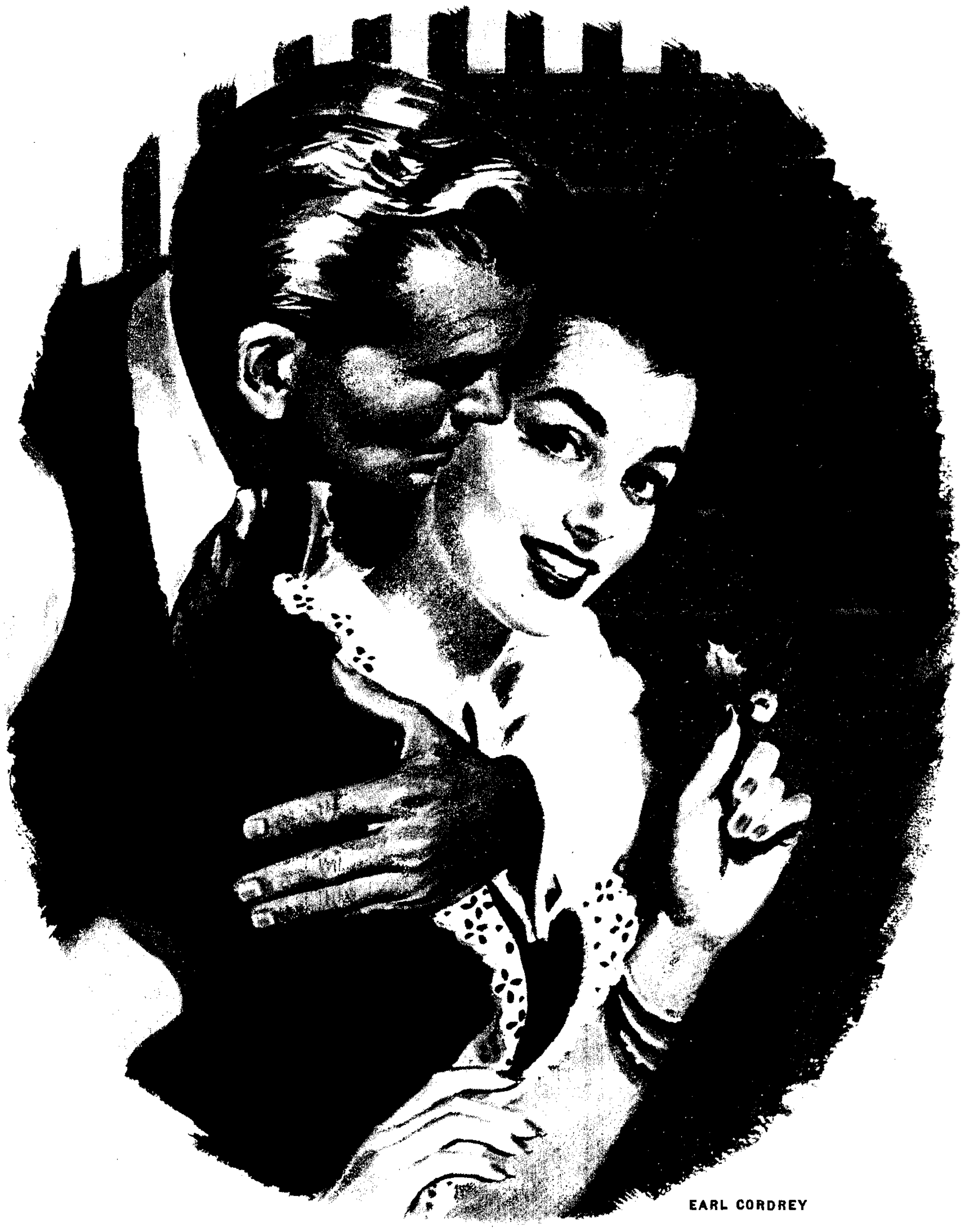
A PRESENT FOR MY WIFE



EARL CORDREY

"I think I'd rather have mink," she said

By EILEEN HERBERT JORDAN

THERE was a holiday crowd on the 5:31 that evening, a Christmas Eve crowd. The women had sprigs of holly pinned to their coats, and red and green and silver packages were crammed into the racks over the windows. There was the sharp odor of wet wool and steam and a faint smell of whisky—some commuters had obviously just left office parties.

Tom Evans pushed through the crowds, trying to find a seat in the smoker. When he finally found one, he sat down and settled the awkward box he carried on his lap. He didn't look at it; it was the doll for Marcie. She hadn't asked for a doll—she wanted a red automobile that she could sit in. They cost twenty-five dollars, and Helen had told her she could have one. That was the trouble—Helen offered Marcie the world.

He shifted the box and lighted a cigarette. He would have to tell Helen about the bonus. Until today he'd hoped that there might be a Christmas bonus from the company—enough so that he could go up to Macy's and buy the red car, with enough left over for something for Helen. But instead he had had to buy a doll, and in his left-hand pocket was a small bottle of Chanel No. 5 for Helen, a very small bottle.

A week ago she had come into the living room with several empty perfume bottles in her hands and Marcie's paint set under her arm. She'd laid them all carefully on an end table.

"Going into business?" he'd asked.

She'd painted a stripe of blue on one of the bottles. "I'm going to decorate these for Marcie," she'd said.

"All empty?"

"Uh-huh. Haven't you noticed that I haven't smelled like moonlight in Arabia lately?"

"Nope."

She had made a face at him and said, "Husbands are so disappointing."

"That's right. Whatever you do, don't get married again. It's pretty rough."

She'd looked up at him and laughed. "Oh, definitely," she'd said. "Awfully rough."

He hadn't been able to laugh back at her that night. She was wearing an old blue sweater and skirt and a pair of scuffed moccasins. Her dark hair was swept back smoothly and she was frowning as she studied the daubs of paint on the bottles. She didn't look old enough to have a daughter or a budget or a house with faded furniture and no television set.

He wished that he could buy her something crazy and expensive, a diamond bracelet, a mink coat. When the bonus came, he thought, he would get her something special. But in his pocket now, on Christmas Eve, was only a very small bottle of Chanel No. 5.

"Hey, Tom," somebody called and he looked up. George Parsons was pushing through a crowd of people at the door of the coach, waving a package in one hand. "Merry Christmas," George said, sitting down beside him, balancing an armload of packages. "Boy, I'm bushed. Tom, this Christmas deal is a rat race, a regular rat race." George pushed his Homburg back on his head and lighted a cigarette. "Been at the office party since twelve o'clock. Had to send my secretary out at the last minute to buy some things for the kids." He shook his head. "These holidays sure cost a fortune," he said.

Not if you don't have a fortune, Tom thought, but he said, "Sure do."

"The new car, for example," George said. "Had to have it to get down to Florida, so I got delivery on it for this month. Hell, *that's* not even a Christmas present."

"Nice little stocking stuffer, though," Tom said. "Convertible?"

George nodded and said, "Tom, I figured it out. My dealer figured it out. If you're going to buy a big car anyway, you might just as well go all the way, buy the best. It figures, I tell you."

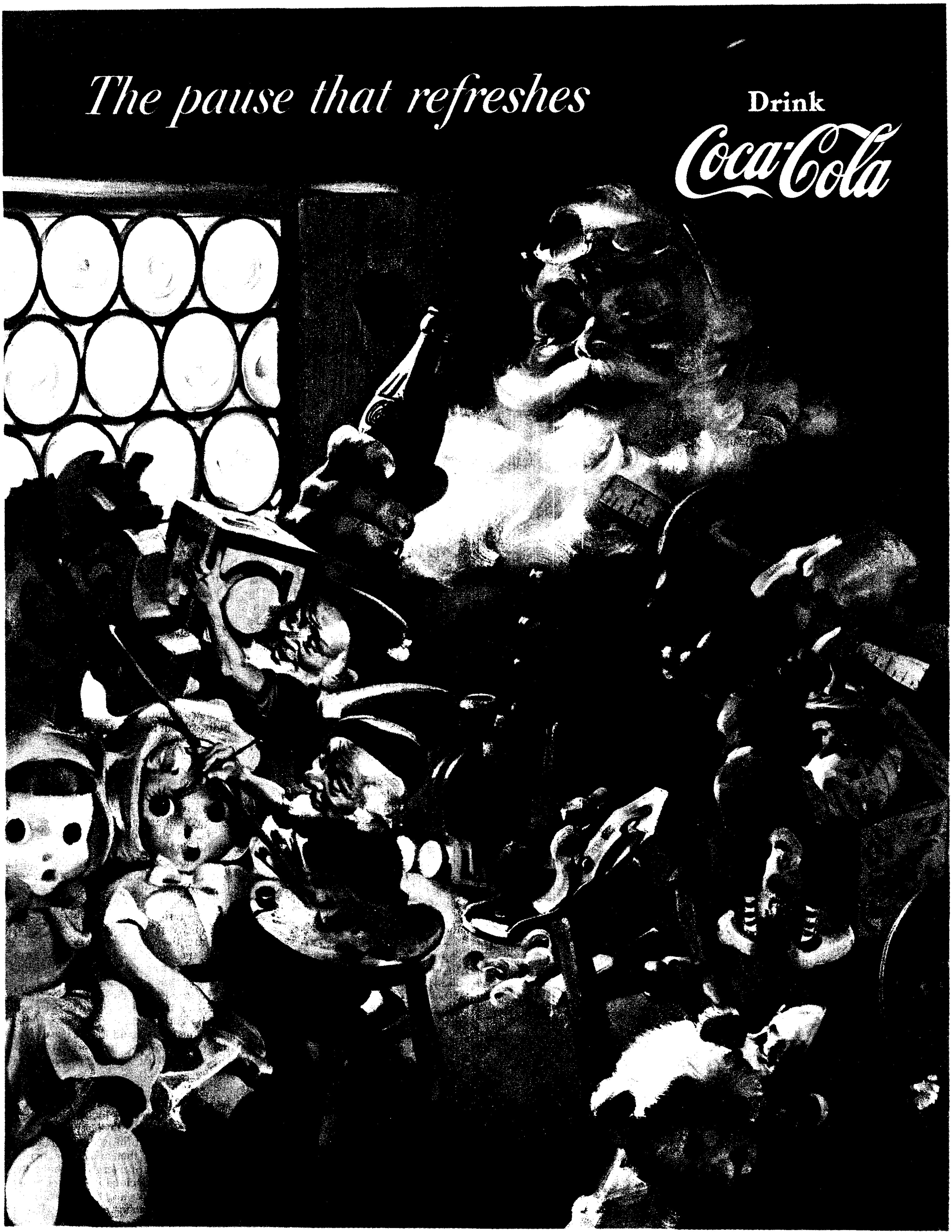
"You're in the right bracket for it, George," Tom said. "Nice to get there while you're still young enough to enjoy it."

"You gotta work for it, kid. You gotta get out there, go after the right people. Why, hell, I was playing golf with old Charters for a year before I got *that* contract. Guys like us, we gotta go in there and pitch . . ." George leaned back and one of the packages fell into the aisle. "You know," he said, bending to pick it up, "don't even know what the girl got for the kids. Gave her a check. I do know I spent a hundred dollars for electric lights, though. Just for bulbs and wires—imagine that." He added, "Gonna wire that big tree in the yard."

Tom shifted the box in his lap again, and thought about a hundred dollars—or half of it, or even a quarter. They sat in silence while the train rattled past a series of small towns, past red and green lights festooned along the streets.

You couldn't take it away from George Parsons, Tom thought; he had done well. He was on the board of governors at the country club now; he had built a sprawling new ranch house, a thirty-thousand-dollar job, at the edge of town. Tom and Helen had gone to the housewarming. There'd

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT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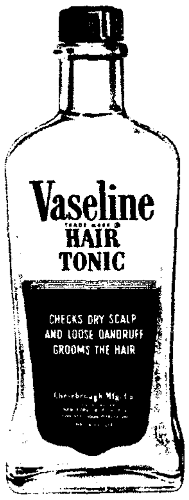

been a caterer from the city, Martinis all over the place, and Kate Parsons, vague and pretty, wandering about the big rooms looking for some people she knew. At one point Helen had whispered in Tom's ear, "It's so antiseptic. Wouldn't you hate to live in a place so antiseptic?"

"Like I'd hate five hundred thousand dollars," he'd said.

"Oh, Tom, you'd hate it—we both would."

Tom looked across at George now. George was dozing, sleeping off the afternoon's cocktails. Whatever it was that George had, Tom knew he'd never have it. He wished he had the price of one of the big brass lamps in the Parsons' living room, but he knew he'd never have that either—not to spend for a lamp.

The train was slowing down, nearing Belleville, and a cold blast of air hit them as the conductor opened the door. He nudged George and they got off the train together.

AT HOME, Helen was waiting for him in the doorway. She had on the old scarlet dress that he liked; a piece of holly was pinned to her shoulder. "Hello, Santa Claus," she called. He ran up the steps to her. "Happy Night Before Christmas," she whispered. He kissed her, put his arms around her, hugged her tight.

The small living room was decorated with branches of evergreen. A log was burning in the fireplace and two red candles glowed on the mantel. The untrimmed tree stood gaunt and spindly in one corner. "Marcie and I did all this," Helen said, gesturing, "but I haven't wrapped any presents yet, and there's the tree . . ."

"Where's Marcie?" he asked.

Helen helped him out of his coat. "Oh, I gave her her supper early," she said. "I thought you might be late, so—" She had thought he might be shopping.

"Tough year," he said. "Company wasn't able to come through with a Christmas check."

"Oh," Helen said, and then she turned around quickly and hung up his coat. Her shoulders, even the back of her neck, looked very young—and a little sad. "Well," she said after a minute, "I'm glad you're not late, anyway. I'd hate to have you out running around on a cold night like this, on Christmas Eve."

"What am I going to tell Marcie about the red car?" he asked.

"Don't worry about that," she said. "Marcie knows all about Santa Claus." She picked up a stray sprig of holly off the floor and tucked it in her smooth dark hair. "It's simple," she said. "I told her that Santa Claus is the Christmas spirit—the spirit of wanting to give to the people you love—wanting and giving—not just getting. Marcie understood perfectly. She has a lot of imagination." Helen went through the doorway to the kitchen and got a match out of the old-fashioned box on the wall.

He followed her and stood in the doorway watching as she lighted a burner on the range. "And what about you?" he said. "Are you just loaded down with imagination too?"

"Oh, sure," she said. "I'm amazing."

"Did you realize that if you're going to buy a big car anyway, you might just as well go all out and buy the best? Did your imagination cover that, too?"

Helen set a pot of soup on the flickering, uneven flame. "Well, I don't know," she said. "It's like sable and mink. I could go all out and get the sable, but I really think I'd rather have the mink. Silver-blue, I think." She turned and smiled at him. "Would you love me in silver-blue mink?" she said.

"Very funny," he said. "One big laugh."

He turned and went back to the living room, walking on the threadbare part of the rug, sitting down in the faded green chair. The bough of evergreen hung above the door was starting to sag, he noticed. He lighted a cigarette, saw that he had only a few left and wondered whether Helen had bought any.

That would do it, he thought, if he ran out of cigarettes tonight. Maybe it was always like that; maybe you always came back to trivialities like the last cigarette, and you had to scratch for another and you knew that you would always have to scratch for everything, even for the small change to buy another pack.

Maybe he'd never have any more money than he had right now. Maybe he'd always go one step up the ladder and two down, and holidays would always be a headache. And maybe Helen would never have her silver-blue mink; and Marcie, who wasn't going to get a red car this year, wasn't going to get a bicycle or a wrist watch or a college diploma either.

HELEN called out from the kitchen, "Hey, what are you brooding about? You should be a happy guy." She came to the door, tying an apron over the scarlet dress. "You never can tell," she said. "If I had a mink coat I might get myself a male admirer, a regular glamor boy." The piece of holly fell out of her hair and she picked it up again. "Like Kate Parsons," she said.

"What do you mean?" he said.

"She has a beau," Helen said. "One of the new owners of the country club. She's divorcing George."

"Say that again," he said.

"I said she's divorcing George—in Florida."

He stood up and started across the room to her. It didn't take him long—it was such a little room.

He thought about Kate Parsons going to Florida in the big new car; and the big, expensive brass lamps lighting the Parsons' empty living room; and the prettiest, most expensive Christmas tree in town standing outside their picture window.

He stood quite close to Helen. My love, he thought, my very rich and lavish, gilt-edged, sterling-silver love. He leaned down and kissed her cheek, the tip of her ear, her smile. "Hey," she said, "what did I do to deserve that?"

"Not much," he said. "Must be some mistletoe around."

"I guess I'm just lucky," she said. "That's all, just very lucky."

"You're beautiful, too," he said.

He looked up then and behind her he saw the bough of evergreen above the doorway. He decided it was not going to fall down after all. "I love you," he said. "Better than anything. Better than Christmas."

—EILEEN HERBERT JORDAN

OLD SUNNY BROOK BRAND KENTUCKY WHISKEY
BLEND
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"Cheerful as its Name"

KENTUCKY BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, 86 PROOF • THE OLD SUNNY BROOK CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.

Listerine Stops Bad Breath 4 Times Better Than Any Tooth Paste...

No tooth paste—Regular, Ammoniated, or Chlorophyll—can give you Listerine's lasting protection

Before you go any place where you might offend . . . on a date, to a party, to any business or social engagement . . . remember this: Far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. So the best way to stop bad breath is to get at bacteria . . . to get at the major cause of bad breath.

That's a job for an antiseptic. And that explains why, in clinical tests, Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in stopping bad breath than the leading tooth pastes it was tested against!

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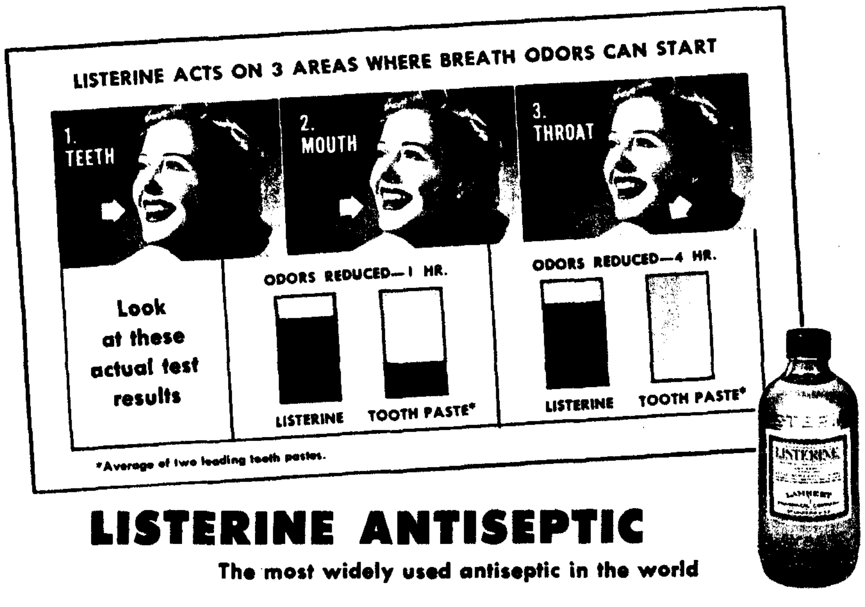
Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste can possibly do. Listerine instantly kills bacteria—by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end. No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll doesn't kill germs—but Listerine kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

So, remember—especially before any date—Listerine Antiseptic, always!


LISTERINE ACTS ON 3 AREAS WHERE BREATH ODORS CAN START
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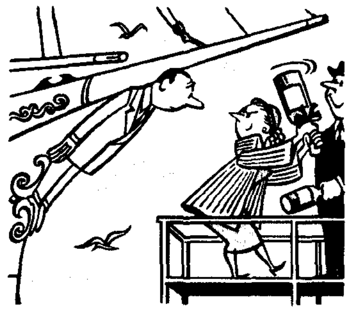
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Near Reno, Nevada, a lad was standing at the roadside busily jerking his thumb eastward. Mr. Rod Blessing, who gave him a hitch, reports that on his back were the boldly printed words: "She Lives in St. Louis."

★ ★ ★

Even in Little Rock, Arkansas, there are people with no sense of humor. When it was suggested, jocularly of course, by one of his friends that Mayor Pratt C. Remmell be conked with a bottle of champagne to celebrate the opening of the new City Council chambers, His Honor joined in the jovial yuk-yuking. But 87 (latest count) taxpayers promptly called up to say they'd be glad to pay for the champagne. A few went so far as to volunteer to do the conking.



★ ★ ★

Thoughtfully rolling up his sleeves, the editor of the Medford (Oregon) Mail Tribune wrote a reassuring note to his readers: "According to scientists, the H-bomb could destroy the whole world instantly. If such a thing happens, the Tribune office will be open from eight to five daily to make refunds on unexpired subscriptions."

★ ★ ★

Some talk in Washington of taking steps to have the Senate return to its ancient status of a legislative body and give up trying to be a detective agency. We'll let you know if we hear anything.

★ ★ ★

Nobody can remember how many times this air-raid warden in Boise, Idaho, advised his friends that in any and all emergencies one should keep absolutely calm. Not only that but, before taking any action, one should think coolly and unemotionally. In fact, he was so advising his fellow workers when the phone rang. It was his wife. Their first baby was about to arrive. She wanted him to drive home at once and take her to the hospital. So he drove madly to the hospital, calmly forgetting to stop at his house to collect his wife.

★ ★ ★

Since you'll soon be mailing a few Christmas cards, you may as well know what we've just heard from Mr. Ray Schneider, of St. Paul, Minnesota. Mr. Schneider is an authority in such matters. Makes a business of it. He says it all began in 1842. A sixteen-year-old apprentice engraver in London wanted to say Merry Christmas to a few friends and did it with handmade cards—the first, so far as history records. The idea didn't hit this country until 1875. Today, the studious Mr. Schneider tells us, about 2,000,000,000 greeting cards are exchanged every year in America alone.

★ ★ ★

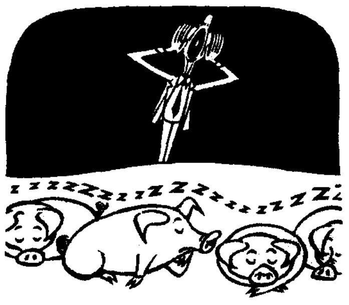
The Des Moines Advertising Club is not any too happy about Iowa's being known as The Corn State. The club advocates removing that slogan from the state's automobile license plates. The lads are urging that The Corn State be replaced by Land of Plenty.

★ ★ ★

Mr. James P. Whitlock was about to ask the attendant at the bus station in Kissimmee, Florida, what time it was. Then he saw the station clock and was reassured. On a placard over the clock was the legend: "This clock is almost one second slow."

★ ★ ★

In our recent efforts to tell you what's wrong with the hog-calling situation. It's bad, friends, it's bad. There was no hog-calling competition in Tennessee this year. No public interest. None whatever. The champion, Mr. Fred Shaw, Sr., of Memphis, presented himself at the Mid-South Fair prepared to holler down all comers. But no comers. No audience. Mr. Shaw gave out with a few sample yips with no hearers except a few shoats about a half mile away. And they merely twitched an ear or two.



IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

She parked her car in a no-parking area in Minneapolis. Out of her handbag she took an old violation ticket and fixed it on the windshield. Naturally the cop would see the ticket and pass on, thinking another cop had left it. Unfortunately, however, the cop could read, particularly the date on the ticket she had left. So he ticketed her up to date. Also left her a little note: "Nice try, lady, nice try." ▲▲▲

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The New

KENTUCKY TAVERN

Gift Decanter

This sparkling new decanter is filled with America's most appreciated bottled-in-bond Kentucky Straight Bourbon. With its festive red bow, it comes beautifully packed in this jewel-like, clear view case. Priced the same as our regular Kentucky Tavern fifth, it's the gift idea of the year—so easy to give, so pleasing to receive. Your dealer has them now . . . place your order today.

Glenmore Distilleries Company
Louisville, Kentucky

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON
BOTTLED IN BOND • 100 PROOF • ⅘ QUART

Kentucky's Finest Bourbon in America's Smartest Decanter

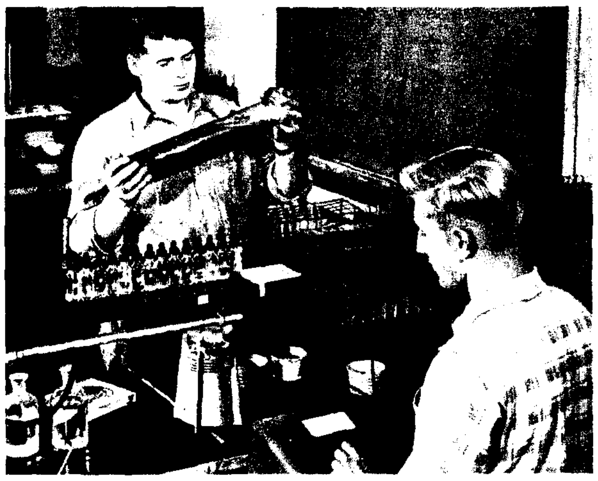
An Advertisement Presented in the

Should your child be a Farmer?

BY R. I. THROCKMORTON

FORMER DEAN OF AGRICULTURE, KANSAS STATE COLLEGE

As told to André Fontaine



Today's farmer relies on modern chemistry to combat and control the pests and diseases which attack his crops and also to increase the productivity of his land. In this he has many sources of assistance—extending from his county agent to large government and private laboratories. Shown above are students analyzing soil samples at an agricultural institute.

FARMERS, it seems to me, are literally the most important people in the nation. Our very life depends upon them, for they—a mere 15 per cent of the population—produce the food that keeps all the rest of us alive.

This is a point I like to stress when parents ask me—as they so often have during my years as Dean at Kansas State—if their child should be a farmer. I emphasize it because a man must feel that his work is important if he is to be content at it.

But beyond this there are other aspects of farming which, to my mind, make it one of the most satisfying careers a child can find. Many of these are not apparent, since most of us are blinded by the cartoonist's stereotype of a farmer, as a slouchy, unshaven laborer with a straw in his mouth and little else in his head. But today's farmer is more scientist than laborer and, if he's to hold his own against the competition, he'd better have not only a healthy dose of common sense in his head but also a fair acquaintance with economics, marketing, chemistry, entomology, meteorology, plant and animal pathology and cost accounting.

What I have to say about farming applies especially to the great bread-basket areas of the Midwest. But the same general principles apply to other kinds of farming—cotton or poultry raising, dairying, ranching or fruit farming—in other parts of the country.

Few men today have as much freedom of thought and action as the farmer; few have as much financial independence. Except for about a month a year—during seeding and harvesting time—his hours are not long, and he makes them himself. He is no longer a manual laborer; most of the drudgery, both around the house and in the fields, is done for him by power equipment. Perhaps the best way to get an idea of what his life is like is to take a look at an average—not a wealthy—farm today.

The house has automatic heating, electricity, three or four bedrooms, one or two baths, living room, dining room, kitchen, office and possibly a recreation room in the basement—for the kids, mostly. It has a radio and, if within range, television. The kitchen has quite a bit of automatic equipment—washer, dryer, ironer, probably a dishwasher and certainly a huge deep freezer.

In his office area the farmer also has a desk, file cabinets for his records and probably a big table around which all members of the family sit when they are planning the farm's operations. This planning conference is one of the reasons why—I think—a farm is the best place in the world to create a successful marriage and bring up children.

A farm family is an economic unit: husband, wife and children are all working together for a common goal—the family's livelihood. This creates bonds which make marriages more lasting and children who are more self-sufficient. For the children have an important part in earning the family's living and they know it. I've seen boys of eight or ten driving a tractor and operating $5,000 worth of equipment; they're proud of their responsibility, and having it gives them stability and self-confidence as nothing in city life can. In contrast, I'm reminded of a thing my own boy said when, at sixteen, he got his first outside-of-home job. He was delighted and when I asked him why, he said, "Because for the first time in my life I'm doing something that isn't 'made' work."

Outside his home this average farmer has a shop for maintaining his power equipment, at least one tractor and accessories, a truck, one or two cars, barn, silo, equipment sheds, a team or two of horses and livestock, depending upon the type of farm he operates. He has a garden which provides most of the family's vegetables and a cow or two, a few chickens and hogs to supply other foods. If not on a stream he probably also has one or more ponds which not only water his stock, but provide family sport in fishing and swimming.

Income? This depends, of course, on the size, value and productivity of the farm and will vary widely. However, the average *net* annual income for a group of about a thousand farmers we surveyed in 1951 was about $6,200 after taxes. This would have been their "take-home" pay, if they weren't already home—and they didn't have to buy much of their food out of this.

Apart from their annual "pay" as such, farmers are forever investing part of their income in land, buildings, equipment, livestock and so on—so that over the years they build up estates for themselves and their families which are often far more valuable than those of men in other occupations or professions.

According to 1950 census figures, the *average* value of farms—including land and buildings—ranged from about $5,000 in some states to over $45,000 in others. And the nation's farms range in size from ten or so acres to several thousand acres. There is no set "starting point" for a man going into farming—nor is there any limit to his opportunities. I know men who, with fairly modest starts, have grown really wealthy—even by today's standards—from farming.

A farmer has three great adversaries—climate, insects and disease—but they are worthy enemies and a life, to be full, must have struggle. The conditions of the struggle require patience and courage—and also bind farmers together in a deep neighborliness. Almost every week in rural papers you read that friends filled his silo when a man broke his leg, or neighbors harvested a widow's crops for her. The money to buy this sort of thing has not been coined.

How much education should a child have to be a successful farmer? The more the better. As with everything else, a boy can be a successful farmer with high school education, but his chances are much better if he's been to college. He must know enough chemistry to handle soil and fertilizers properly, entomology to combat insect pests, plant and animal physiology and pathology to produce and husband good stock and crops, economics to market his produce profitably. All this he can learn at a good agricultural college.

Power equipment, usually driven by tractors in the fields, takes the ancient drudgery out of modern farming. In their homes, farm wives have just as many labor-saving devices as women in the cities and suburbs.

Many children, like the industrious lad shown here, are born to farm life, take to it naturally. However, an increasing number of city boys are also choosing farming as a career and making a success of it today.

Here a farmer and his family go over records of their business and plan the farm operations for the next few months. In these conferences all members of the family talk over and agree on the over-all plan. Then the father usually becomes the boss and tells "who is to do what" in working out details. Note modern kitchen, typical of farm homes today.

Generally, agricultural colleges cost less than other professional schools. A Kansas resident can go through a year here at State for $850-$900 and, as with other schools, he can cut this down through scholarships and part-time jobs. (Incidentally, since World War II we've had a steadily increasing percentage of city boys here who are planning agricultural careers, and many who have graduated are now successful farmers.)

How can you tell whether your child should become a farmer? If he loves the feel and fragrance of good, rich soil trickling through his fingers, he will probably learn to love the land, and this is essential to a good farmer. If he gets pleasure from growing things, both plant and animal, he has another of the requirements, just as he does if he likes people and is inclined to help them. Finally, he should be a child who enjoys living and working outdoors.

If he does not have these interests, he should be counselled to try another career. But if he does have them, he has a chance at a life that calls upon a man for intelligence, sweat and compassion and rewards him with security, satisfaction and spiritual peace.

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD PREPARE FOR ANY CAREER

Whether your child is a toddler or in his teens, you are the keystone to whatever career he is to build. Your task is to inspire, guide and make possible. *In the course of building his career many people will make contributions: teachers, researchers, specialists of many kinds.*

One specialist—and his training and devotion to duty earn that title for him—is your New York Life agent. It is never too soon to enlist his aid—for he can help you *to make sure that the future you plan for your child will become a reality.*

Booklets available on other careers

This article on Farming is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Law, Medicine, Teaching, Aeronautical Engineering *and* Public Service. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just write:*

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Famed are the clans of Scotland ...their colorful tartans worn in glory through the centuries. Famous, too, is Dewar's White Label and Victoria Vat, forever and always a wee bit o' Scotland in a bottle!

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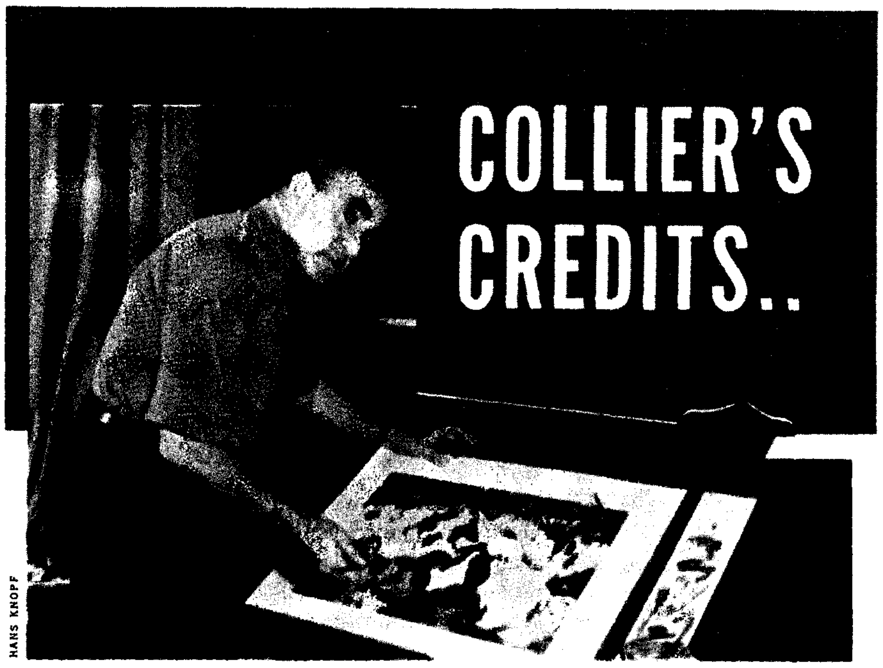
COLLIER'S CREDITS..



Albert Dorne draws a crowd in Billingsley's dining salon

ONE of three very closely related Credits goes this time to Max Shulman, movie, magazine and book writer of considerable renown, for dreaming up the lighthearted whimsey on page 76 titled The Babe I Delivered to the Stork. Without divulging the pay-off, we can tell you that the plot revolves around the New Year's Eve shenanigans at New York's celebrated Stork Club, located, as everyone knows, just two blocks north of the Crowell-Collier Building.

Wishing to authenticate Shulman's documentary details, a volunteer from our fiction department paid a neighborly call on Stork proprietor Sherman Billingsley, who not only liked Mr. Shulman's brain child but decided to revive, for this year's festivities, a holiday stunt he devised some years ago—just so Mr. Shulman's description of the decorations, a vital element of the story, would be timely and accurate. A Credit to Mr. B.

Accolade No. 3 is awarded to Albert Dorne, president of the Institute of Commercial Art, whose extraordinary illustration of the Stork's dining room and its denizens represents an enormous amount of labor. After he accepted the assignment, nobody saw Dorne for several weeks, but at one point he phoned art director Chessman and moaned, "Why did I ever tackle this job? So far I've crammed about 70 people into the picture, and more are trying to crash the canvas. Next time you want a mural-type item, for cat's sake call somebody else."

The photograph above depicts Dorne in the semifinal agonies of completing the painting which, having served its purpose in this issue, is now being readied for a prominent spot on a wall of the Billingsley *boite*. A Credit to each Collier's reader who is able to identify the eight celebrities portrayed in the foreground.

★ ★ ★

GILBERT MILLSTEIN'S sprightly chronicle on page 34 of actor-producer-director-singer-dancer-song writer José Ferrer's frenetic but purposeful activities gives the impression that the subject of this thesis never sits still. The picture at right, however, shows Mr. Ferrer cornered on his Beverly Hills patio, where Mr. Millstein gleaned the data for his story—including details of a memorable meal Ferrer consumed at the Café de Paris in London after he had finished work on the film Moulin Rouge. The snack comprised caviar, turtle soup with sherry, grilled Dover sole, breast of guinea hen, peas, green salad with garlic, cheese, dessert and coffee. Halfway through these courses, which were laced together with vodka and three kinds of wine, Mr. Ferrer ordered two small steaks so he wouldn't go hungry. Anyone for ham and eggs?

★ ★ ★

WITH our current serial, Smoky Valley, loping along into full swing, it is high time for 93 words about Donald Hamilton, its creator. Born in Sweden thirty-seven years ago, he came to this country at the age of eight, when his father joined the Harvard medical staff. Young Hamilton schooled in Boston, Baltimore and Chicago, earned a chemistry degree at the University of Chicago in 1938. He married three years later, and a year after that acquired a specialist's commission in the Navy, which stationed him in Annapolis for the duration. In the interim, having sold a novel and two short stories, Hamilton decided he was a writer. He has since proved his decision was sound.

For those who came in late, we wish to announce that Smoky Valley will be published as a book next spring by Dell First Editions.

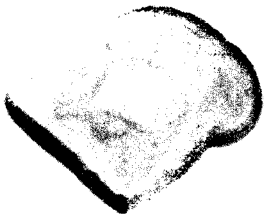
★ ★ ★

CONTRIBUTING editor Bill Davidson recently received an award from the National Society for Medical Research "In recognition of vital contributions to public health and welfare" contained in his many medical

José Ferrer, Gilbert Millstein

Toast the way YOU want it...

with G.E.'s NEW truly automatic toaster!



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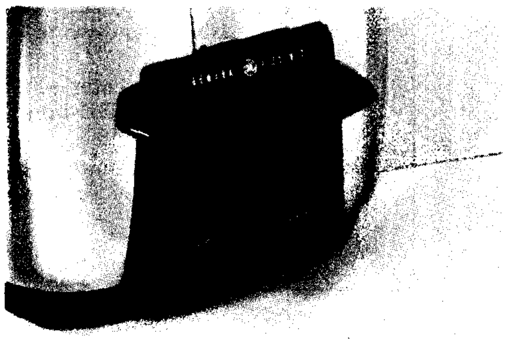
To Ruth
from Bill

HERE'S a really fine Christmas gift that will receive a warm-as-toast welcome! It's something the *family* can enjoy and expect wonderful service from for years and years.

This is the toaster with the simplest, most dependable automatic toasting mechanism ever developed! And *this* is the toaster that features 6-position control, an extra-high toast lift, and an extra-large snap-out, snap-in crumb tray that is *completely* cleanable in seconds. Or, you can wash it along with the dishes.

So, this Christmas, give a new, dependable General Electric Toaster to folks you're fond of! Pick it up at your G-E dealer's *now*. General Electric Company, Small Appliance Division, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.



6-POSITION CONTROL, a new, easy-to-use feature of this toaster. Just set it for any shade of toast you want. Then count on piece after piece being exactly alike!

EXTRA-HIGH TOAST LIFT brings small pieces of toast, frozen waffles, and even muffins, well up out of the toaster. No more digging for toast—no more burned fingers!

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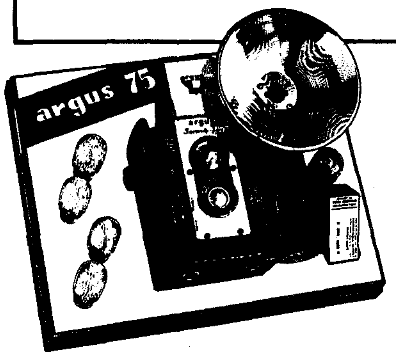

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Everything you need for beautiful pictures—indoors or out! There's nothing else to buy—it's a *complete* picture-making kit! You get the easy-to-use Argus 75, leather carrying case, plug-in flash gun, batteries, flash bulbs and film. A perfect gift for any occasion.

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COLLIER'S CREDITS continued

Dr. Anton Carlson and award winner Bill Davidson

and scientific articles for this magazine. The presentation was made by the organization's president, Dr. Anton J. Carlson, world-famed medical researcher of the University of Chicago. Davidson, only the second journalist so honored by the society in its eight-year history, says he was tremendously impressed. "But," he told us, "I was even more impressed with Dr. Carlson. Now seventy-eight years old, he has risked his life more than a thousand times in the last 50 years as a human guinea pig in medical experiments. His hands and face are covered with scars. Once he almost starved to death, trying to determine the mechanism of hunger; and he was the first to be put to sleep with new anesthetics at a time when nobody knew whether they would be fatal to humans. He is one of the heroes of American medicine, and it seemed inconceivable that *he* should be giving *me* an award."

* * *

IN CASE you couldn't identify them, here are the eight famous personalities portrayed in Albert Dorne's Stork Club illustration. The page 76 foreground features Dorothy Kilgallen, Arthur Godfrey, Tallulah Bankhead and Morton Downey. Smiling at left on page 77 is Sherman Billingsley; right center, Louis Calhern; right, Walter Winchell; lower right, Lana Turner.

* * *

THERE'S a sequel to Theodore Taylor's moving report ("How Can You Thank 3,000 Sailors?", page 88) on the generosity demonstrated by the crew of the Navy flattop Philippine Sea toward "Abe" Ebihara, of Japan. Just before Easter, 1951, when plans were being completed to send Abe to law school, the 55 officers and men of the carrier's Protestant Bible class approached Chaplain Dick Barnes to suggest another candidate for a scholarship. This proved to be Miss Fujiko Nakao, a twenty-two-year-old stenographer employed by the military government branch of the Army in Sasebo. She wanted to be a missionary but had no money for a college education.

The ship shook its piggy bank. The Bible class led the way, but all denominations contributed. Then, when the resultant $2,200 wasn't enough, Chaplain and Mrs. Barnes agreed to underwrite the balance.

Fujiko Nakao attended Asbury College in Wilmore, Kentucky, in 1951; later she transferred to San Diego State College, from which she will be graduated next June. After that, she'll return to Japan.

A while back, bachelor Abe Ebihara and missionary student Fujiko Nakao met for the first time in the office of Dick Barnes, now district chaplain for the Navy in San Diego. Before they parted, Abe, Japan bound, promised to write to Fujiko and she promised to write to Abe. Maybe the sequel to the story will have its own sequel.

* * *

ALTHOUGH K. G. Merrill's account of what one company does with its income (It's a Happy Factory, page 70) arrived on these premises unheralded, the trained eyes of a staff reader picked it out of a mass of unsolicited material and quickly moved it up the line.

After an enthusiastic and unanimous "let's buy" verdict was rendered, another staff member was dispatched to verify the hard-to-believe facts at the South Bend, Indiana, source. He returned with word that what president Merrill had written about his outfit was the McCoy.

By the way, the professional quality of the narrative is no accident. Before he became boss man of the M. B. Skinner Company, Mr. Merrill sold articles and stories to many top magazines. One of his stories appeared in Collier's for January 30, 1926.

—GURNEY WILLIAMS

Chaplain Barnes; flattop protégés Abe Ebihara and Miss Fujiko Nakao

George I Irish Silver Bowl (1725), valued at $12,000, courtesy Shrubsole, Inc.

Why are the best eggnogs always made with rum?

There is no more heart-warming sight at Christmas than an overflowing bowl of frothy eggnog. Nor is there a finer way to entertain a large group of friends.

But remember: since early American days, an authentic eggnog has always required rum. There are no two ways about it!

And for a truly great eggnog, like the one in the picture, what you need is a light-bodied rum—from the sunny island of Puerto Rico.

Puerto Rican Rum is light *and dry*. Deliciously smooth. And all of it is aged-in-bond under government supervision.

But don't take our word for the excellence of Puerto Rican Rum. S. S. Field, author of the newly-published American Drink Book says, "Puerto Rican Rum is to an eggnog what holly and plum pudding are to Christmas."

Now for the traditional Christmas eggnog. (*Serves 20.*) 12 egg yolks, ½ lb. sugar, 1 qt. milk, one-fifth Puerto Rican Rum (Riondo "gold" is excellent), 1 qt. heavy cream. Beat yolks with rotary beater until light. Add sugar. Continue beating until thick and pale. Stir in milk and rum. Chill 3 hours. Pour in punchbowl, fold in heavy cream, stiffly whipped. Chill 1 hour. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Step back and admire!

FOR A SHORTCUT RECIPE, use excellent eggnog mixes supplied by major dairies. Add 8 oz. Riondo Rum per qt. of mix, fold in 1 cup whipped cream. Chill 1 hour. Add nutmeg.

When selecting your rum, remember that a distinguished and widely known Puerto Rican brand is Riondo. It is 86 proof and makes a *great* Christmas eggnog. For many other rum drink recipes, write Dept. CC-1, Rums of Puerto Rico, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York.

Riondo Puerto Rican Rum

ONLY NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HAS THE CLINICAL PROOF

that brings new hope to millions for

Lifetime Protection Against Tooth Decay!

Actual use by hundreds of people has proved the long-lasting protection of New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol*! Tests supervised by leading dental authorities—for a full year—proved this protection won't rinse off, won't wear off! Proved just daily morning and night use guards against decay-causing enzymes every minute of the day and night!

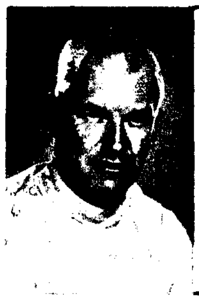
Now you can get *New* Colgate Dental Cream—the *only* toothpaste with clinical proof of *long-lasting* protection against decay-causing enzymes! The only toothpaste in the world with amazing new miracle ingredient, Gardol!

LABORATORY EXAMINATIONS of hundreds of people have proved that New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol acts *immediately* to prevent the formation of tooth-decay enzymes—gives you the *most complete long-lasting protection* against tooth decay ever reported. Because Gardol's protection won't rinse off or wear off all day, just ordinary daily use—morning and night—guards against tooth decay *every minute* of the day and night!

CLINICAL TESTS on hundreds of people were conducted for a full year under the supervision of some of the country's leading dental authorities. Results showed the greatest reduction in tooth decay in toothpaste history—proved that most people should now have far fewer cavities than ever before! And similar clinical tests are continuing—to *further* verify these amazing results!

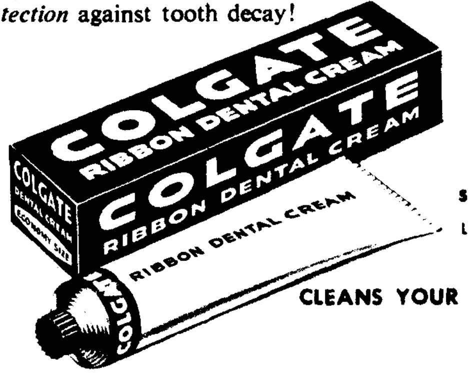
Yes, clinical and laboratory tests both prove it! New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol, used *regularly* and *exclusively*, offers new hope to millions for *Lifetime Protection* against tooth decay!

No Other Toothpaste Offers Proof of Such Results!



A JURY OF DISTINGUISHED DENTISTS HAS EXAMINED THE EVIDENCE! Documented facts, recently published in an authoritative dental journal, have convinced these dentists that Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol is far more effective against decay-causing enzymes than any other toothpaste. And because Gardol is the *only* long-lasting anti-enzyme ingredient with clinical proof, these dental authorities agree that New Colgate's with Gardol gives the surest protection against tooth decay ever offered by any toothpaste.

*Gardol—Patent Applied For



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Large Size 27¢ Giant Size 47¢ Economy Size 63¢

CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH!

FOR LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY

BISHOP FULTON J. SHEEN

Tells the Story of the

BIRTH OF CHRIST

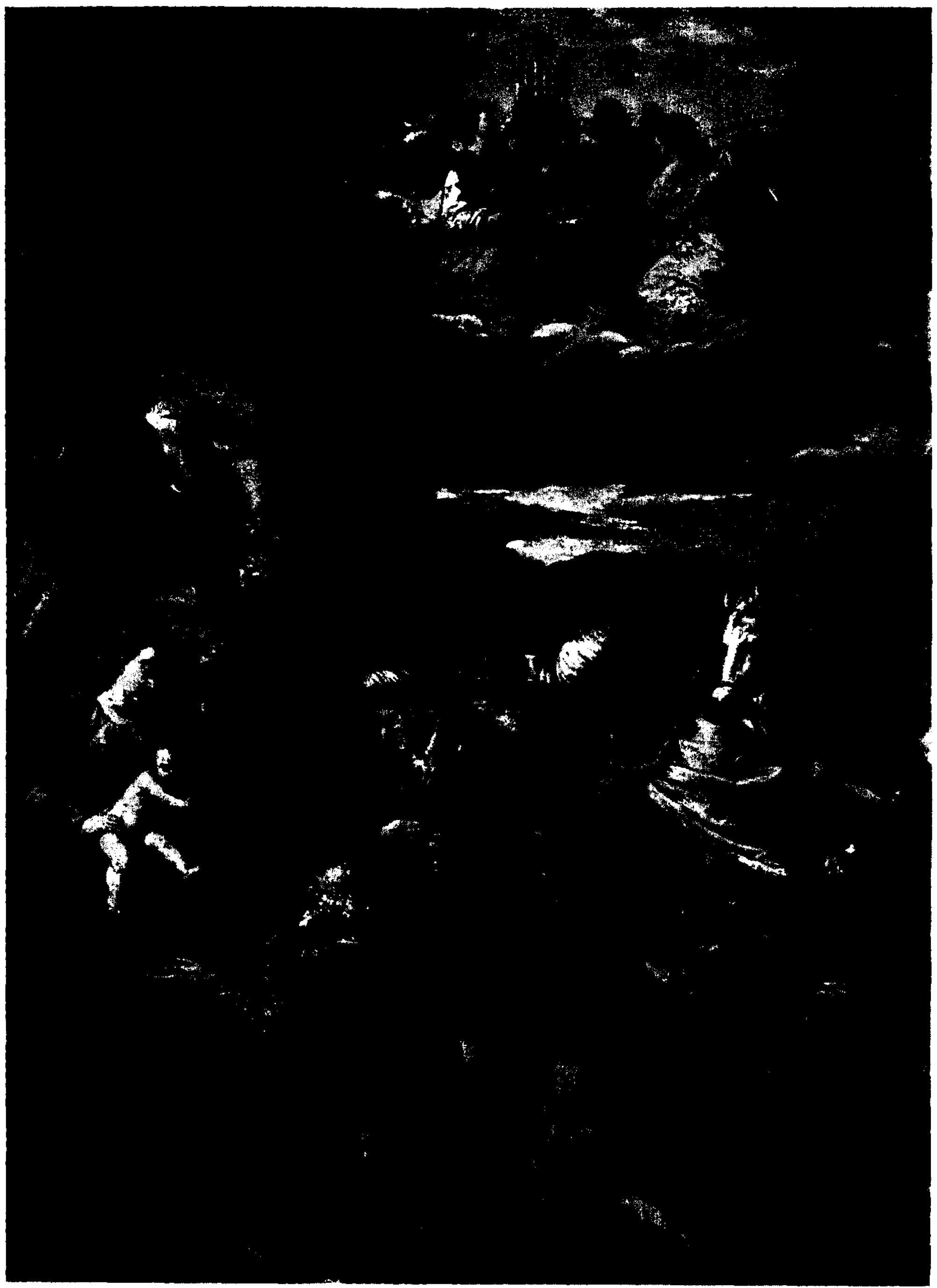
How can we be sure that Jesus is the Son of God? Why did He take a human form and descend to earth? A famed Roman Catholic prelate answers the questions of the ages

HISTORY is full of men who said that they came from God, or that they were gods, or that they bore a message from God. Buddha, Mohammed, Christ, Socrates, Lao-tzu and thousands of others, including the man who founded a new religion today in Los Angeles—each has a right to be heard for his claims. There must be tests to decide whether the claims to divinity are justified. These tests, available to all men, all civilizations and all ages, are twofold: reason and history. *Reason,* because everyone has it, even those without faith; *history,* because everyone lives in it, and should know something about it.

Our reason tells us that if any of the claimants came from God, the least that God could do to support His Representative's claim would be to preannounce His coming. Automobile manufacturers tell us when to expect a new model. If God is sending anyone from Himself with the most important message for all men, He owes it to us to let us know when the Messenger is coming, where He will be born, where He will live, the doctrine He will teach, the enemies He will make, the program He will adopt for the future, and the manner of His death. By His conformity with these announcements, we could judge Him. Reason further tells us that if God does not do this, then there is nothing to prevent any fool from appearing in history and saying: "I am from God," or, "An angel appeared to me in the desert and gave me this message." There is no objective, historical test for such a messenger. We have just his word for it, and he could be suffering a delusion.

If a visitor from a foreign country came to Washington and said he was a diplomat, we would ask to see his passport and his credentials. The papers would have to antedate his coming. If we ask for such proofs of identity from diplomats, we certainly ought to do so in the all-important field of religion, asking: "What record is there before you were born that you were coming?"

With this test in mind, let us line up the claimants. Include anyone you please, for at the moment Christ is no greater than any of



Adoration of the Magi, by Scarsella

GALLERIA CAPITOLINA, ROME

If He is what He claimed to be, a Saviour, a Redeemer, then we have a virile Christ for these days, Someone Who will step into the breach of death and sin and gloom and despair....

them. We now address them: "Socrates, did anyone know you were coming?" "Gotama, did anyone ever preannounce you and your message, and predict that one day you would sit under the Buddha tree?" "Mohammed, was the place of your birth recorded and given to men centuries before, so that when you did come men would know you were a messenger from God?" "Christ, did anyone know of Your coming, the circumstances of Your life, where You would live?"

ALL are silent—but one. There were no predictions about Buddha, Mohammed or anyone else—except Christ. Others just came and said: "Here I am, believe me." They were, therefore, men among men and not the Divine in the human, which is the kind of leader we want for these hard times. Christ alone steps out of the line and answers: "My coming was foretold, even to the smallest detail."

He tells us to search the writings of the Jewish people and the correlated history of the Babylonians, Persians, Greeks and Romans, and, for the moment, to regard their writings merely as historical documents, not as inspired writings. The Person of Christ, in passing this test of reason and history, speaks:

"About two thousand years before I was born, there appeared a man, Abraham, as the head of the people in whom 'all the nations of the earth would be blessed.' About two thousand years before I was born, it was foretold that He Who would be born among the people of Abraham would be also the 'expected of the nations,' that is, of the Gentiles as well as the Jews. About seven hundred years before I was born, it was foretold that I would be born in Bethlehem, and that even though born in time, I already had an eternal birth.

"Not only was My birthplace foretold, but it was foretold about seven hundred years before My birth that I would be born of a Virgin! 'A Virgin shall conceive and bring forth a son, and His name shall be called Emmanuel.' About seven hundred years before I was born, it was foretold that the Kings of the East would bring gold and frankincense and myrrh, that I would sojourn to Egypt, and that I would live in Nazareth. About six hundred years before I was born, it was foretold that I would come within a set period after Cyrus gave out the order for rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem. About five hundred years before I was born, it was foretold that My name would be Jesus, or Saviour.

"Even the details of My character were preannounced, namely, that I would be kind, console the afflicted, be rejected by My own people. The details of My death were foretold: centuries before, it was prophesied that there would be wounds in My hands and feet, that My enemies would shake dice for My garments, and yet in putting Me to death they would not break a bone of My body. A thousand years before, it was foretold that at My death I would be given vinegar and gall in My thirst.

"Six centuries before My birth, it was preannounced that I would ascend into Heaven. So many predictions were made concerning Me that, at the time of My coming, the ancient synagogues collected 456 distinct prophecies. And it was not only the people of Israel who expected Me; it was all the peoples of the world."

We turn now to pagan testimony. Tacitus, speaking for the ancient Romans, says: "People were generally persuaded in the faith of the ancient prophecies that the East was to prevail and that from Judea was to come the master and ruler of the world."

Suetonius, in his life of Vespasian, recounting the Roman tradition, also said: "It was an old and constant belief throughout the East that, by indubitably certain prophecies, the Jews were to attain the highest power." China had the same expectation but, because it was on the other side of the world, believed that the great Wise Man would be born in the West. The Annals of the Celestial Empire state: "In the 24th year of Chao-Wang of the dynasty of the Chou, on the 8th day of the 4th moon, a light appeared in the southwest which illumined the king's palace. The monarch, struck by its splendor, interrogated the sages. They showed him books in which this prodigy signified the appearance of the great Saint of the West whose religion was to be introduced into their country."

The Greeks expected Him, for Aeschylus in his Prometheus, six centuries before Christ's coming, wrote: "Look not for any end moreover to this curse until God appears to accept upon His head the pangs of thy own sins vicarious."

How did the Magi of the East know of the Saviour's coming, if it were not from the many prophecies circulated through the world by the Jews and probably through the prophecy made to the Persians by Daniel more than 500 years before Christ's birth?

What separates Christ from all men is, first, He was expected. Even the Gentiles had a longing for some deliverer or redeemer. This fact alone distinguishes Christ from all other religious leaders.

The second fact is that, once Christ appeared, He hit history with such an impact that He split it in two, dividing it into the period previous to His coming and the period after His coming. Buddha did not do this, nor did any of the Indian philosophers. Even those who deny God must date their attacks upon him in A.D. (anno Domini)—so many years after His coming.

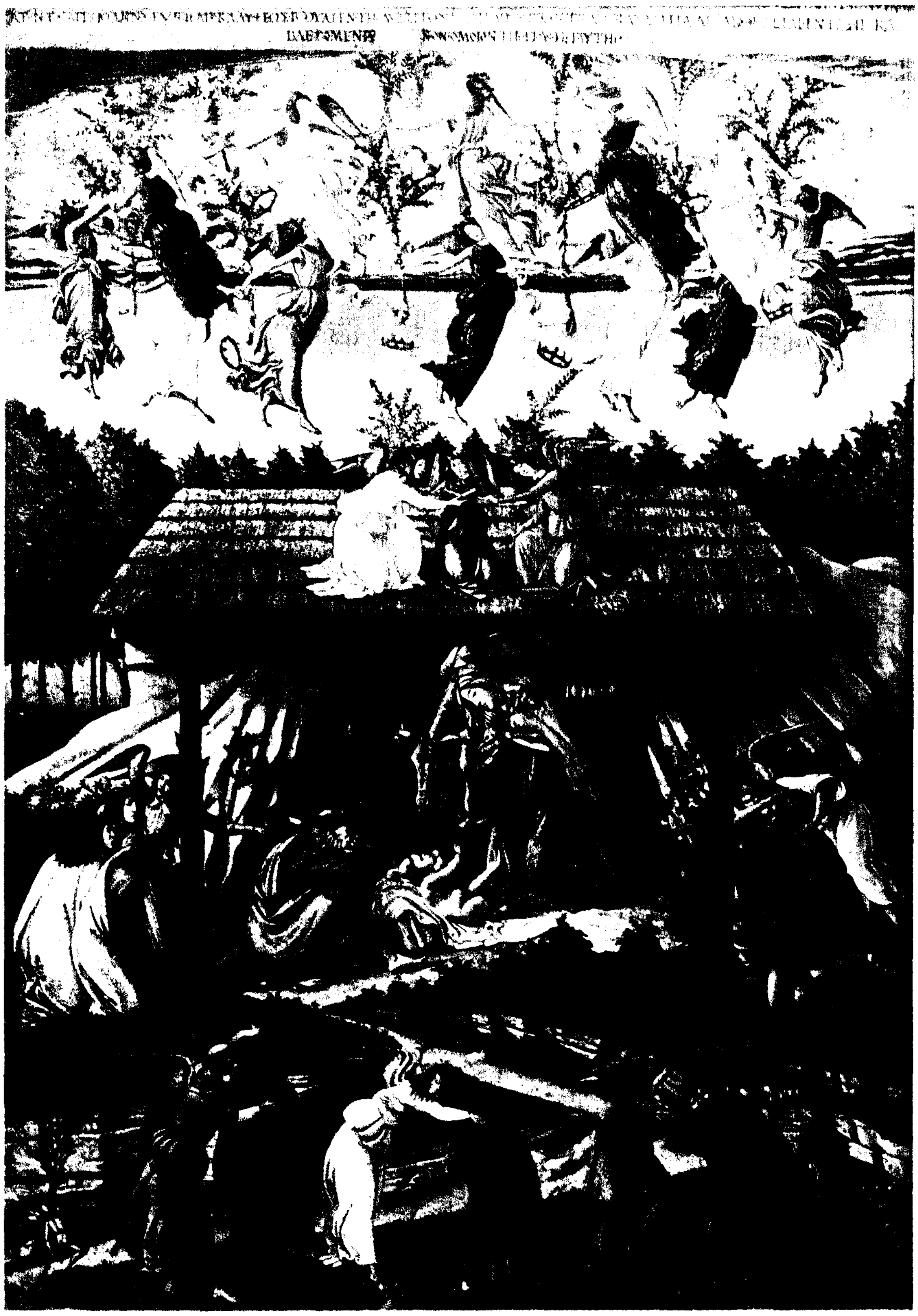
THE third fact which separates Jesus from all others is this: *Every other person who came into this world came into it to live. He came into it to die.* Death was a stumbling block to Socrates—it interrupted his teaching. But to Christ, death was the goal of His life, the gold that He was seeking. Few of His words or actions are intelligible, unless we keep in mind His Cross. He presented Himself as a Saviour rather than a Teacher. It meant nothing to teach men to be good unless He gave them the *power* to be good after rescuing them from the frustration of guilt.

A fourth fact about Christ is that, unlike other world teachers, He does not fit into the category of a *good man.* Good men do not lie. But if Christ is not all that He said He was, namely, the Son of the Living God, the Word of God in the flesh, then He is not "just a good man"; He is a knave, a liar, a charlatan and the greatest deceiver who ever lived. If He is not what He said He was, the Christ, the Son of God, He is the anti-Christ! But He is not just a good man.

He would have us either worship Him or despise Him—despise Him as a mere man or worship Him as true God and true Man. That is the alternative He presents. It may very well be that the Communists, who are so anti-Christ, are closer to Him than those who see Him as a sentimentalist and a vague moral reformer. The Communists have at least decided that if He wins, they lose; others are afraid to consider Him either as winning or losing because they are not prepared to meet the moral demands which He requires of the soul.

If He is what He claimed to be, a Saviour, a Redeemer, then we

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ED FEINGERSH



THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

Nativity, by Botticelli

have a virile Christ for these days, Someone Who will step into the breach of death and sin and gloom and despair, a Leader to Whom we can make total sacrifice and Whom we can love even unto death. We need a Christ today Whose voice will be like the voice of the raging sea and Who will not allow us to pick and choose among His words, discarding what we do not like and accepting what pleases our fancy. We need a Christ Who will restore moral indignation and will make us hate evil with a passionate intensity and love goodness to a point where we will drink death like water.

EVEN His birth was a forecast of His death, which was the primary purpose of His coming to this earth. Caesar Augustus, the master bookkeeper of the world, sat in his Roman palace by the Tiber. Before him was stretched a map labeled *Orbis Terrarum, Imperium Romanum.* He was about to issue an order for a census of the world, for then all nations were subject to him. There was only one capital in the world, Rome; only one official language, Latin; only one ruler, Caesar. To every outpost, satrap and governor, the order went out that everyone was to be enrolled in his own city. In the fringe of the empire, in the little village of Nazareth, soldiers tacked upon walls the order for every citizen to register in the town of his family's origin.

Joseph, the builder, descendant of the great King David, was obliged to register in the city of David —Bethlehem. He and his wife, Mary, set out from the village of Nazareth for the village of Bethlehem, which lay about five miles on the other side of Jerusalem. Five hundred years before, the prophet Micheas had prophesied concerning that little village: "Thou Bethlehem art the least of the cities of Judea and out of thee will He come forth Who is to be a ruler in Israel."

Joseph was full of expectancy as he entered the city of his family; he was confident he would have no difficulty in finding lodgings for Mary, particularly since she was with child. From house to house Joseph went, only to find each crowded. He sought in vain for a place where might be born the One to Whom heaven and earth belonged. Could it be that the Creator would not be at home in creation?

Up a steep hill Joseph climbed to a faint light swinging on a rope across the doorway which signified the village inn. There he knocked, above all places else, most hopefully. There was room in that inn for the soldiers of Rome; there was room for the daughters of the rich merchants of the East; there was room for those clothed in soft garments, who lived in the houses of the king; there was room for those who had a tip to give the innkeeper. But there was no room for Him Who came to be the Inn of every homeless heart in the world. When finally the scrolls of history will have recorded the last words in the annals of time, the saddest line of all will be: "There was no room in the inn."

Out to the hillside, to a stable-cave where shepherds drove their flocks in storms, Joseph and Mary went for shelter. There, in a place of peace and tranquillity, in the utter abandonment and cold of a windswept cave; there, under the floor of the world, Mary, as a flesh and blood ciborium, lifted up to the gaze of all the Host of the world. "Behold the Lamb of God Who taketh away the sins of the world." He Who was born without a mother in Heaven was born without a father on earth.

Of every other child born into the world, friends might say that it resembles its mother. This was the first instance in time that anyone could say that the Mother resembled the Child. Here was the beautiful paradox of the Child Who made His Mother; therefore, the Mother was only a child. It was also the first time in the history of this earth of ours that anyone could ever think of Heaven being anywhere else than "way up there"; Mary now looked down to Heaven.

IN THE filthiest place in the world, a stable, purity was born. He Who was to be devoured by men acting as beasts was born among beasts. He Who called Himself the "living Bread descended from Heaven" was born in Bethlehem, "the house of bread," and laid in a manger, the place of food. Centuries before, the Jews had worshiped the golden calf and the Greeks the ass. Men bowed down before them as before God. The ox and the ass now made their reparation and retribution by bowing down themselves before their God.

There was no room in the inn, but there was room in the stable. The inn is the gathering place of public opinion, the focal point of the world's moods, the rendezvous of the worldly, the rallying place of the popular. But the stable is a place of outcasts, the ignored, the forgotten, the almost impossible things. If there were any place in all the earth where the world would have expected the Son of God to be born, it would have been in an inn. The stable would be the last place in the world we would have looked for Him. *Divinity is always where we least expect to find it.*

No worldly mind would ever have suspected that He Who could make the sun warm the earth would have need of an ox and an ass to warm Him with their breath; that He Who, in the language of Scriptures, could stop the turning about of Arcturus, would be subject to an imperial edict of a census; that He Who clothed the fields with grass would Himself be naked; that He from Whose finger tips tumbled planets and worlds would one day have tiny hands that were not long enough to touch the heads of the cattle; that feet which trod the everlasting hills would one day be too weak to walk; that the Eternal Word would be dumb; that Omnipotence would be wrapped in swaddling clothes—no one would ever have suspected that God coming to this earth would be so helpless. But that is precisely why men are apt to miss Him. *Divinity is always where we least expect to find it.*

The Son-of-God-made-man was forced to enter His own world through a back door. Exiled from the earth, He was born under the earth as the First Cave Man of Christian history. There He shook the earth to its very foundations. Because He was born in a cave, all who entered had to stoop. To stoop is the mark of humility. The proud refused to stoop, and missed Divinity. Those, however, who bent their ego and entered found they were not in a cave at all, but in a new universe where sat a Babe on His Mother's lap, with the world poised on His fingers.

The manger and the Cross thus stand at the two extremities of the Saviour's life: He accepted the manger because there was no room in the inn; He accepted the Cross because men said: "We will not have this man for our king." Disowned in entrance, rejected in exit. He was laid in a stranger's stable at the beginning, in a stranger's grave at the end. He was wrapped in swaddling bands in His birthplace, and would be clothed in swaddling grave clothes in His death place—both symbols of the limitations imposed on His Divinity by taking on a human form.

The shepherds watching their flocks nearby were told by the angels:

"This is the sign by which you are to know Him;
You will find a child still in swaddling clothes,
Lying in a manger."

He was already bearing His Cross—the only Cross a Babe could bear, that of poverty, exile and limitation. His sacrificial intent already shone forth in the message the angels were singing to the hills of Bethlehem:

"This day, in the city of David,
A Saviour has been born for you,
No other than the Lord Christ."

Covetousness was already challenged by poverty, while pride was confronted with the humiliation of a stable. The swathing of Divine Power, which otherwise knows no bounds, is often too great a tax upon minds which think of power only in terms of atomic energy. They cannot grasp the idea of divine condescension, nor of the "rich becoming poor that through His poverty, we might be rich."

ONLY two classes of people found the Babe: the Shepherds and the Wise Men. The simple and the learned. They who know they know nothing, and they who know they do not know everything. Never the man with one book; never the man who thinks he knows. Not even God can tell the proud anything. It takes good will to find God, and this truth the angels proclaimed from the heavens:

"Peace on earth to men that are God's friends."

In His First Advent, Christ took the name of Jesus or Saviour; only in His Second Coming will He take the name of Judge. Jesus was not a name He had before He, as the Son of God, assumed a human nature; it very properly refers to that which was united to His Divinity, not that which existed from all eternity. Some say "Jesus taught" as some might say "Plato taught," never once thinking that His Name means a "Saviour from sin." Once He received this name, Calvary was more a part of Him than Washington is related to a President of the United States. The Shadow of the Cross that fell on His cradle now fell on His naming. Either He lived up to His name, or He did not. If He did not, then He should not be called Jesus or Saviour.

Christ was not two years of age when King Herod ordered the killing of the male babes of Bethlehem. It was the first attempt on Christ's life. He faced the sword when a Babe, stones when a Man, the Cross at His end. Bethlehem is thus the dawn of Calvary. The same law that would wind itself around His Apostles and around His followers for centuries began its first circuit in fresh lives snatched from their mothers' arms—an event now commemorated in the Feast of the Holy Innocents. Upside down on a cross for Peter, a push from a steeple for James, a knife for Bartholomew, a caldron of oil and a long waiting for John, a sword for Paul—and cutthroats for the babes of Bethlehem.

"The world will hate you" is the dark eclipse that hangs over all who are signed with Christ's seal. These Innocents, the babes of Bethlehem, died for the King Whom they never knew, at the hands of an earthly king who should have been their friend. Little lambs, they died for the sake of the Lamb, the prototype of the long procession of martyrs—children who never struggled, but were crowned.

The only recorded acts of Christ's childhood are acts of obedience—to His Heavenly Father and to His earthly parents. The foundation of obedience to man is obedience to God. Delinquency in the young is the result of delinquency in the parents. The elders who serve not God find the young serve them not. Christ's whole life was submission. He submitted to John's baptism, though He was exempt from it; He submitted to pay the temple tax, though as the Son of the Father He was exempt from the tax; He bade His own people submit to Caesar. In being subject to creatures, though He was God, He prepared Himself for that final obedience—obedience to the humiliation of the Cross.

For the next 18 years, after the Three Days Loss when He was twelve years of age, He Who carpentered the universe played the role of a village carpenter, mending flat roofs and fixing the wagons of the farmers. Justin Martyr tells us that in his day—100 years after Christ's death—there were still implements to be seen which had been made by His hands.

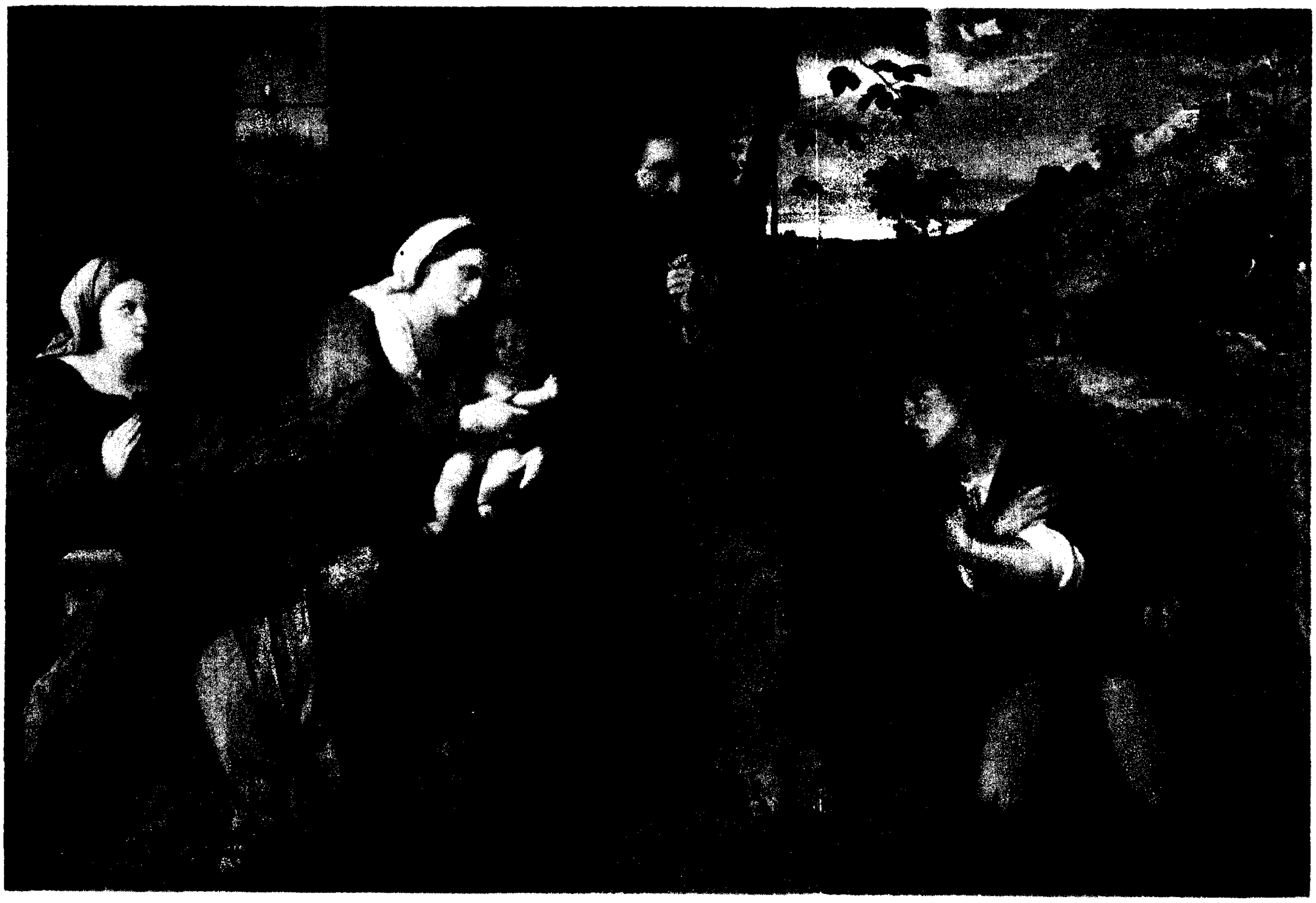
Why this long preparation for such a brief ministry of three years?

THE reason might very well have been that Christ waited until the human nature He had assumed grew in age to full perfection, that He might then offer the perfect sacrifice to His Heavenly Father. The farmer waits until the wheat is ripe before cutting it and subjecting it to the mill. So Christ would wait until His human nature had reached its most perfect proportions and its peak of loveliness before surrendering it to the hammer of the crucifiers and the sickle of those who cut down the Living Bread of Heaven.

The newly born lamb is not offered in sacrifice, nor is the first blush of the rose cut to pay tribute to a friend. Each thing has its hour of perfection. Since He is the Lamb that sets the hour for the sacrifice, and since He is the Rose that can choose the moment of His cutting, He will wait patiently, humbly and obediently while He grows in age and grace and wisdom before God and man.

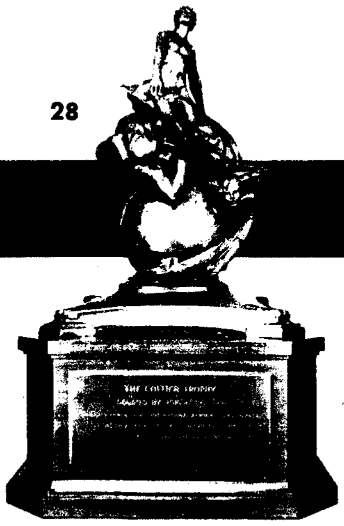
Then He will say: "This is Your Hour." Thus the choicest wheat and the reddest wine will be the worthiest elements of Sacrifice—the best this world can give for its consecration and its peace. ▲▲▲

This article is the first of three by Bishop Sheen about the life of Christ. The second will appear in the January 8th issue of Collier's



THE LOUVRE, PARIS

Adoration of the Shepherds, by Palma (The Elder)



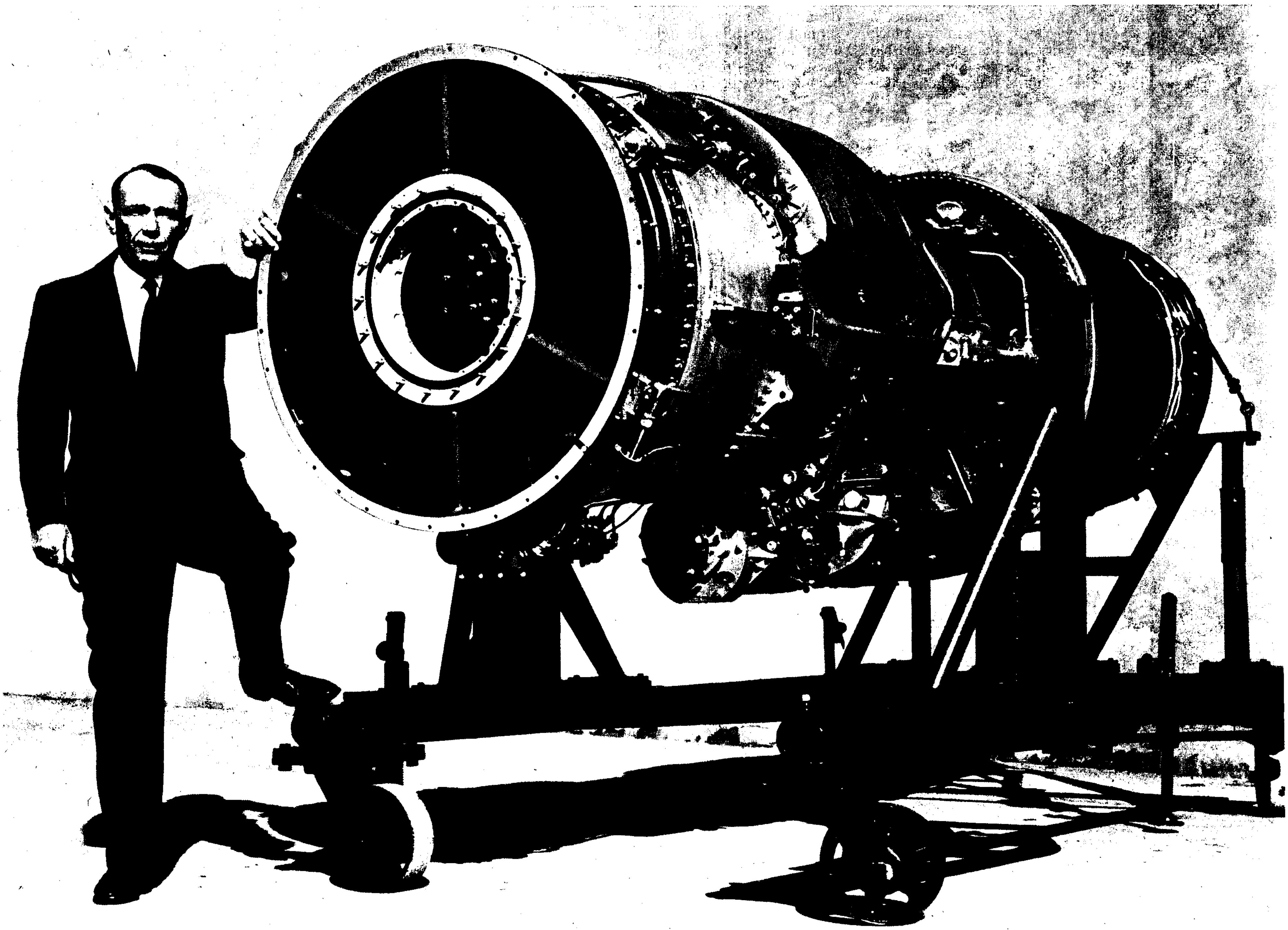
Collier Trophy Winner: Leonard S. Hobbs, for . . .

The World's Most Powerful Jet Engine

By JAMES J. HAGGERTY, JR.

Leonard S. Hobbs, United Aircraft's vice-president for engineering, stands beside J-57 engine that won him Collier Trophy

RAY KUHN



One of aviation's highest awards goes to the man whose daring gamble produced the J-57—main power source for our new giant bombers and supersonic fighters. It has put us two years ahead in the jet-engine field

A SLEEK, sweptwing U.S. Air Force jet fighter flashed over the flat sand bed at Salton Sea, California, last October 29th at 754.98 miles per hour. Although research aircraft have gone faster, that plane was the fastest ever officially clocked—it set a new world's record for the 15-kilometer (9.3-mile) straightaway course.

Credit for the record must be divided three ways. There was, of course, the man at the controls—crack Air Force test pilot Lieutenant Colonel F. K. (Pete) Everest. Then the airplane—a North American YF-100 Super Sabre, descendant of the famed F-86 Sabre which outfought the much-publicized Russian MIG-15 in Korea. And finally, but far from least, the engine—a king-sized turbojet known only by the military designation J-57, which on that record flight turned out the equivalent of 40,000 horsepower, one fifth as much as the total power output of the largest passenger liner afloat, the 83,673-ton Queen Elizabeth.

Development and production of the J-57 engine represent a noteworthy achievement by Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Division of United Aircraft Corporation. The engine is the most powerful aircraft power plant in the world—at least in the non-Communist world, and propulsion experts doubt that the Soviet Union has as good an engine in as advanced a stage of development.

"There is no comparable engine in production today," says Dr. Hugh L. Dryden, director of the U.S. government's aeronautical research body, the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. "And," he adds, "it is the one engine which has made possible supersonic speed in level flight."

A number of aircraft have been described as supersonic and indeed have outstripped the speed of sound—but only in dive flight. The Super Sabre is the first of a new series of American military fighters which will be able to fly faster than sound "on the level"; the J-57 will power nearly all of them.

The importance of this new jet engine, which develops 10,000 pounds of thrust, has not escaped the aviation industry. On October 14th, a committee comprising 28 top representatives of all phases of aviation voted to award this year's Collier Trophy to the man who conceived the J-57 and nursed it through to production: Leonard S. Hobbs, vice-president for engineering of United Aircraft.

The trophy, donated in 1911 by the late Robert J. Collier, editor and son of the founder of Collier's, is awarded annually for "the greatest achievement in aviation in America, the value of which has been demonstrated by actual use during the preceding year." (The J-57 passed its Air Force qualification test in 1952.) The massive trophy itself, the work of sculptor Ernest Wise Keyser, remains in the custody of the National Aeronautic Association; Hobbs receives a miniature replica. This is the thirty-eighth year that the award has been made.

The miniature is being presented to Hobbs by President Eisenhower at a dinner in Washington, D.C., on December 17th—fiftieth anniversary of man's first powered flight, by the Wright Brothers at Kitty Hawk. As a special feature, surviving previous Collier Trophy winners are also being honored at the dinner. Each also is being given a miniature replica of the original trophy; special representatives have been designated to accept the miniatures where the award was made to an organization, such as the Air Force or the U.S. Air Mail Service. The dinner is being sponsored by the Aero Club of Washington, local chapter of the National Aeronautic Association.

This is the first time since 1932 that the trophy has been awarded for development of an engine, but the J-57 is much more than just another jet engine.

"It represents a marked advance in the jet engine field," says Secretary of the Air Force Harold E. Talbott, "and we are counting heavily on it as a power source for some of our fastest present and prospective planes. These include—in addition to the North American Super Sabre—the McDonnell F-101, the delta- (triangular-) winged Convair F-102 and the Boeing B-52."

The giant eight-jet Boeing B-52 heavy bomber, mainstay of the Strategic Air Command's long-range bomber fleet, needs both tremendous power for its fighterlike speed and great fuel economy to enable it to fly thousands of miles nonstop without prohibitively heavy fuel loads. The J-57 supplies both; it has the lowest fuel-consumption rate of any turbojet in production.

The Navy, too, will use the engine in its new Douglas F4D Skyray, a high-performance carrier-based fighter, and the Douglas A3D, a jet bomber which also operates from a carrier.

Besides its military assignments, the J-57 is carrying the American flag in the international race for commercial jet-transport supremacy. The only American commercial jet plane now under construction—the Boeing Model 707, which will make its first flight next summer—has J-57 power.

Indeed, the Pratt & Whitney engine may have brought the U.S. the lead in jet-engine development after Britain's years-long supremacy in the field. United Aircraft engineers believe their engine eclipses anything the British have, and it is in mass production, while only a few of its nearest known British competitor—the Bristol Olympus, a 9,750-pound-thrust engine—have been built.

"We at Pratt & Whitney Aircraft believe that the J-57 is at least two years in advance of any other engine we know of in the turbojet field," says William P. Gwinn, P & W's general manager. "That includes British as well as American jet engines."

Development of the J-57 is even more remarkable when you consider that the engine was the first turbojet designed by Pratt & Whitney, although the company for many years has been one of the world's prime aircraft-engine manufacturers. In fact, this eminence in the engine field may have been responsible for P&W's lag in jets. During World War II, P&W's line of conventional piston engines powered 50 per cent of all American combat aircraft, and the military's performance demands tied up all the company's facilities and engineering man power.

P&W's competitors, carrying lighter or no piston-engine production schedules, were able to devote most of their engineering effort to the new and promising field of turbojet propulsion. By the end of World War II, these other companies had substantial jet business. On the other hand, the cessation of hostilities abruptly ended the demand for most of P&W's piston engines; the day after V-J Day, $414,000,000 of its contracts were canceled.

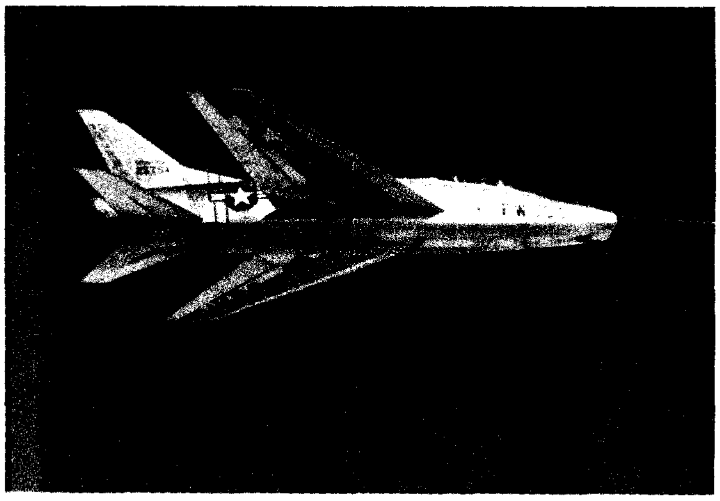
However, P&W got into jet-engine production in 1947, even before its own designs had been completed. The Navy asked the company to make a British jet engine, called the Nene and known in the U.S. as the J-42, for use in a new fighter. P&W made a license agreement with the British designer of the Nene, Rolls Royce, Ltd., and started production. Another order followed for production of an advanced version of the Nene called the J-48.

The orders gave P&W some experience in jet manufacture. But to Hobbs and his United Aircraft colleagues it was only an interim arrangement. They were building another company's engine.

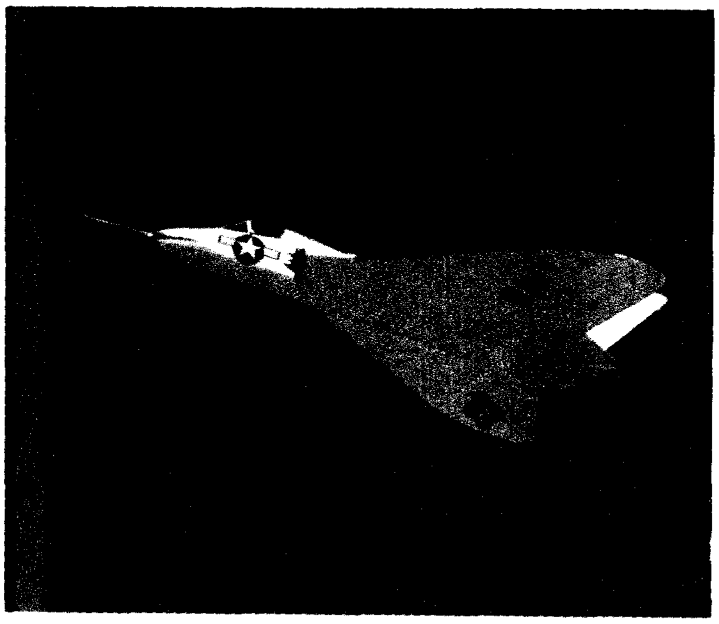
"From the beginning, our aim was to stand on our own feet," Hobbs says. "No one ever gets anywhere as a licensee."

It was in 1946, before P&W even started on J-42 production, that the idea of "the big gamble" began to form in "Luke" Hobbs's mind. "We

Eight J-57 turbojets power Boeing's mammoth B-52 bomber. Each wing pod holds two engines



This North American Super Sabre fighter set a world's speed record of 755 MPH with the J-57



J-57 engine also propels the Navy's Douglas F4D Skyray, high-performance carrier-based fighter

L. S. Hobbs, awarded the Collier Trophy for the outstanding achievement in American aviation during 1952, joins these surviving previous Trophy winners

Grover C. Loening, 1921
Flying Yacht

Lt. Col. E. L. Hoffman, 1926
Practical Parachute

William P. Lear, 1949
All-weather Jet Landing System

Major Charles E. Yeager, 1947
Supersonic Flight

faced a mighty tough situation," he recalls. "Not only were we five years behind the other companies, but some of them could draw on years of experience in the steam-turbine field. We were running a poor race. We decided that it would not be enough to match their designs, that to get back in the race we would have to 'leapfrog' them—come up with something far in advance of what they were thinking about."

That's how the J-57 was conceived. At that time, the jet engines in service had power ratings of about 4,000-pound thrust. General Electric was in advanced development on a new 5,000-pounder, and on the drawing boards of all of P&W's competitors were engines in the 6,000-7,000-pound category.

Luke Hobbs decided to design an engine of 10,000-pound thrust, enough to permit supersonic flight for fighters, and to build into it the lowest rate of fuel consumption possible, to whip the jet plane's major bugaboo of limited range.

Hobbs was well aware that it was a bold gamble. Engine thrust had been increased on a very gradual curve, each small step being based on the experience of the preceding step. Hobbs was shooting that curve right off the graph.

In working out his design, he took another radical step: he decided to use what is known as the dual-compressor system. The compressor is a rotary unit in the forepart of a jet engine. It compresses the air flowing through the intakes before it is burned in the combustion chambers to create thrust.

All engines prior to the J-57 had single-compressor units. As long as they rotated at their optimum design speeds, they operated efficiently. But a jet plane cannot operate at a constant speed, and when the single compressor turned slower or faster than its optimum, its power dropped and its rate of fuel consumption increased.

The dual-compressor system in the J-57 consists of two units, one behind the other, rotating on concentric shafts. Each has a different design optimum and each can work at its own most efficient speed, independently of the other. The engine therefore can operate efficiently over a wide choice of speeds, gaining added range from its low fuel-consumption rate and added power from its high compression ratios. Hobbs and Pratt & Whitney did not originate the theory of the dual compressor, but they were the first to make it work. Hobbs presented his design to the Air Force. Its technicians were enthusiastic about the engine's performance potential, but concerned over the technical problems its development involved. Nevertheless, Lieutenant General L. C. Craigie, then director of research and development for the USAF's Air Matériel Command, decided to risk Air Force research funds on the project.

The rest is a story of painstaking research and trial and error. More than 4,000,000 individual complex problems had to be solved, involving 300 hours of calculation by electronic computers and 14,000 man-hours. "And the first engine was no good at all," Hobbs recalls. "It was a learning proposition. But we learned."

It took more than three years to develop the first workable engine, including 14,200 hours of engine operation in test cells and on test flights. In September, 1952, the engine passed its Air Force qualification test on schedule, making it one of the few experimental engines in history ever to meet a schedule. Last February it went into mass production.

Luke Hobbs plays down his own part in the development of the engine.

"No one man can claim credit for a project such as this," he says. "It took the combined efforts of a great many people: Andy Willgoos, who headed up the early research work; Wright Parkins, P&W's engineering manager, who took over after Andy's death, and 1,500 Pratt & Whitney engineers." The Collier Trophy was awarded to Hobbs as captain of the team.

Hobbs, a mild, slightly built, unassuming man, was born fifty-seven years ago in Carbon, Wyoming, a rough coal-mining community now a ghost town. He spent his boyhood in Texas and graduated from Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College. He began postgraduate engineering work at Kansas State College, but interrupted it to serve in World War I as an engineer officer with the famed 42d (Rainbow) Division. After the war, he resumed his engineering studies at Kansas State and later joined the Army Air Corps as a civilian experimental engineer.

He left the Air Corps to join the Stromberg Carburetor Company, where he became well known in aviation circles as an expert in aircraft carburetion. In 1925, while with Stromberg, he made the first of a number of important contributions to aviation progress by devising a carburetor which would permit an airplane to fly upside down indefinitely. Up to then,

Lawrence D. Bell, 1947
Supersonic Flight

John Stack, 1947-'51
Supersonic Flight; Wind Tunnel

Lewis A. Rodert, 1946
Deicing System

Luis W. Alvarez, 1945
Radar Landing System

Harold F. Pitcairn, 1930
Autogiro

Glenn L. Martin, 1932
Twin-engine, high-speed Bomber

Frank W. Caldwell, 1933
Controllable-pitch Propeller

Maj. Gen. Albert Hegenberger, 1934
Blind Landing System

an airplane engine would cut out after a few seconds of inverted flight because it would be flooded by the uncontrolled flow of fuel from its tanks.

Hobbs went to Pratt & Whitney as a research engineer in 1927 and took over direction of all P&W engineering in 1939. He was named a member of the board of directors of United Aircraft in 1942 and vice-president for engineering two years later. As chief of the senior engineering staff, he supervises all engineering work of United's four divisions. In addition to P&W, the organization consists of Sikorsky Aircraft Division in Bridgeport, Connecticut, a prime manufacturer of helicopters; Chance Vought Aircraft Division in Dallas, Texas, which builds Navy fighter planes and guided missiles; and Hamilton Standard Division, manufacturer of propellers and aircraft accessories in Windsor Locks, Connecticut. Pratt & Whitney and the corporation's headquarters are in East Hartford, Connecticut.

When he can find time off from his exacting, many-sided job, Hobbs heads for the golf course. He shoots in the 85-95 bracket. His customary links partner is Frank Caldwell, United's director of research, himself the Collier Trophy winner for 1933 for development of the controllable-pitch propeller.

"I'm sure Luke has figured out all the mathematical angles of the golf swing," says Caldwell, "but as yet he hasn't been able to apply them. Too much flesh and blood involved."

United's engineering boss is also a student of military history, and he can discourse on subjects ranging from World War II to the Revolution.

Although unknown to the public, Hobbs is recognized in aviation circles as perhaps the world's outstanding authority on aircraft engines. Foreign aeronautical engineers, in the U.S. on other business, will go miles out of their way to stop at East Hartford to "get a clue as to what Hobbs is thinking of now."

He is frankly enthusiastic about his J-57 engine, and justifiably proud of the big gamble he took seven years ago—a gamble which has paid off by putting Pratt & Whitney into the lead in the jet-development race and Hobbs himself in America's Aviation Hall of Fame as winner of the Collier Trophy.

Donald W. Douglas, 1935
Twin-engine Commercial Transport

The committee which voted this year's Collier Trophy award was appointed by Harry K. Coffey, president of the National Aeronautic Association, who served as cochairman along with Dr. John F. Victory, executive secretary of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. Other members of the committee comprised: Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, USN (Ret.); Jacqueline Cochran, well-known aviatrix; Frederick C. Crawford, president, Thompson Products, Inc.; Lieutenant General James H. Doolittle, vice-president, Shell Oil Company; Donald W. Douglas, Jr., vice-president, Douglas Aircraft Company, Inc.; Lieutenant General Ira C. Eaker, USAF (Ret.), vice-president, Hughes Aircraft Company; William R. Enyart, president, Simmonds Aerocessories, Inc.; Malcolm P. Ferguson, president, Bendix Aviation Corporation; Roger C. Fleming, director of public relations, Allison Division of General Motors Corporation; Hall L. Hibbard, vice-president-engineering, Lockheed Aircraft Corporation; Dr. Jerome C. Hunsaker, chairman, National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics; Captain John J. Ide, USNR, president, International Sporting Aviation Commission; S. Paul Johnston, director, Institute of the Aeronautical Sciences; Vice-Admiral Emory S. Land, USN (Ret.), president, Air Transport Association; Thomas G. Lanphier, Jr., vice-president, Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation; William P. Lear, chairman of the board, Lear, Inc.; Frederick B. Lee, administrator, Civil Aeronautics Administration; William P. MacCracken, Jr., general counsel, National Aeronautic Association; Joseph K. McLaughlin, president, National Association of State Aviation Officials; Glenn L. Martin, honorary chairman, the Glenn L. Martin Company; Vice-Admiral Ralph A. Ofstie, Deputy Chief of Naval Operations (Air); Ralph G. Platt, president, Aviation Writers Association; Admiral DeWitt C. Ramsey, USN (Ret.), president, Aircraft Industries Association of America, Inc.; C. J. Reese, president, Continental Motors Corporation; Ben Regan, executive vice-president, Nationwide Food Service, Inc; General Thomas D. White, Vice-Chief of Staff, U.S. Air Force; Donald D. Webster, general manager, National Aeronautic Association.

Howard Hughes, 1938
Round-the-World Flight

Gen. Carl Spaatz, 1944
Air Offensive against Germany

Rear Adm. Luis de Florez, 1943
Combat Training Devices

Maj. Gen. Harry G. Armstrong, 1939
Aviation Medicine

Dr. W. Randolph Lovelace II, 1939
Aviation Medicine

Please Come Home for CHRISTMAS

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Jeff knew that Peggy and the boys were waiting for him, and he wanted to be with them. But he was afraid to go home; he was afraid he had lost their love

IT WAS midnight on Christmas Eve when Jefferson Hale, ex-lieutenant in the U.S. Navy, picked up Santa Claus. By that time, even the frantic last-minute shoppers had disappeared from the streets and the last neighborhood store had put out its light. But Jeff Hale, in the civilian suit he had bought that afternoon, was still sleeping in his rented car. Only when a nearby church carillon began to ring out Silent Night, Holy Night did he rouse and stare about him.

It took a moment to orient himself. He had been having a dream in which he was flying some tepid beer up to thirty-five thousand feet to chill it, and it had been cold up there. As a matter of fact it was cold where he was now. Only he had no idea where he was, or why an arm in a red velvet sleeve was shaking him.

"Look, son," a voice was saying. "It's no night to sleep out. Wake up and go home."

There was, he thought, a faint odor of beer about the man who was waking him. "Thanks," he said thickly. "Just give me a minute."

Jeff could see now that he had been roused by a Santa Claus, one of the many who had dotted the streets all day. And Santa, realizing Jeff was awake, had gone back to the curb and was standing there patiently, waiting for a bus.

Jeff did not start the car immediately. He was still rather dazed. He sat with his overcoat collar turned up and pulled as high as it would go over the left side of his face. The gesture was a habit with him now. As he had crossed the continent, he had been relieved when no one on the plane had seemed to notice his self-consciousness.

But in the hours since he had got to the city, something had happened. He couldn't go home. When the plane had been grounded for six hours, he had been distraught. All he had wanted was to see Peggy and the kids, to rent a car and drive up to the house, to see them and hold them in his arms.

But the city had done something to him, with the gay shop windows, the parcels everyone carried, and the general air of festivity. He felt as though he did not belong. It had not been so bad in the hospital, where he was only one of many. It had even been all right when he called Peggy from the airfield on his arrival that afternoon.

"Look, my darling," he had said. "All the way back I've been planning our Christmas together. I want to get home, but I've got a pocketful of money and I want to spend some of it first. All right with you?"

"We don't want presents, Jeff. We want you."

She must have sensed his disappointment, for she suddenly agreed. He grinned, having in mind the fur coat she had wanted so long. And then he had felt that he ought to warn her once more about his scar.

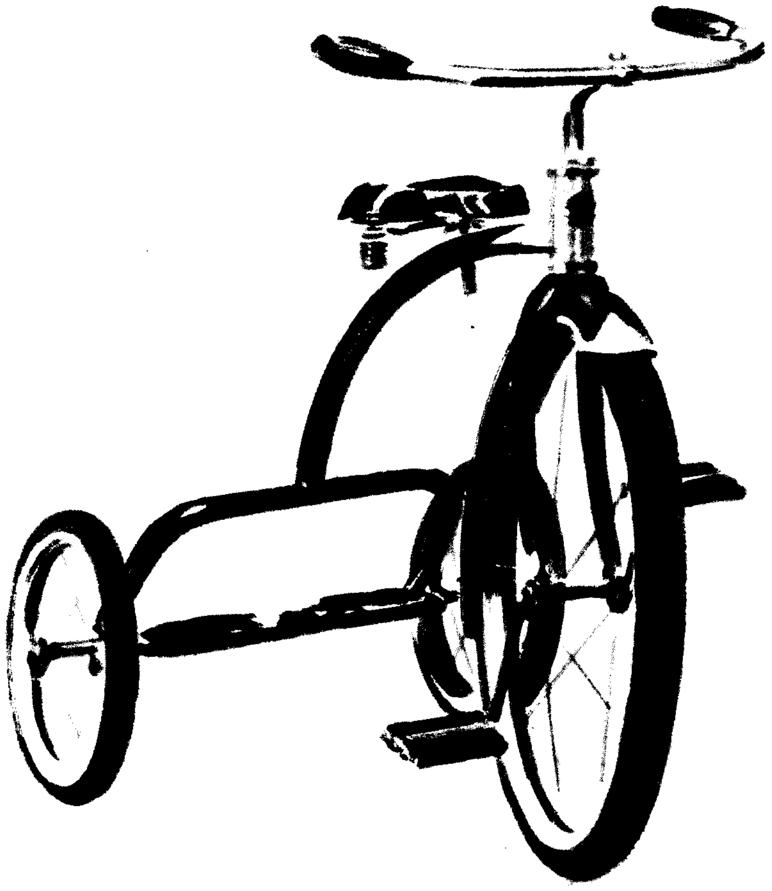
"It's not very pretty," he said. "Don't be shocked, darling. Maybe you can take it, maybe you can't. But whatever you feel, I'll understand."

"Jeff Hale!" she said, outraged. "As if it mattered! As if anything mattered but you. I'm so proud of you, Jeff, but I've been so lost without you—so lost for so long."

"You're not lost now, darling. Give me a few hours and then we'll be together. Don't wait up for me; I've got some plans, and I don't know how long they'll take." Then he added, "The doctors did all they could for me on the Coast, but it's not too good. And the kids—"

"They'd know you and love you without a head!" she said. "I'll put them to bed before you get here. All this waiting for Santa Claus is hard on them. And in the morning you'll be the best present of all. We've been fixing the house for you all day, darling. It looks lovely."

It would. He knew Peggy. And into that gay and festive atmosphere he must somehow fit himself, scar and (*Continued on page* 64)



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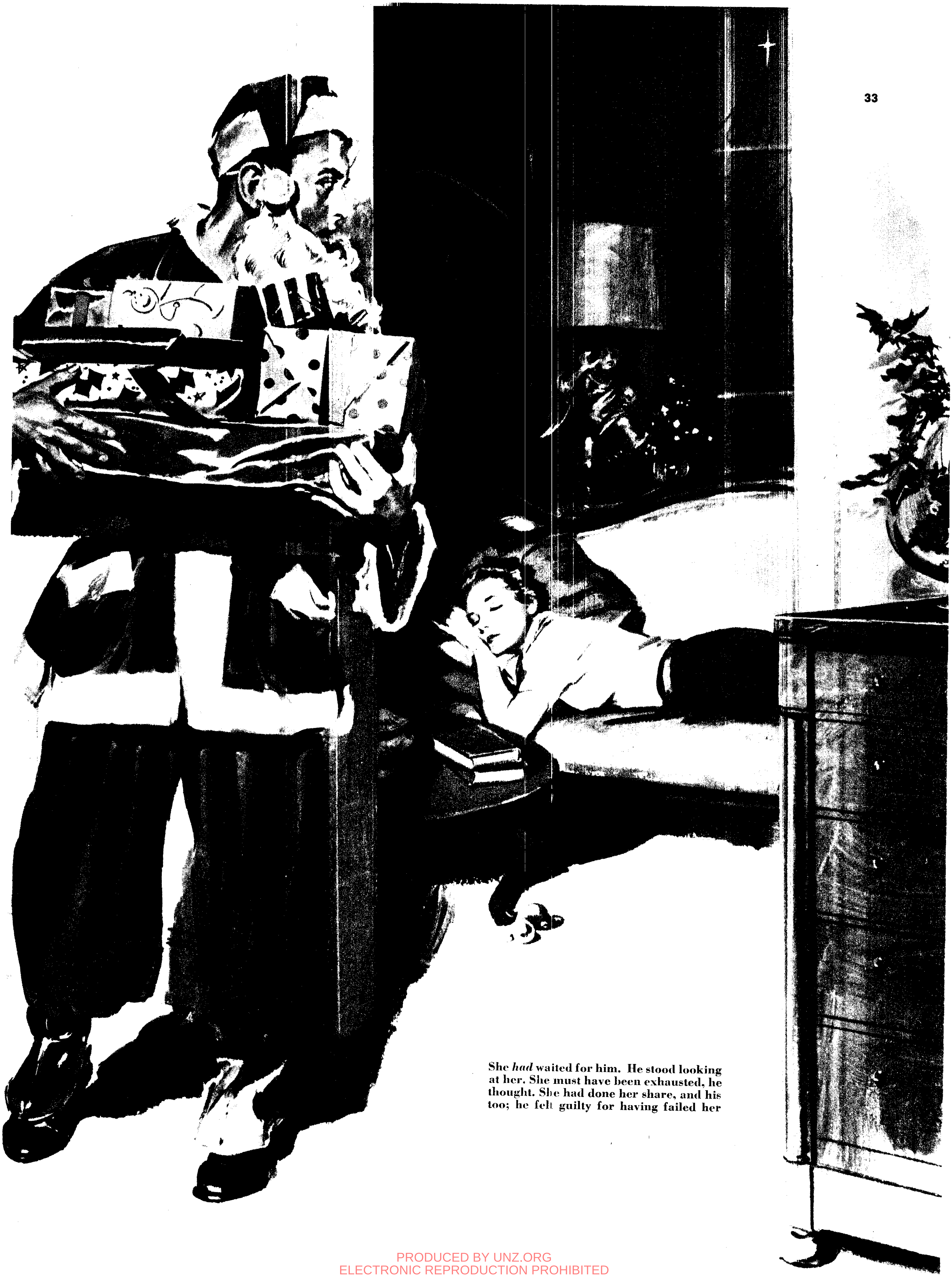


She *had* waited for him. He stood looking at her. She must have been exhausted, he thought. She had done her share, and his too; he felt guilty for having failed her

Above, Ferrer practises a dance routine for his next motion picture, Deep in My Heart, in which he plays song-and-dance role. Right, Mrs. Ferrer, singer Rosemary Clooney, watches her husband start work on a self-portrait (shown on p. 36)

The atmosphere fairly crackles around this explosive star. He's always on the go—

José, bearded for stage role as Cyrano and dressed in gaudy outfit, bones up on lines

Fabulous

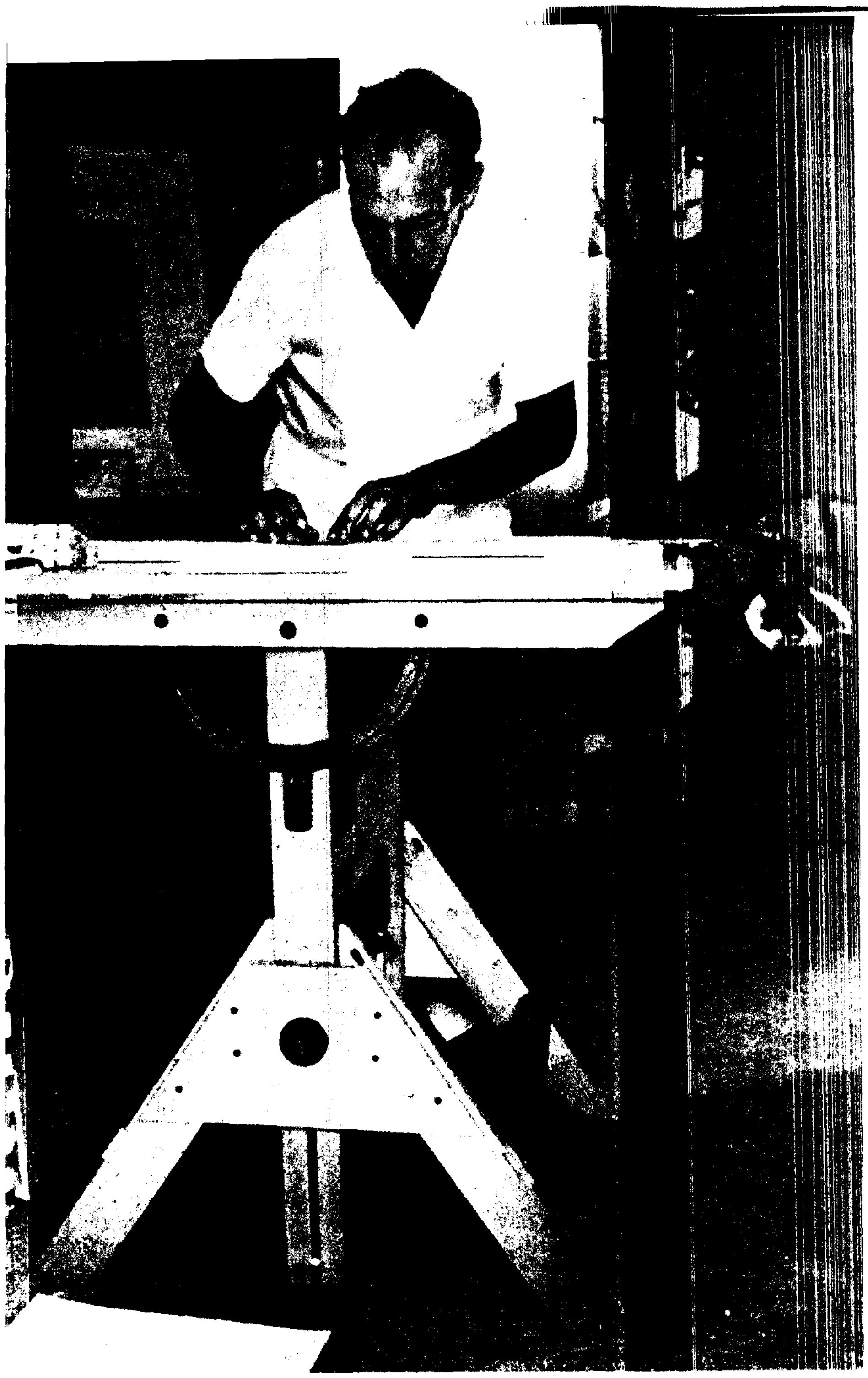
By GILBERT

IN a nervous era of entertainment in which Hollywood has simultaneously embraced the giant screen, the triple screen, the curved screen, three dimensions, Polaroid glasses, no glasses, the single feature and the use of the comparative in preference to the superlative, and the Broadway theater has dabbled diffidently with early curtains, Sunday performances, arenas, no scenery, real swimming pools, courtesy at the box office and the use of the superlative in preference to the comparative, a deep thinker in both mediums named José Ferrer appears to have hit, at a single gaudy stroke, upon the most splendid gimmick of all—himself.

Ferrer has exploited this discovery, which he obviously feels is as basic as the wheel and axle, with bursts of energy at once so prodigious and productive that Brooks Atkinson, the drama critic of The New York Times, having once characterized him as "the most able, stimulating and the most versatile actor of his generation in America," was forced to amend the ringing declaration several years later: "He is," Atkinson wrote in plain awe, "the most terrifying man of action in our theater."

There are those who think that Atkinson, whose main exposure to Ferrer has been limited largely to performances in a theater or on the screen of a

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S



The Ferrers, both busy with spectacular careers, are forced to fit married life to crowded professional schedules. Above, at a prize fight, one of their favorite diversions. Below, a quick kiss in one of their rare moments at home

ancing, acting, singing, composing, a roducing . . . sometimes all six at once

Joe Ferrer

MILLSTEIN

Ferrer keeps fit for strenuous career playing tennis on his private court in Beverly Hills

movie house, understated the case. Not long ago, a friend of Ferrer's watched the unbound Prometheus, who will be forty-two next month, for a full morning as he supervised production, helped to cast and prepared to star in four plays for the current season of the New York City Center (he was directing only three of them) and came away in a state of sympathetic fatigue. On the way down Seventh Avenue to Sardi's restaurant for a restorative, he ran into a lady writer named Inez Karma, who has also had occasion to watch Ferrer in action. "I saw Joe Ferrer today," said the friend. "Oh, really," said Miss Karma. "How are they?"

This impression of multiplicity, which Ferrer cultivates with a sort of informed artlessness, and which has divided his friends into two psychoanalytical camps—those who are convinced that it arises from an essential insecurity and those who are convinced that it is the result of an equally essential and thoroughly secure ebullience—is almost justified by the facts. It is further reinforced by the extent of his peripheral activities.

Ferrer speaks French, Italian and Spanish, in addition to English, with a fluency that has silenced countless headwaiters . . . and confounded customs inspectors. While passing through customs some time ago at Orly Field outside

Y SANFORD H. ROTH

José and Rosie at breakfast in Beverly Hills. Besides the sumptuous, sprawling place they rent in California, they have an apartment in Manhattan and a house in Ossining, New York

Paris—he was then making the motion picture Moulin Rouge, had grown an exotic beard and was wearing an Italian-made suit—he entered into a vivid dispute in French with an inspector over some niggling item. "You, sir," said the inspector at last, "are trying to make a fool of me. You could not possibly be an American." Ferrer was forced ultimately to produce his passport.

He's Addicted to Taking Lessons

At one time or another, he has taken seven tennis lessons a week, seven in fencing (with either hand), six singing lessons, five in tap dancing, three in yoga, two in judo and two in primitive dancing. He is a painter of some pretensions, a cook and baker of even greater pretensions and a piano player whose range includes both Corelli and Carle (Frankie).

Ferrer is beyond question the big decathlon man of the theater and motion pictures and is frequently compared, at least in Hollywood, with Great Britain's multiple-talented star, Sir Laurence Olivier. Hollywood sometimes gives him the edge over Olivier on the ground that while Olivier is better-looking, the United States is a bigger country. As a matter of fact, where looks are concerned, Sir Laurence possesses features so regular as to make Ferrer's seem haphazard.

Ferrer's hairline is retreating toward the back of his head with glacial certainty. His ears are uncompromisingly large and set at an angle unfavorable to his head. He has a nose that advances boldly in several directions, in contrast to his chins (he has two) which recede determinedly beneath a large mouth full of prominent but otherwise unnoteworthy teeth. He has a wide chest that outmatches his narrow shoulders, a long waist and short legs. None of these deviations from the Phidian ideal has ever slowed him down, either physically or spiritually. "Joe announces seven projects," a Hollywood director once said admiringly, "and surprises the life out of you by doing six after you've figured out mathematically that he can't possibly manage four."

In the last three years, the period of his most luxurious flowering, Ferrer began by starring in the motion-picture version of Cyrano de Bergerac (for which he later won an Academy Award). He then produced, directed and starred in a revival of Twentieth Century on Broadway; produced and directed Stalag 17; left for Hollywood again, where he starred in Anything Can Happen; made a quick transatlantic flight for the London opening of Cyrano; then returned to Broadway, where he directed The Fourposter; produced, directed and starred in The Shrike (which won the Pulitzer prize as the best American play of 1952) and then produced and directed The Chase. That year, the New York drama critics, in a poll conducted by the trade publication, Variety, selected Ferrer as the best producer, director and actor of 1952; he also won the Donaldson and Antoinette Perry Awards for being the best actor and director of last year.

At one point in the spring of 1952, Ferrer was represented on Broadway by four plays, three of which (The Shrike, Stalag 17 and The Chase) were located on the same street, and a motion picture, Anything Can Happen, which was playing around the corner on Times Square. One evening, about ten minutes before curtain time at The Shrike, in which he played, with a great show of verisimilitude, a patient in a mental hospital, Ferrer felt irresistibly impelled to impart a suggestion to the cast of The Chase and departed for the other side of the street in costume. He bounded rapidly through traffic, producing an effect, according to an eyewitness, quite as macabre as his performance on stage, since he was wearing only cotton pajamas and felt slippers.

Earlier, when The Chase was in Philadelphia for a tryout, Ferrer had got into the habit of completing his performance in The Shrike every night; catching a train from New York which got him into Philadelphia shortly before two o'clock in the morning; working with the author, Horton Foote, until 5:00 A.M.; sleeping five hours; coaching the cast until late in the afternoon, and catching a train back to New York in time to make his opening curtain on Forty-eighth Street. Ferrer passed up these nightly junkets to Philadelphia only twice a week—on the eve of The Shrike's matinees.

A Prescient Deal for Moulin Rouge

In June of 1952, Ferrer flew to London and worked there and in Paris for four months on Moulin Rouge, in which he portrayed the bearded and shrunken French painter, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec. The case of Moulin Rouge is probably as striking an illustration as any of Ferrer's particular blend of prescience and practicality.

Two years before the picture was made, he fell into conversation with Hedy Lamarr on the tennis courts at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Miss Lamarr asked Ferrer whether he had read any good books lately and produced a copy of Pierre La Mure's novel, Moulin Rouge. Ferrer, who is unable to thumb over even a seed catalogue without envisioning its dramatic possibilities, read the book and had Miss Lamarr arrange a meeting between him and the author. The upshot was that he bought the dramatic rights and a large share in the screen rights to the novel. A couple of months later, Ferrer, who was then in New York, got a phone call from John Huston, the director, who happened to be in Hollywood. "I thought he was calling from Africa," says Ferrer, who finds himself in deep rapport with anyone who understands the fullest uses of the long-distance telephone.

"Joe," said Huston, "how'd you like to make a picture for me? You know a book called Moulin Rouge? I'm going to buy the rights and make it."

"That's swell, John," Ferrer said. "You might as well talk to me about the rights. I have 'em."

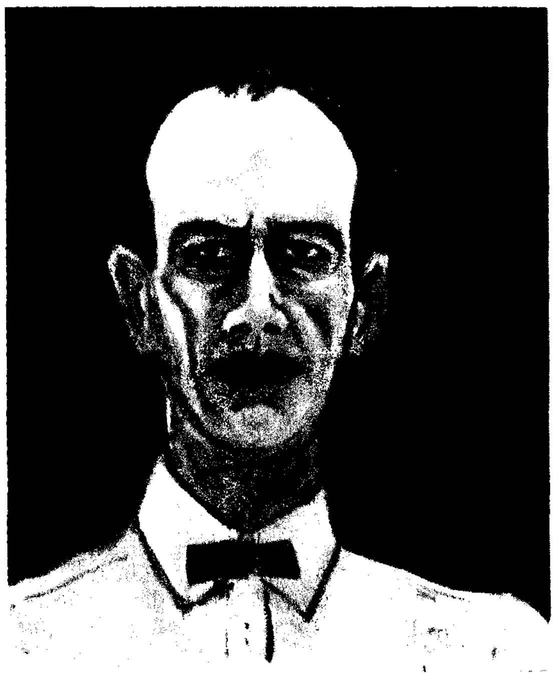
Making a Tall Man Into a Short One

Ferrer's preparations for the role of Toulouse-Lautrec were, to say the least, esoteric. Not only did he spend the customary months of research into the character of the great Parisian artist, but he found himself faced with the pressing technical problem that can only confront a man who is five feet ten inches tall planning to play a man who was only four feet eight inches tall.

Ferrer had himself fitted out with a pair of short artificial legs which he had strapped to his knees. (His own lower legs stuck out in back and were kept out of camera range.) Realizing that the straps and the pressure on his knees might cause him a good deal of pain from loss of circulation, he looked up a teacher of yoga on Fifty-fifth Street, and spent some intensive weeks controlling his breathing and jackknifing his body into improbable postures. While this training was not enough to enable him to achieve yoga's goal of ultimate truth or self-levitation, it was sufficient to allow him to wear the legs without passing out every ten minutes.

"It's sensational, man," he has since said of yoga. (Ferrer, who ran a jazz band at Princeton two decades ago, talks on occasion like a cultivated bop musician. He addresses friends as "pops," "dad" or "gate"; is "fractured" by their jokes, refers to his home as a "crazy little pad"; and professes to be "gone" when something fractures him.) "You want to dig some of that real inside peace it creates. It's not a withdrawal from life at all, simply equips you to cope with it."

One piece of evidence is at hand, however, to indicate that Ferrer had his fleshly envelope pretty well subdued before he ever got around to taking lessons in yoga. Part of Anything Can Happen was filmed in New York in the summer of 1951, and one scene was shot in an ancient Manhattan courthouse. "It was 96 degrees in the streets and I guess it must have been 116 in that courtroom," George



José Ferrer's self-portrait. One close friend says of Ferrer's paintings: "Rembrandt's safe"

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Again this year, men who know whiskey will serve the grandest bowl of Merry Christmas ever—an eggnog made with Four Roses.

The ingredients: Six eggs; ¾ cup sugar; 1 pint milk; 1 pint cream; 1 oz. Jamaica Rum; 1 pint Four Roses; grated nutmeg.

The procedure: Beat separately egg yolks and whites. Add ½ cup sugar to yolks while beating. Add ¼ cup sugar to whites after beating them very stiff. Mix whites with yolks. Stir in cream and milk. Add Four Roses and rum. Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold, with grated nutmeg.

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José fences (either hand), paints, practices yoga and judo

Seaton, the director, recalled recently. "This was supposed to be a spring scene and everybody was wearing heavy clothing and pouring sweat. Joe was the only one not perspiring. I asked him how that happened. 'I say to myself, I can't perspire in this scene,' and he had the gall to tell me, 'I'll louse it up.' You know, I don't doubt that Joe Ferrer *has* the ability to tell his sweat glands, 'Stop, already!' "

A New Sadie Thompson Movie

Upon the completion of Moulin Rouge, Ferrer made a couple of rapid trips between Paris, London, New York and Hollywood, and what he calls a "gastronomic tour" of France and Italy, stopping in New York just long enough to direct another hit, My 3 Angels. He was finally caught up with on the West Coast by Columbia Pictures last spring and induced to co-star with Rita Hayworth in Miss Sadie Thompson, the newest version of W. Somerset Maugham's sere and yellowed story of sin in the South Seas, which later became famous on stage and screen as Rain.

Ferrer had already turned down the part of the morality-ridden reformer. He was in Hollywood, however, to see singer Rosemary Clooney, whom he ultimately made his third wife, and was persuaded by Jerry Wald, the executive producer at Columbia, to drop in and talk things over. There is still some doubt as to who persuaded whom to do what.

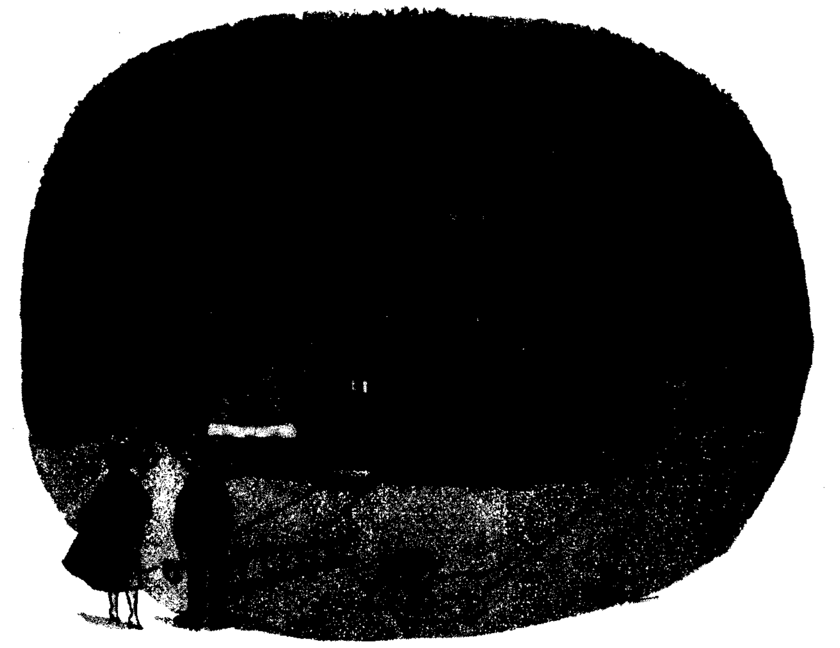
"Ferrer didn't want to do it from an artistic standpoint," Milton Pickman, a studio executive, recalls. "He didn't think the original conception of the role would be believable to a present-day audience. We got him down to the office and we went over the script line by line—not only his speeches, but everybody else's. We decided the only way to get this guy was to let him talk.

"We should have had a tape recorder. He talked for four days. The more he talked, the more convinced Wald was that Ferrer was right for the part. Joe made a hundred and eight changes of dialogue in the script; and I don't mean just a line here and a line there, either. After four days, this artistic genius looked up from the chair he was sitting in—he had half a sandwich in his mouth—and he said, 'This is a hell of a role. If somebody does it, this is the way it should be done.' We had him. He literally talked himself into something he wanted no part of."

Ferrer was also talked into accepting $125,000 for his job in the movie, which will be released in January or February of 1954.

During the shooting of Miss Sadie Thompson, Ferrer was signed to play the part of Lieutenant Barney Greenwald in Stanley Kramer's production of The Caine Mutiny. Kramer had been looking for a "tour-de-force actor who could take over in a picture where there had already been a lot of taking-over. I picked Joe because he was the best finale I could think of."

Ferrer is seen only in the last 20 minutes or so of the picture and is preceded on the screen by such outstanding take-over specialists as Humphrey Bogart, Van Johnson and Fred MacMurray. His behavior on the set was, as it has been on other Hollywood sets, completely unexceptionable, even ingratiating.



COLLIER'S "Now let's try it with all blue lights" BIL KEANE

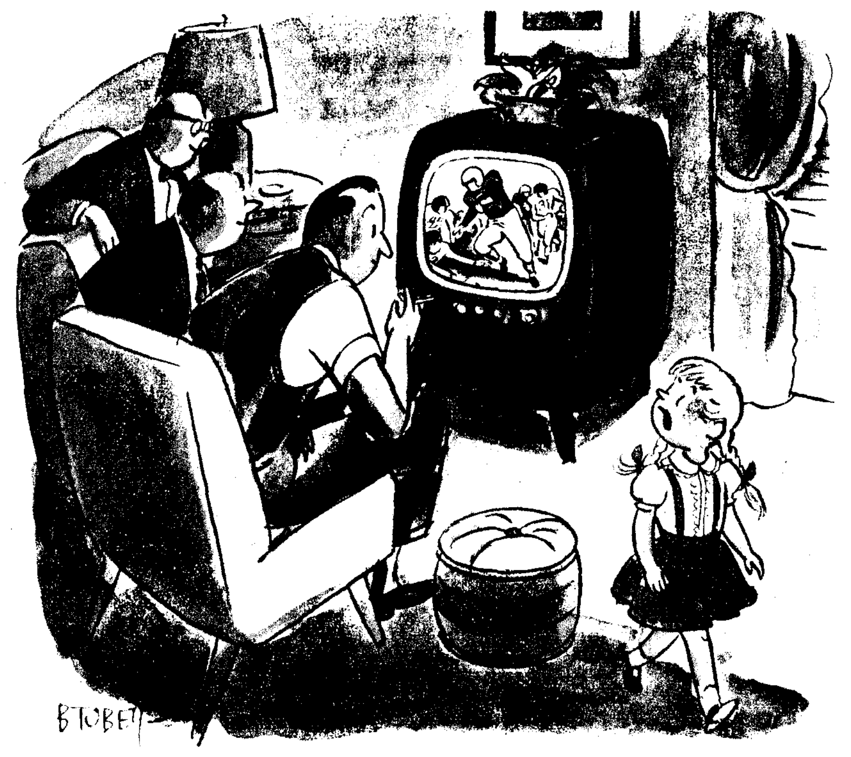
It was announced one morning that Ferrer's entrance into the courtroom for the court-martial scene would be filmed. Grips, gaffers, carpenters, property men, actors, extras and all the other crewmen involved were placed in position for the shot, which called for Ferrer to open a door and walk into the room. The set was hushed. The cameras began to turn.

The door opened and Ferrer, whistling the theme music from Moulin Rouge, entered on his knees, to which he had tied his shoes.

Like other Hollywood figures faced with a man from the theater who was, in addition to being an actor, a director of considerable stature, Edward Dmytryk, the director of The Caine Mutiny, entertained some private misgivings concerning the Ferrer temperament. "I should have known better," Dmytryk now says. "He's a good director and he knows the value of not interfering. For a man of his stamp, his position, Joe was extremely co-operative. He is sane, rational, pliable and susceptible to direction, although he doesn't need much."

Both Dmytryk and Kramer were repeatedly taken aback by Ferrer's unflagging output and ceaseless motion. "I was lucky to get him," Kramer told an acquaintance in retrospect. "Who knows? He might have been off to Shanghai or somewhere else to do Lord knows what."

Miss Sadie Thompson was completed on June 27th. Shooting of Ferrer's scenes in The Caine Mutiny was scheduled to start on August 8th. That left Ferrer with 42 free days on his hands, a situation he regarded with much the same abhorrence as nature does the vacuum. "Empty time," a Hollywood producer once said of Ferrer, "is Joe's only phobia."



COLLIER'S "Call me if any little dogs get loose on the field . . ." BARNEY TOBEY

Ferrer quickly restored his psychic balance by agreeing to appear in a singing-dancing role in the musical comedy Kiss Me, Kate, at the State Fair Auditorium in Dallas for two weeks in July. While he has been taking voice lessons on and off for 15 years, Ferrer had sung on the professional stage only twice before. The first time was in a production of No, No, Nanette in St. Louis in 1942. The second time he replaced Danny Kaye in Let's Face It, in 1943, and the show closed three weeks later. His appearance in Dallas was hailed by one influential critic as "his most serious assault on the lyric theater . . ." The critic found his voice both "audible" and "awful," but conceded that his performance was as "plastic as clay."

Characteristically, Ferrer's stay in Dallas was not confined to a mere eight performances a week in Kiss Me, Kate. He also took the opportunity to translate a play, The Dazzling Hour, from the French, and collaborate in its adaptation into English, with Ketti Frings, the playwright and screenwriter; rehearse the four principals in the cast for a two-week run at the playhouse in La Jolla, California; compose the music for a song for The Dazzling Hour; study the script of The Caine Mutiny; keep in touch with everywhere by long-distance telephone; and get married to Rosemary Clooney in Durant, Oklahoma, 96 miles north of Dallas, shortly after being divorced by his second wife, Phyllis Hill, the actress. He missed neither a performance of Kiss Me, Kate nor a rehearsal of The Dazzling Hour.

"Cute Idea" Becomes a Song

A month later, on the basis of having written one song, he set up a music-publishing company. "When I arrived in Dallas," Miss Frings says, "I had an idea for the lyrics for the song. One day, we were taken to lunch at Neiman-Marcus. Afterward we were going down the elevator on our way back to the hotel and I handed Joe a slip of paper with the lyrics on it. He read it and said, 'Cute idea,' and put it in his pocket.

"We got back to the hotel and I couldn't have been in my room for more than ten minutes when the phone rang. It's Joe. 'I think I've got a tune,' he says, and hums the refrain. 'Get that down fast,' I yelled at him. 'Oh, I've already got it down,' he said. I was flabbergasted."

Ferrer has now reached a stage in his career where he is pulled and hauled at by two cities, New York and Los Angeles. While these are five fewer than claimed Homer, an older celebrity whose only racket was writing, they are considerably more strident in their demonstrations.

Thus, at one time or another, he has been accused on Broadway of "garroting the living theater" by going to Hollywood to make moving pictures, and in Hollywood of evading his manifest destiny by returning to Broadway to do plays. Along Broadway, a number of the artier members of his profession have detected what they term a growing "externalization," or "surface qual-

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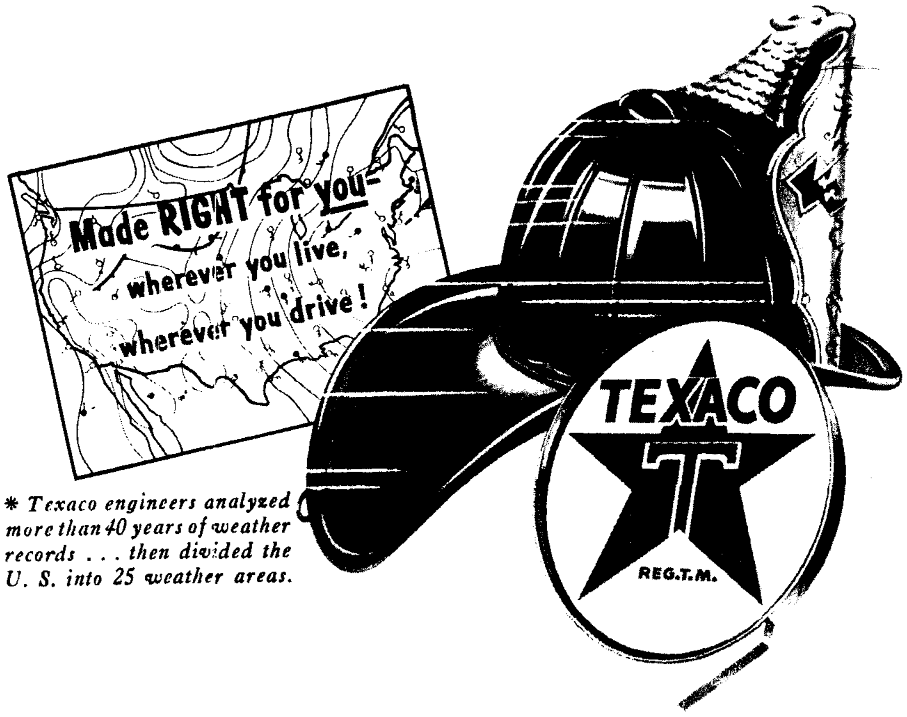
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Ferrer courted Rosemary Clooney by telephone—from Paris

ity," in his acting, while in Hollywood a couple of directors felt that he had a tendency—which they helpfully corrected—to be too "cerebral." He has been criticized on both coasts for attempting to do too much and denounced as "commercial" for succeeding. A close friend of Ferrer's, who has been blown about by these winds of dissension at a succession of parties, undertook recently to defend him.

Resentment Born of Envy

"Nobody likes Joe," he began, "but the audience. People are envious, jealous and annoyed by his versatility. They say, 'He'll fall on his face somewhere along the line.' But he's one of the few producers who really produce; one of the few actors who really act; one of the few directors who really direct. People resent a man with so much apparent control, a man who gets up at a party at 10:30 and says, 'I'm going home. I've got work to do.' "

It is Ferrer's own opinion that he is merely driving himself toward what he calls the "maximum possible dramatic expression," and that he is just doing what he likes to do. "I'm lucky," he said, some time ago. "I picked a field that's fun for me. For me to lift a finger at something I don't like to do is just agony. I'm the laziest, most incompetent guy in the world at something I don't like to do."

Nevertheless, at forty-one, he is beset with intimations of mortality which can be set off by nothing more than the sight of his thinning hair in a mirror. "With Moulin Rouge, I turned the corner," he went on with the smallest trace of tragedy in his voice. "I was no longer a kid after that. I couldn't fool. I couldn't adlib any longer."

This gloomy reverie was delivered by Ferrer on the patio of his residence in Beverly Hills (he has a home in Ossining, New York, as well as an apartment in Manhattan), an enormous Spanish-mission affair, which includes a swimming pool and a tennis court. Ferrer had just played several sets of tennis, had showered and shaved and was vigorously at work on a steak.

"I've got to the point in my life now," Ferrer said, "where I don't particularly kid about my career. In the last few months, I've had a terrible awareness of the shortness of time, of impending death. I guess it's because I feel my days as a leading actor are coming to a close. I don't want to be the most beloved character actor in the business. I sometimes get so depressed at the thought of the curtailment of my physical activities. What I do is try to think about it and find some logical adjustment to the situation that will leave me in peace."

THE UNRELIABLE EYE

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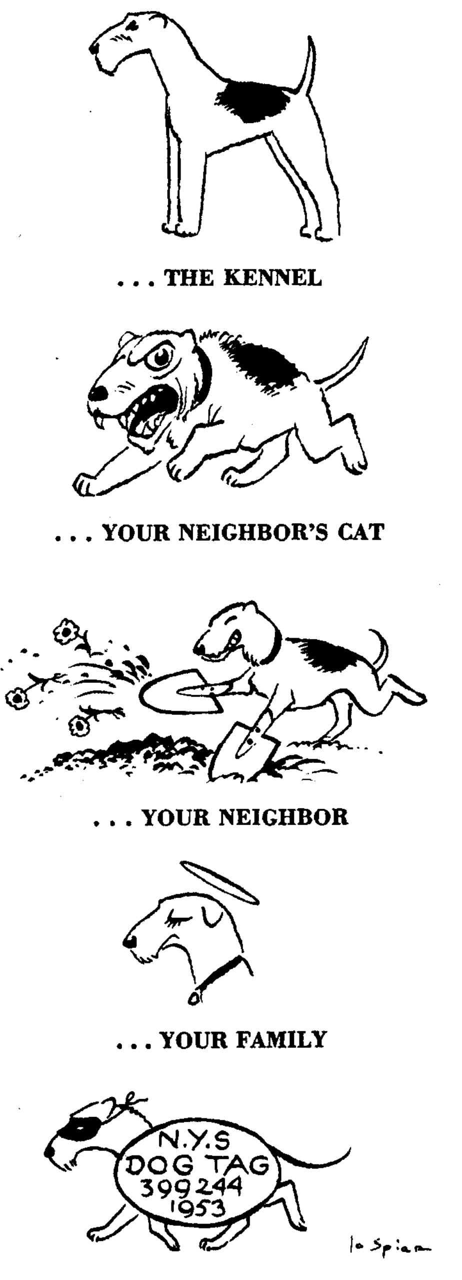


. . . THE KENNEL

. . . YOUR NEIGHBOR'S CAT

. . . YOUR NEIGHBOR

. . . YOUR FAMILY

. . . THE DOGCATCHER

COLLIER'S JO SPIER

A month later, he was doing Cyrano de Bergerac, The Shrike, Richard III and Charley's Aunt at the New York City Center.

About the beginning of February, Ferrer expects to return to Hollywood to sing and dance in a picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer called Deep in My Heart, which is the life story of the composer, Sigmund Romberg. After that, he may produce, direct, and star in the screen version of The Shrike.

It is only in recent years that Ferrer's earnings have kept pace with his professional advance. As recently as 1939, he earned $5,400. He did not achieve the six-figure bracket until 1950. In the last two years, he earned about a quarter of a million dollars a year (roughly the same as Miss Clooney's current earnings).

Poverty, however, has never been one of Ferrer's more pressing problems. His father, Rafael, was an attorney who lived in Santurce, Puerto Rico, where José Vincente Ferrer y Cintron was born on January 8, 1912. His mother, Maria, came of a family of wealthy plantation owners. Ferrer's mother died 25 years ago and his father, who remarried, died in 1951. Their estate, a considerable one, was divided among Ferrer, his two sisters and a half brother.

For a future man of the theater, José Ferrer's natal equipment was something less than adequate. He was born with a cleft soft palate and he might have developed a speech impediment had he not been taken to New York at the age of seven months for an operation.

When Ferrer was six years old, his family settled in New York and he attended public and private schools there and in Switzerland before entering Princeton in 1928.

"He was far above most Princeton men in charm, talent and cultivation," Joshua Logan, another formidable theater man, who was at college with Ferrer, says. "He was the guy who completely licked the place. They resisted him like they would resist any exotic element. He never bowed down before the golden calves of Princeton and because of that he was an outstanding Princeton man. By the time he left, people were panting to be considered his friend."

Ferrer exerted his charm, talent and cultivated tastes in so many areas, however, that it took him five years to graduate, during the course of which he neglected his major study, architecture, did a good deal of drinking in New York speak-easies and made a smash hit in a Triangle Club production in his second senior year.

While at college, he organized his jazz band, known as the Pied Pipers, which occasionally employed the services of a tall student named James Stewart, who played the accordion and sang, and who has since become an actor, too. In 1930, Ferrer became the only bandleader, undergraduate or otherwise, to stop a ship in mid-ocean.

He had taken the Pied Pipers on a summer tour of Europe and was returning on the French Liner, Rochambeau, when the ship ran into a fog. Ferrer picked up a *Flügelhorn,* stuck it out of a porthole and blew on it with an intensity mournful enough to make the ship's officers believe they were about to collide with another vessel. "First thing I knew," Ferrer said later, "there were hands on my shoulders and a lot of blue serge and gold braid surrounding me. Nobody got thrown in irons, though."

After a year of postgraduate work in French at Princeton and another year on some recondite aspects of the Belgian novel at Columbia, Ferrer found himself enjoying life, in the main, but getting nowhere. Over a bottle of wine in a Greek restaurant in Manhattan, he announced to Stewart one night that he was going into the theater.

He began by driving a station wagon for Joshua Logan, who was then directing a summer theater at Suffern, New York. Three years later, he married Uta Hagen, the actress. The couple had a daughter, Leticia, who is now thirteen. (Miss Hagen and Ferrer were divorced in 1948.)

Ferrer did not reach stardom until 1940, when he took the lead in a revival of the old romp, Charley's Aunt, and caused a sensation with his performance, which mainly consisted of swinging from walls to trees while smoking a cigar and wearing women's dresses.

In 1943 on Broadway he attained what was probably his greatest artistic achievement, playing Iago to Paul Robeson's Othello.

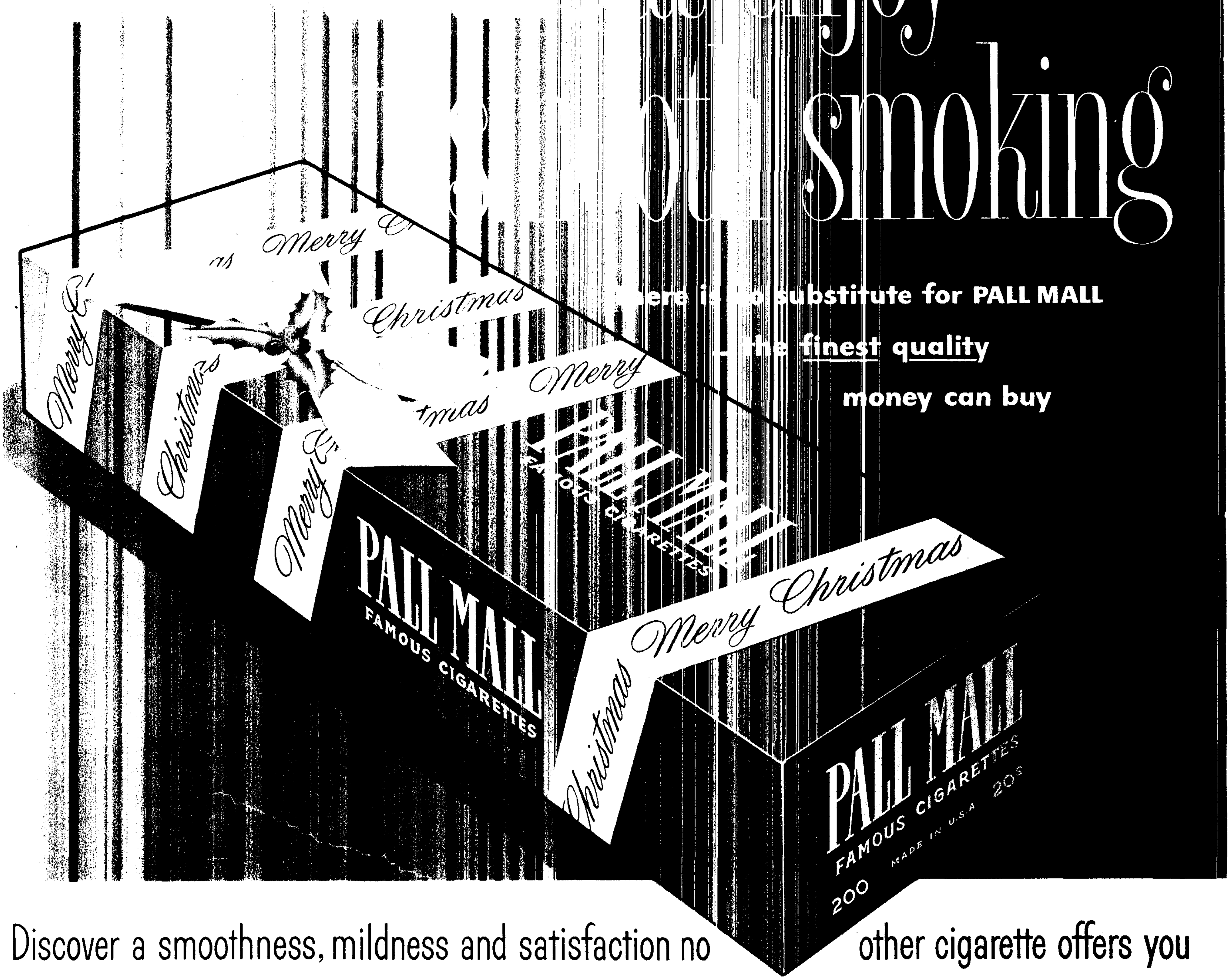
About the only untoward event in Ferrer's spectacular rise was a brush with the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1951. When the committee questioned some of Ferrer's past associations with Communist-front organizations, he went to Washington and swore unhesitatingly that he had never been a Communist. His testimony seemed to satisfy all concerned, and the incident did not cause any noticeable check in his career.

Rosie Played Aloof—at First

Almost nothing has—including his marriage to Rosemary Clooney. Ferrer and Miss Clooney met in New York three years ago when both of them appeared on a television show. "I rather thought she didn't like me," he says now. "She seemed very aloof. It was just hello and good-by." Miss Clooney liked Ferrer fine. Hello and good-by developed into a serious attachment as the months passed. Much of the courtship was pursued, as might have been expected of Ferrer, over the long-distance telephone, when he was in Paris making Moulin Rouge and Miss Clooney was in Hollywood.

To date, their married life has been conspicuously affectionate, though also somewhat sketchy. When he is not working on a picture or a play, she is working on a picture, making records or doing radio shows. During their rare moments together at home they have made a valiant stab at domesticity. They watch television; they read; they go out to an occasional prize fight. Recently, it was reported, they acquired a 50 per cent interest in a fighter. Miss Clooney neither sings nor dances at home, since she considers such activities to be business matters. ("I am perfectly willing to sing in front of her," her husband says.)

Miss Clooney is convinced that marriage to Ferrer, despite the separations that are inevitable in a pair of high-powered careers, is "the most stimulating thing in the world." After a moment of reflection, she adds, "It can be discouraging, too—the things you do for a living, he does better as hobbies." Ferrer takes a more cheerful view of the union. "Rosie," he told a friend a couple of weeks ago, "is absolutely gone." ▲▲▲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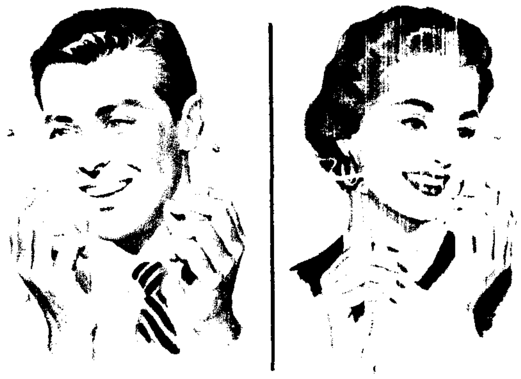

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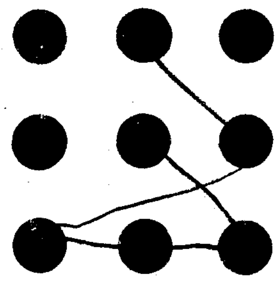
Are You Inhibited?

Can you join the nine dots below with four straight lines without taking your pencil from the paper? It's easy with five lines but you'll probably find that, no matter how hard you try, you won't be able to do it in four, according to Samuel W. Fernberger, who includes the test in his book Elementary General Psychology (Appleton-Century-Crofts). Why? Most people inhibit themselves by adding unnecessary restrictions to problems.



Did you think you had to stay within the square? You shouldn't have inhibited yourself. Try it this way: draw a line from the middle dot on the left up through the top dot and past it about a half inch. Then make a sharp angle and continue the line down through the middle dot in the top row and the middle dot in the row on the right. Keep going till the line is about a half inch to the right of the last dot on the bottom line. Turn left sharply and draw the line through the bottom row to the first dot, then up through the center dot to the top dot in the row on the right.

Want to Test a Friend's Aggressiveness?

Psychologists Henry T. Moore and Adam R. Gilliland have found that a shifting eye nearly always indicates a retiring personality, while a steady gaze is a pretty sure sign of an aggressive one.

Here's a simple test they have devised. It provides an accurate measurement of the shiftiness of eyes. It is useful, of course, in many ways, but perhaps especially in employment interviews.

Seat your subject opposite you and ask him to look squarely into your eyes. Start with the number 26 and tell him to add 11 and repeat the sum aloud. Have him continue adding elevens and telling you the sums, while you clock three minutes and count his eye movements. Don't count blinks. The more aggressive your man is, the less he'll shift his gaze. If he's aggressive, he'll shift his eyes only once. But if he's the average nonaggressive person, he'll move his eyes about six times during three minutes.

T

ED BY

Your reactions are clues to your

WE ARE forever trying to see ourselves as others see us. And though no one has ever invented a better or more fascinating game than looking in a mirror, modern psychology has in recent years come exceedingly close. Psychologists have devised many excellent tests to show us how we measure up individually and in relation to our fellow men. The tests are primarily for diagnostic use. For example, they show experts fairly precisely how people react to certain situations, what their minds are capable of, and how one personality compares with another.

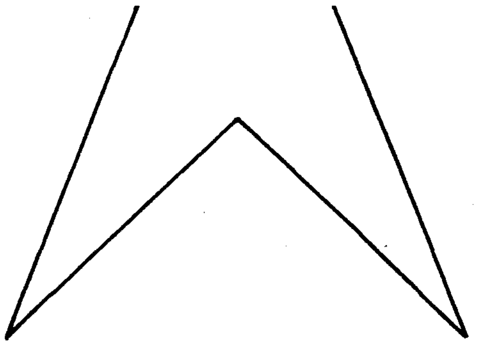
If laymen knew how to use and evaluate the

Test Your Foresight

There's a lot more to the simple design below than meets the eye. It's a typical test of foresight, designed by Johnson O'Connor, well-known vocational adviser, to measure your ability to evaluate a distant ambition for which you may have to spend a long time in study or preparation. Doctors and lawyers usually score high. Unskilled workers score low.

The test also helps to show whether you are likely to be deterred by obstacles. Here it is:

Look at the drawing for 45 seconds. As you study it, name all the things it might possibly be, represent or be a part of. Have someone time you and write down each object you name. Don't stop to describe or qualify anything. Your score depends on the number of things on your list, not on the kinds.



Give yourself one point for each object you named. Don't count adjectives or phrases of description. For instance, if one of your answers was "a yellow rabbit without a head," you get only one point for the whole thing. Add up your points and score yourself according to the following, adding one point to your total if you are between ages 15 and 25: low, 0-4; average, 5-7; high, 8-9; over 10 is very high. The lowest scores indicate you may give up a project because you lack confidence in your ability to overcome practical difficulties. Higher scores show the opposite.

personality, and you cannot hide much from tests like these

tests, they could discover pretty well how they appear to one another. But laymen can't use the tests with any real success. It takes years of study to be able to interpret the results. And it takes many tests of all kinds to reveal even the bare outlines of a personality.

Still, the tests are always intriguing, and when we come across one, most of us can't resist applying it to ourselves—even though we know that the results may be as inconclusive as a half-finished crossword puzzle. They're fun. There's no harm done, and maybe we do find out a little bit more about ourselves.

On these pages you'll find a handful of psychological tricks and tests used by experts to probe personality. Some are used for quick hints to the proper direction that a psychological examination should take. Others are excerpts from detailed and complicated investigations of mental processes. All are calculated to indicate how you are getting along in the world.

Try them. They may furnish you with unexpected clues to your character, and you may like yourself better after doing them. Moreover, they are guaranteed not to make you hate yourself in the morning. ▲▲▲

How Fast Are You?

Take a five-second glance at each of the four squares. Which of the letters E X O U predominates in each? This quickie is used by psychologists to gain some idea of how decisive a patient may be. It indicates how quickly you can make up your mind.

1

OUXOEOUXXO
OEEOUUXOXU
XOEUOOOUEE
OUXOUXOXEO
OUOEEXOOOE

3

XXUOUEUEUU
XUEUUUXOUX
UEUUOUXXUO
EEUXOUEEUO
UEUOUOUUOU

2

UOUXUOXUEU
XEUUUEUOUE
UOUUOUUXUU
XUOEUXOUEU
UXUOEUXUEU

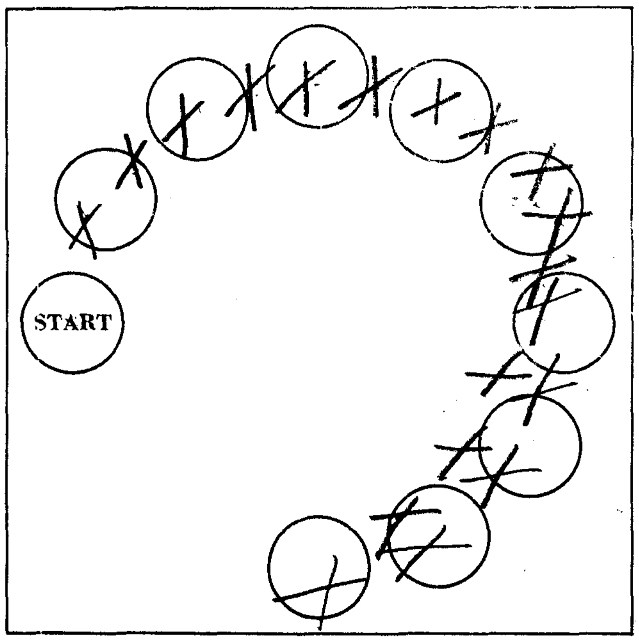
4

OEXUOOEXEU
XOUOOEOUOO
OUOOXOEEOE
UOXEOOXOXO
OUOXUUEOUO

In squares 1 and 4 the O's predominate.
The U's predominate in squares 2 and 3

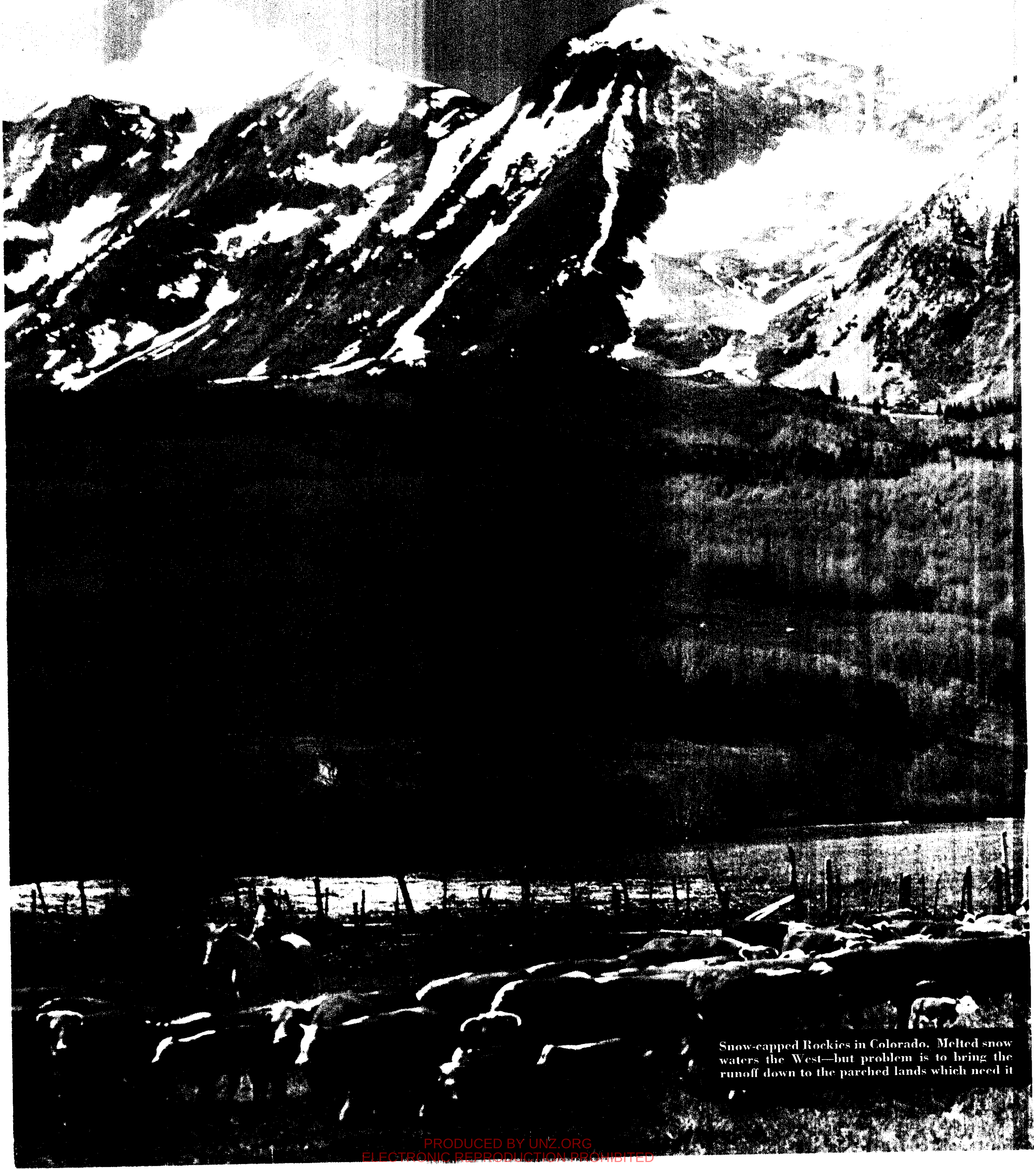
Are You a Liar?

According to Donald A. Laird in How to Use Psychology in Business (McGraw-Hill), the circles below could prove you're a liar. Put your pencil point in the center of the "start" circle. Then close your eyes and try to make an X inside each of the other circles.



If you put more than four X's in the circles, you must have peeked. Or else you were luckier than one person in every million. But while a high score proves that you cheated, don't worry. It doesn't mean that you ought to be in jail.

OUR GREAT WEST–



Snow-capped Rockies in Colorado. Melted snow waters the West—but problem is to bring the runoff down to the parched lands which need it

Boom or Bust?

By BERNARD DE VOTO

CHUCK ABBOTT

Today the West is expanding—in wealth, population, industry and agriculture—faster than ever before in its vivid history. Tomorrow the march to prosperity may be halted. One natural resource is the key: water. Everybody wants it, but will there be enough?

THE first white man who ever crossed our continent overland from Atlantic to Pacific was a shipwrecked Spaniard named Cabeza de Vaca. More than 400 years ago he perfectly expressed the feeling which Americans have always had about the West: "We ever held it certain that going toward the sunset we would find what we desired."

Going toward the sunset we would find opportunity—greatness for the nation, fulfillment for the individual. The American future lay to the westward. We believed it when the West was the Connecticut Valley and the Virginia piedmont. We believed it for generations afterward, as frontier succeeded frontier, always moving west. And the belief was on the whole true: as the United States moved west it grew steadily in wealth and power.

But while the belief was true, it was always in part false too, always in part a mirage. The expanding West broke individual lives prodigally, turned hope to despair wholesale, and covered its landscape with ghost towns. "Pike's Peak or Bust," the white-top wagons of one gold rush were lettered. A lot of them met predecessors coming back, lettered, "Busted, by God." Boom or bust—that has always been the West.

Today the West, the permanent West, is the three Pacific States, Washington, Oregon and California, and the eight Mountain States, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Idaho, Utah, Arizona and Nevada. It is a spectacular country which has given our national pageantry such images as the gold washer, the emigrant train, the pony express, the cowboy, the war bonnet. Boom after boom has rocketed across it, in mining, real estate, irrigation, oil.

It is a country where nearly anything might raise you from rags to riches overnight, where by the week end a wide-open space might become Utopia (if not Paradise) and find itself doing a brisk business in corner lots. But always there were the Utopias that went broke. It was the country of the false color, the exhausted placer claim, the bobtail straight, the lost chance, the road that ran out to nowhere.

But even busted Westerners have always believed that tomorrow is another day.

Somebody jumped your claim? Druv that well a thousand feet for water (or three thousand feet for oil) and all you got was sand? Crickets come down out of the hills and et your crops? No rain for so long you've got a bullfrog seven years old that ain't learned to swim yet? Well, tomorrow is another day—git yourself a grubstake and try again somewheres else.

The West got its best grubstake in the early years of the New Deal, and shortly after 1940 it made a strike. What followed went almost unnoticed by the nation at large, which was too occupied with a world war to ponder the significance of aluminum in the Northwest, steel in California and Utah, or highly classified goings on at Albuquerque and Hanford. The 1950 census had a stunning impact. A momentous population shift had occurred. There had been a new Great Migration to Oregon, a new gold rush to California.

From 1940 to 1950 the population of the United States increased 14.5 per cent. But in the Mountain States the increase was 22.3 per cent, and in the Pacific States it was 48.8. California's population was up 53 per cent, Arizona was up 50, Nevada 45, Oregon 39, Washington 37. What's more, the Bureau of the Census reports that this explosive growth is continuing. In 1951 and 1952 the population of California increased 7.6 over 1950, and

De Voto and the West

Bernard De Voto is one of this country's outstanding chroniclers of the West. To prepare a forecast of what lies ahead for that sprawling region, he toured for three months through eleven states and talked with hundreds of their workers and community leaders

Westerners are confirmed cynics—and incurabl

Jun-ke Choy
Merchant

Marilyn Monroe
Hollywood Actress

Fred Haynes
Idaho Guide

David Beck
Labor Leader

Arizona sprinted ahead with an increase of 14.6 per cent.

The West has its greatest boom by the tail. Will there be a bust on the same gigantic scale? Or is this the revolutionary boom, the one that will keep going and change the make-up of the United States? "If Columbus had landed in San Francisco Bay," a Californian said, "New England wouldn't be settled yet."

Last summer an excited orator announced, "We are damn' well going to make New York a suburb of Seattle."

Bankers' Rebellious Attitude

A San Francisco banker told me that he now felt free to keep his hat on in New York's Chase National Bank; he was looking forward to a not-far-distant day when he would set up a neat sign outside his office reading, "Eastern bank presidents: line up here and wait your turn." It is routine for an Eastern or a foreign visitor to remark that only in the Northwest (or only in Los Angeles, or only in Phoenix) can you find the assured confidence in the future which the world long identified as the American spirit. Large parts of the West agree.

Here, then, is a dramatic recurrence of the vision of the West as the land of opportunity and the country of the future.

But whose opportunity and whose future?

A number of soft spots are hidden in the amazing census figures. In California the 10-year increase was 53 per cent, all right—but in Montana it was only 5 per cent, or less than in Maine; in Idaho only 12 per cent. With 15.9 per cent, Wyoming was above the national average—yet its numerical gain was only 40,000 people, less than that of Syracuse, New York. Nevada's 45 per cent increase raised its population density only from one person per square mile to 1.5. Finally, after these 10 years of phenomenal growth, the West in 1950 contained only 13 per cent of the inhabitants of the United States, although it has 39 per cent of the nation's land area. In this last fact the meaning of the other facts must be looked for.

"In the West," a geographer has said, "climate is fate." Not quite—there is something else. Climate *and topography* are fate.

An Environment Hostile to Man

In other parts of the United States pioneers moving west found that conditions set by the natural environment were flexible, usually favorable, and always easy to meet. Those conditions were adapted to long ago and have all but vanished from consciousness. But in the West, the conditions set by the environment are rigid, and basically hostile to man and his works. A Western city, a Western business, a Western farm is maintained by a precarious armistice with this hostility.

"Damnedest country under the sun," say the Westerners, confirmed cynics as well as incurable optimists. "You have to dig for wood and climb for water. Sure, all this country needs is a little more water and a better class of society—but that's all hell needs."

City, business and farm all accept a daily risk of injury by natural process. "If it isn't crickets, it's locusts or a blight; if it isn't blight, then there's sure to be a freeze; if it isn't a freeze, then watch out for floods; and if the floods don't come, keep an eye peeled for forest fires." And that list omits the northers, sand storms, dust storms, cloudbursts, flash floods, earthquakes, landslides, mud flows, tornadoes and blizzards—like the 1949 snow that killed thousands of cattle and ruined scores of ranchers.

But not only is there the routine risk of injury by natural processes, there is the permanent threat of destruction by natural cataclysm. "See you been to Mesa Verde," remarks the man who fills your gas tank in south-central Colorado. He glances up at the cloudless sky, then down the road to the fields outside of town where deep cracks have opened up and the soil is beginning to blow. "Well, I hear them Indians got to be Okies, too—our turn next maybe." He is referring to the Mesa Verde cliff dwellers and he is right. A climatic change put an end to a fine Indian civilization in these parts, more than two centuries before white men ever saw North America.

Where Did the Hohokam Go?

A finer and more mysterious civilization disappeared a few years later and some hundreds of miles farther to the southwest. In Phoenix your host serves you a Martini in an air-conditioned room whose picture window looks out across fine, bright, tall buildings to the spectacular sunset—and asks if you have ever heard of the Hohokam. You haven't heard much about them, for nobody knows much. They lived hereabout and built marvelously ingenious irrigation systems. Then in the year 1277—as we can tell by the tree rings—a drought set in. It lasted 22 years, and the Hohokam had to go somewhere else.

Modern Arizona has had three years of drought now and your host says, "Next year the fish swimming up the Gila River will raise a cloud of dust." Dust is on everyone's mind.

"A man once felt three drops of rain and fainted dead away," said another Arizonan. "It took his helper two buckets of dust to revive him."

Eleven states, 39 per cent of the United States. Fly over the West and your first impression is of vastness. Required to master vastness, the Westerners have developed a new sense of the relation of time to space. They will drive 100 miles to go to a dance, 1,000 to week-end on a trout stream. From the plane, too, you see that towns and ranches are achingly far apart—that vastness is also wilderness.

Because they live in a wilderness, Westerners are more habituated to the outdoors than any other Americans. Nearly everyone uses for sport some of the skills of woodcraft, plainscraft and mountaincraft of the American frontiers. The conversation of the slim blonde in the I. Magnin dress may surprise you.

timists. Above all, they believe in tomorrow

"Last year," one such remarked to me in Cheyenne, "I got my deer, my antelope and my elk but I missed out on my sheep." Mountain sheep, she meant—the bighorn.

The wilderness is immediate, at hand. Last summer the newspapers carried the story of a fisherman and his two young sons lost for six days in the Wind River Mountains of Wyoming. Forest rangers found them half a mile from a well-traveled trail, five miles from a main highway populous with trucks and tourists. It is a recurrent story, for anywhere in the West absolute wilderness is just a few miles away and unwary people are always getting lost in it.

Blizzards Are Worst Danger

Nobody dies of thirst any more in the West, though there are plenty of deserts where you could if you missed the road, but there is always the winter. Highway departments keep the passes open, but long lines of cars and trucks sometimes get stalled for hours at a time and not infrequently for several days. Two winters back a modern Diesel-engined streamliner got stalled in a blizzard below Donner Summit—in the Sierra Nevada of California—and the passengers had to be taken out by rescue parties with snow tractors. Such an event as that makes national news. But only the local paper carries the commonplace item about the rancher who headed homeward up the gulch with his wife and baby before the storm struck and didn't make it.

Much of this wilderness slopes toward the vertical: the West has range after range of mountains, all the massive ranges in the United States, all the high ones. Another great part of it is high plateaus and flatlands, and when your plane crosses them you see no signs of life at all: they are deserts, all the deserts in the United States. Mountains and deserts are spectacularly colored, but as you fly you see no color which means human life or human society, no color of cropland.

Suddenly you realize the master fact about the West: life and society are largely localized in the valleys.

In the Land of Little Rain

What is the West west of? It is west of those parts of the United States that get enough rainfall to grow crops without irrigation. It takes a rainfall of about 20 inches a year to farm without irrigation, and the annual rainfall drops below 20 inches at, roughly, the 97th meridian. The entire West is west of that line. That is to say, except for the Washington and Oregon coastal region and a narrower seacoast strip of northern California, the entire West gets less than 20 inches of rain a year. Except in those areas, crops can grow only where water can be brought to them—and the water brought to the valleys originates as snow in the mountains.

It's true of any valley in the West: the small exit of a creek that irrigates a few acres of alfalfa above Wyoming's Powder River, the valley of the Snake River in Idaho where the big potatoes grow, or the Central Valley of California, which is a continuous farm 100 miles wide and 500 miles long. You could call Central Valley the richest and most amazing in the world—if you did not have to stretch those same adjectives to cover California's Imperial Valley and Los Angeles Basin.

The big California valleys illustrate the conditions that govern all Western agriculture. California leads all other states in the production of 25 field, garden and orchard crops. With minor exceptions, all depend on irrigation. Central Valley claims to produce 50 per cent of the world's fruit and 80 per cent of the world's dried-fruit pack. Yet only its northwestern fringe gets the necessary 20 inches of rain. Most of the Los Angeles Basin gets less than 10 inches. Imperial Valley is one of the most arid regions of North America; it used to be called the Colorado Desert.

The story is the same in all the West. The bulk of its wheat is produced in Montana, Washington and Colorado by "dry farming," a precarious, expensive, highly skilled process, involving very deep plowing, special techniques of cultivation, and holding alternate areas fallow every second year.

Water from Mountain Snows

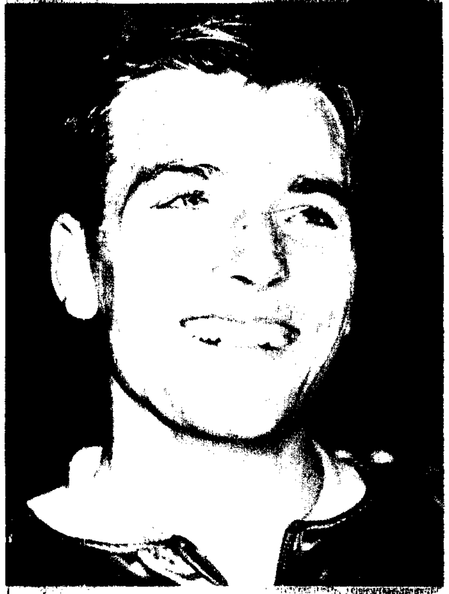
All the other Western agriculture is by irrigation—Oregon cherries, Utah peaches, Colorado melons, citrus fruit and cotton, truck farms on the edge of town, the kitchen gardens of ranches. Almost all the water that makes it possible comes from the mountains. So does almost all the water used for domestic purposes on farms and in cities. So does the water used by industry. Agriculture, manufacture, village and city life—they all depend on the mountain snow pack.

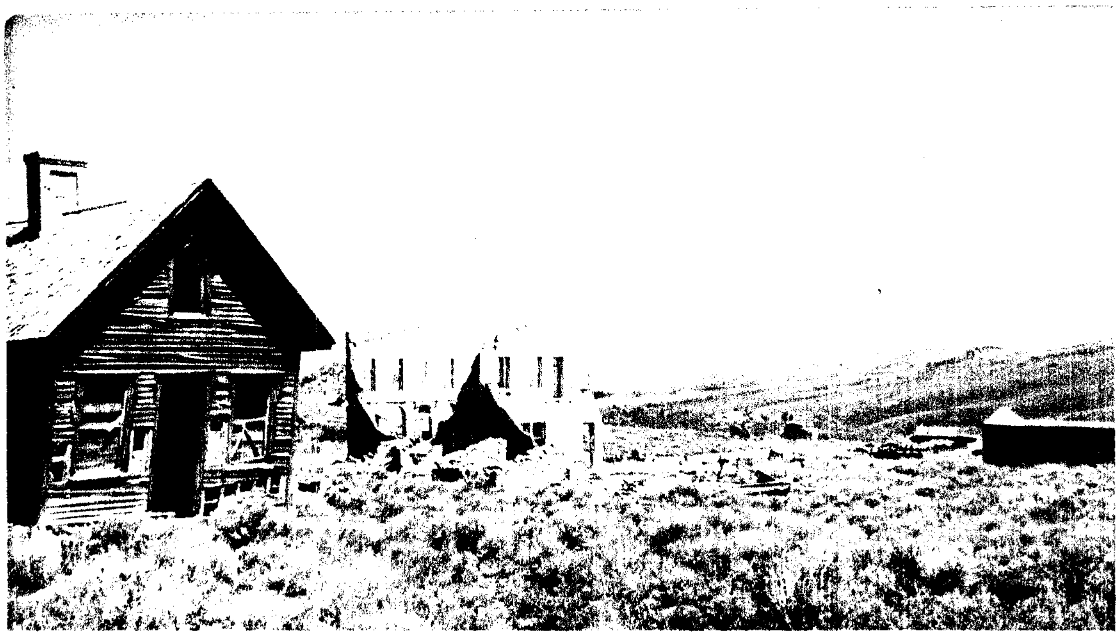
"Four fifths of the body of every one of you," a commencement speaker at the University of Colorado told the graduating class, "is water that was once snow on the peaks above town." And last summer a friend in my native state, Utah, said, "I hear that now you've turned Yankee you cuss at snow because you have to shovel your sidewalks. Don't forget—we pray for snow out here. And if there isn't plenty of it by Christmas," he added, "we get a new bishop."

The snow-pack line varies with the latitude, but you can say that, in general, life in the West is sustained by the snow that falls above an altitude of 7,000 feet. The future of the West depends entirely on that same snow.

In the mountains, agriculture is impossible, unless you count the grasses that provide summer range for cattle and sheep. But the mountains are the one remaining reservoir of virgin timber in the United States. And they and the plateaus are the national storehouse of minerals and chemicals. The importance of the West for the future of America lies in these unused natural resources and in its unused potentials of hydroelectric power.

Since the discovery of gold in California in 1848, almost all the American





RAY ATKESON

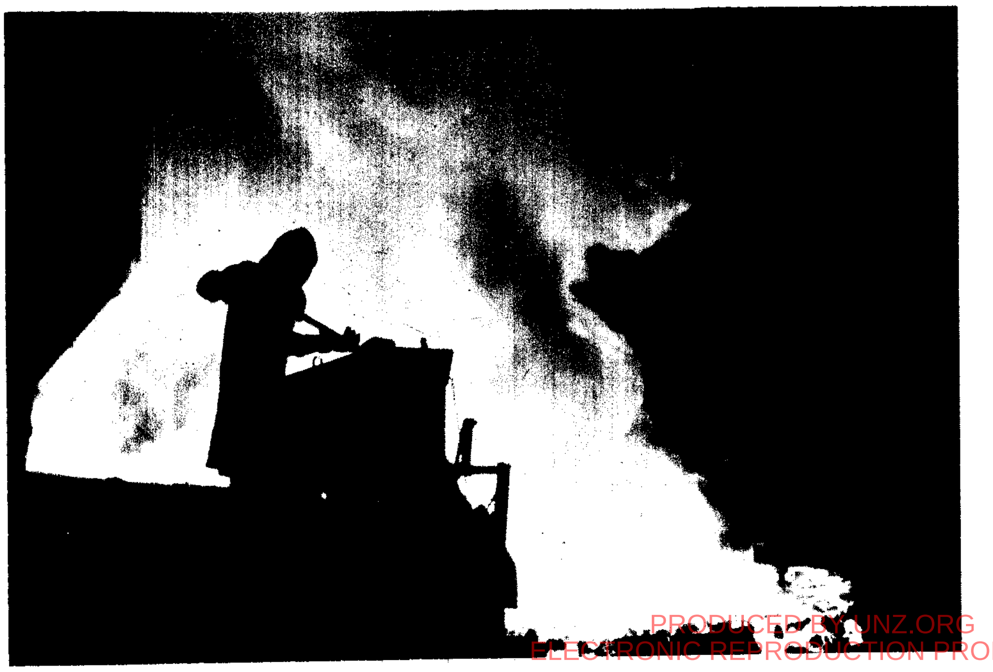
Typical of ghost towns dotting the West, Hamilton, Nevada, grew overnight in mining boom, now crumbles in arid soil. But wasteland can be saved . . .

WILL CONNELL

. . . by such projects as canal system carrying Colorado River water 150 miles to melon fields in California's Imperial Valley. As agriculture prospers . . .

. . . industry follows, and West can cut economic bondage to East. Operations like Kaiser Steel in Fontana, California, have sprung up since World War II

FRED SWARTZ



production of gold and silver has been in the West. (The important exception is the Black Hills of South Dakota.) Idaho leads in silver, Montana means copper. Most of our lead and zinc is mined in the West, and almost all our boron minerals, chromite, molybdenum, tungsten and manganese. California is second only to Texas in oil. The development of cheap electric power in the Columbia Basin brought the most revolutionary of all Western metal production, aluminum.

Western power helped to win the war, and an outgrowth of that war has created the latest mining rush. Our conventional image of the prospector is the crazed desert rat with his burro and his sowbelly and beans. Later it was a scientist probing for oil with complicated instruments. Now it is almost anyone, man, woman or high-school boy. "Allie, she hired a baby sitter and took to the hills with a Geiger counter." Allie is looking for uranium-bearing ore. She, other amateurs and wildcatters, and the scientists have already found big deposits, most of them in the Utah and Colorado deserts.

The West contains nearly all our future supply of most of the minerals that have been mentioned. But there are other reserves which may prove more valuable. Phosphate rock, sulphur rock, potassium salts, other agricultural chemicals, carbonates and sulfates, bauxite, fluorspar, lithium—the bulk of our future supply of all these is in the West.

And what do we do for gasoline when all the oil wells run dry? Well, hundreds of millions of barrels will come from huge beds of oil-bearing shale rock which await development in Colorado, Utah and Wyoming. The Mountain States have enough lignite and bituminous coal to supply the United States for the foreseeable future. Also, they are close at hand if the nation ever has to turn for its steel to the West's most abundant ore, its low-grade iron.

Timber, metal, minerals and chemicals, oil and gas are all raw-material resources. All except timber are exploitive resources—once used, they are gone for good. For a long time, timber was treated as if it were too, but the sustained-yield policy of the Forest Service, treating it as a crop instead of an ore, protects the public holdings forever and has found converts among most of the big private operators.

Dust Bowl Disasters Were Avoidable

A tragic amount of Western agriculture has been exploitive. Vast areas of grazing range have been depleted by persistent overstocking. Many of them (except in the national forests) dip toward ruin—ruin not only of the range and the stock business but of the whole region, filling the dams with sediment and wasting in destructive floods the water by which the West lives. Much land that should have remained grazing range has been plowed and sown to wheat. The dust bowls of the 1930s consisted mainly of such lands, and they are beginning to blow away again. It was drought that produced last summer's disaster areas, but many of them would have weathered the drought in comparative safety if the land had not been mined for wheat and grass.

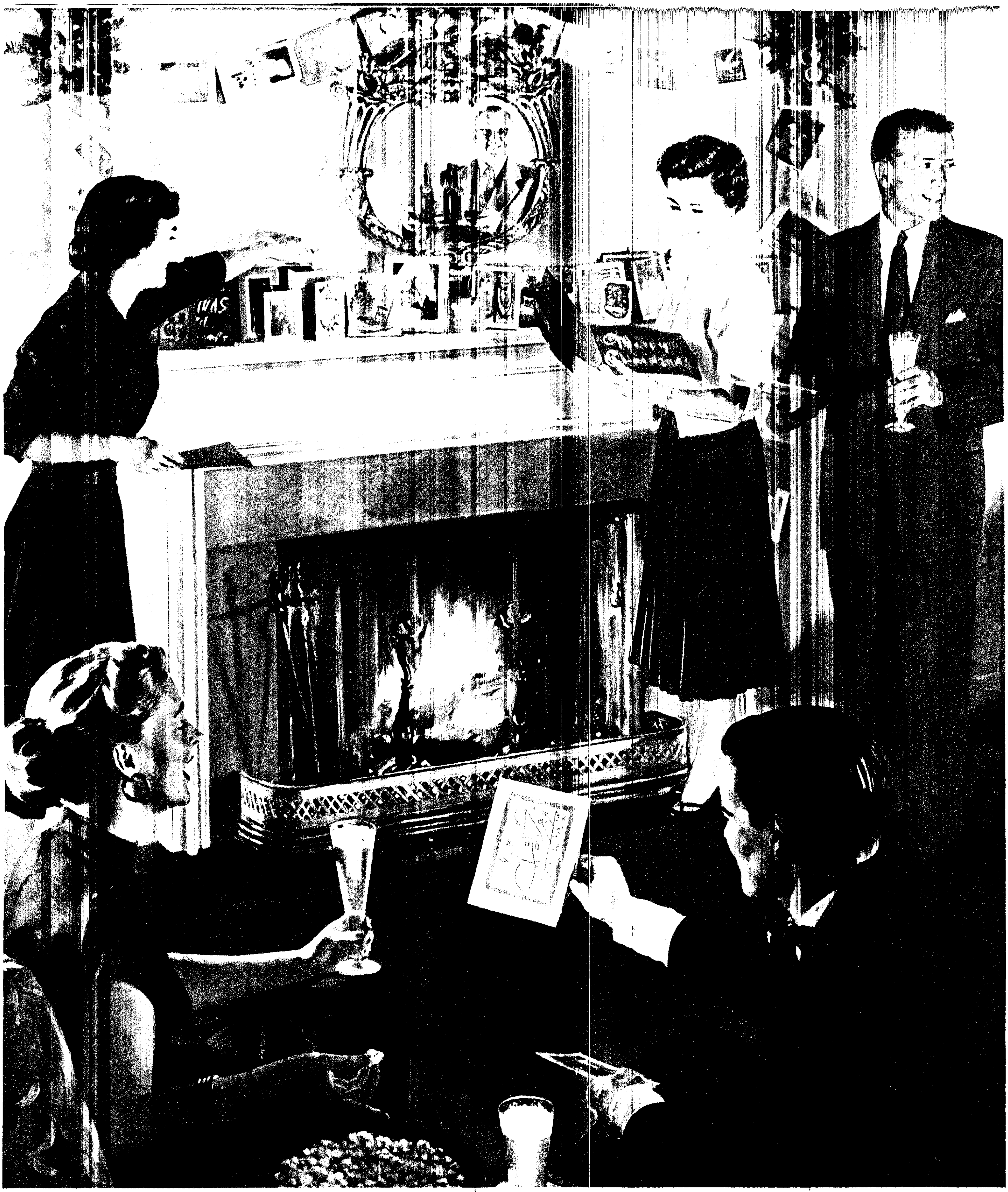
And the folly of soil exploitation is not confined to grazing ranges. The rich wheat country of eastern Washington has soil as deep as any in the world. "Forty feet of it," a wheat rancher may tell you. "She'll never blow away—why should I waste money on terracing or contour plowing?" There's an answer to that: more soil washes away every year and more gullies open up—and 40 feet is how deep it *used* to be.

But the West has conducted another exploitation which more dangerously violates the terms set by nature. All its richest agricultural areas, most intolerably in California and Arizona, have been mined for water. Steadily intensifying farming has steadily lowered the water table. Wells once 100 feet deep have had to be driven as much as 1,500 feet lower. At such depths more water is taken out than is replaced by natural flow, and many subterranean reservoirs have been exhausted. In various places in California, in fact, salt water from the Pacific seeps into them—and "you can't irrigate with no damn' ocean."

"My well is at the 630-foot level," said an Arizona potato farmer. "I can go 232 feet more; then I hit rock bottom—and I'm through."

The West is a mine, an orchard, a ranch, a forest. But always its raw materials have been shipped East to be processed—minerals, oil, cotton, wool. Till the war, there was only one steel mill, at Pueblo, Colorado, which had the rounded production that is called "integrated" steel manufacture. There is another now at Fontana, California, and a third at Geneva, Utah. There are sawmills, plywood and veneer mills, the rudiments of a pulp industry—but the West exports vast amounts of its timber.

One cause of the American Revolution was that Great Britain refused to let the colonies develop manufactures. They were limited to producing raw material for British factories


"Looking Over the Christmas Cards," by Douglass Crockwell. Number 89 in the series "Home Life in America"

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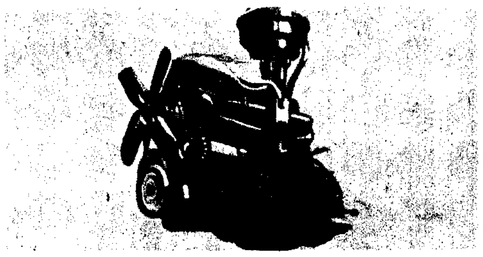
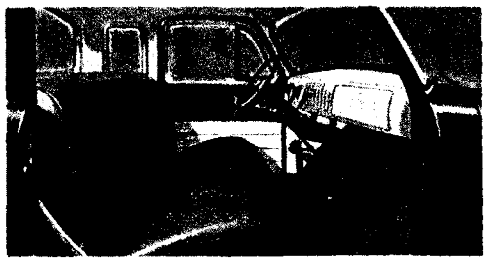


NEW ENGINE POWER

Three advanced high-compression engines! Bigger, brawnier "Thriftmaster 235" engine. Rugged, durable "Loadmaster 235" engine. Mighty, all-new "Jobmaster 261" engine.* *All* deliver greater horsepower and greatly increased operating economy!



NEW COMFORTMASTER CAB

Greater comfort, convenience and safety are yours in this advanced cab. New one-piece curved windshield gives increased visibility. New instrument panel is easier to read and to reach. New Ride Control Seat* offers the last word in driver comfort.

**Optional at extra cost. Ride Control Seat is standard*

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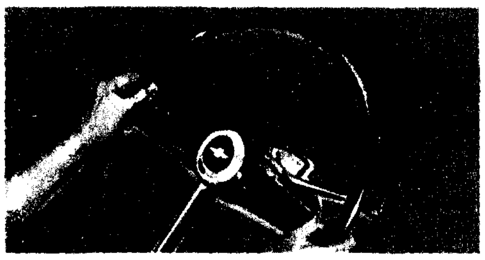
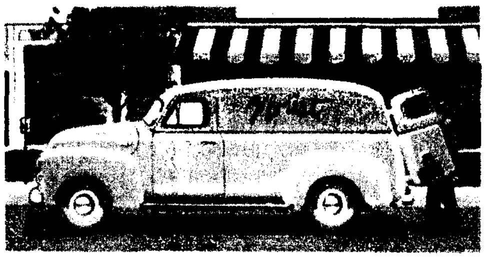


NEW AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION

Here's new ease and convenience for driving in traffic and for door-to-door delivery service. There's no clutch pedal—you can drive all day without shifting! Truck Hydra-Matic transmission is offered not only on ½- and ¾-ton trucks, but on 1-ton models, too!



NEW ADVANCE-DESIGN STYLING

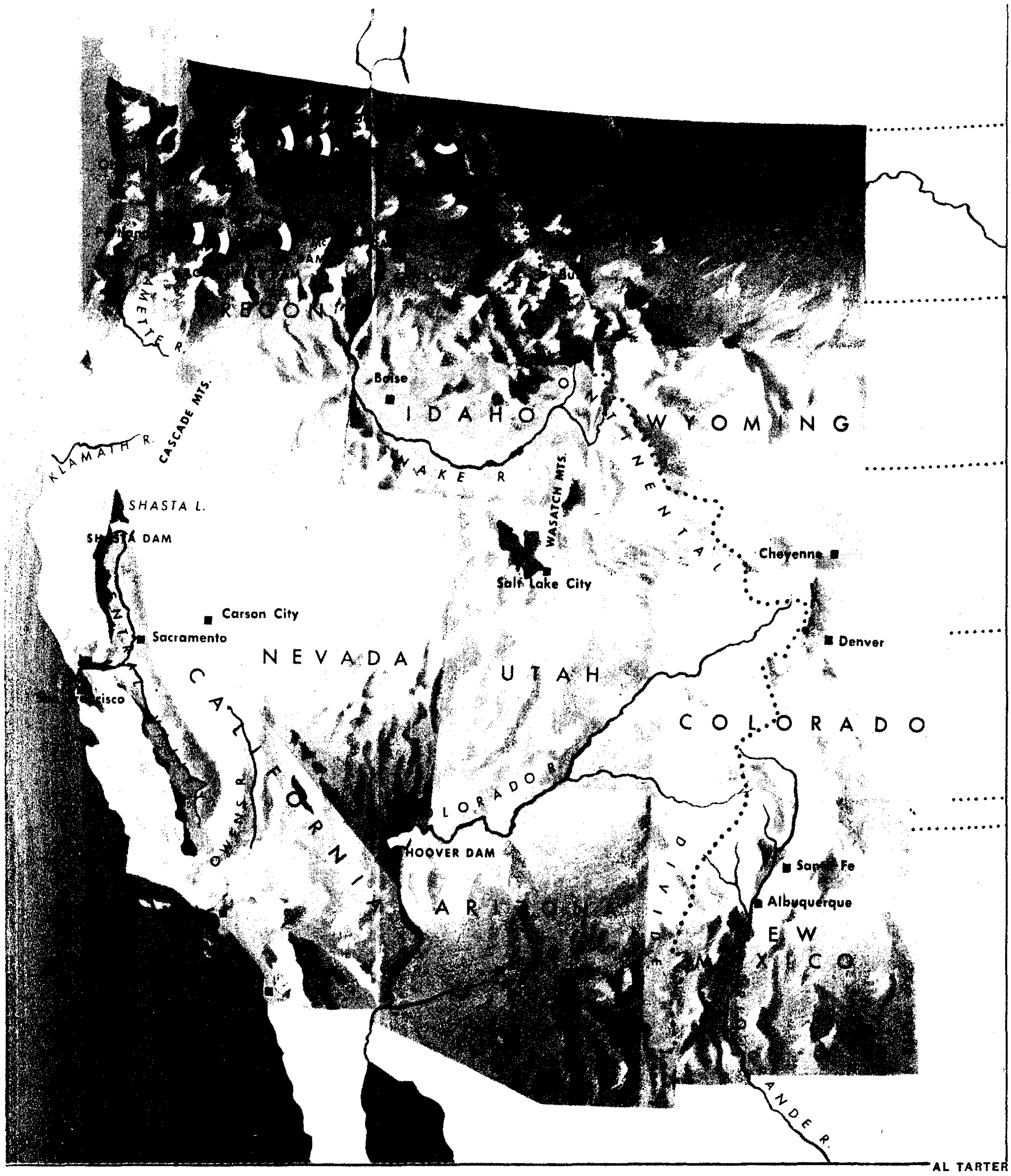
Handsome new styling reflects the new power and ruggedness of the 1954 Chevrolet trucks. New front-end design is more massive and sturdy in appearance. New parking lights are positioned to indicate the full width of the truck. Pickup and stake bodies are roomier.

on C.O.E. models, available on all other cab models as extra equipment. Rear corner windows in standard cab, optional at extra cost.

Most trustworthy trucks on any job!

CHEVROLET

ADVANCE-DESIGN
TRUCKS



Only on upper Pacific Coast, where Columbia flows and rainfall hits annual 20-inch mark needed for farming, is water abundant. Dams there store surplus for shipment to less fortunate areas

and had to buy back the goods that had been made from their own products. So with the West. "Actually, we're a bankrupt section," a San Francisco banker says. "If there was any way of showing a trial balance, we'd be in the red."

Western vastness—the distance from markets and factories—is primarily responsible for that familiar phrase in the ads, "Prices slightly higher west of Omaha." But also Western freight rates are higher than rates on many of the same commodities shipped in the East. And as a final part of the West's colonial status, there is the economic stranglehold known as the basing-point system. Joe Doakes of Ogden, Utah, buys a pound of beet sugar from the local grocery. It was refined at a plant a mile away—but the price Joe pays includes the imaginary freight cost on *cane* sugar from the nearest seaport, San Francisco—the basing point. There are many other examples.

Steady Growth of Industrialization

The West's liberation from its serfdom to the East depends on the development of its own industry, which would mean financial independence, a growing population, larger income, a higher standard of living. A start has been made. Extraordinarily favorable circumstances made the Los Angeles region an industrial center long ago. But the war opened the West as a whole to industrialization: new shipyards at Puget Sound and San Francisco Bay; the multiplication of airplane and automobile factories in southern California; steel at Geneva and Fontana; heavy machinery, munitions, primary and secondary fabrication in many places; aluminum production on the lower Columbia.

This is the boom that may be revolutionary. Where will it end? Will it be Shoot the Moon and the Sky's the Limit? Or will it be, perhaps, So Far and No Farther?

The answer depends on many considerations. But most of all it depends on water.

Most of the water which supports life, grows crops and provides power in the West starts as snow on the mountains. The rivers carry it to the fields, the cities, the industries. Between the rivers, for the most part, there is nothing—or there would be nothing, were it not for the dams.

The dams of the West store water so it can be used as needed, so it can be tapped for irrigation, and so it can provide electric power. With the dams, man has imposed a degree of efficiency on nature; they keep the resource from wasting. But dams are expensive and hard to build—and they don't make water, only store it.

The rivers contain just so much of the precious stuff, and where there isn't enough of a vital resource men will fight for it. They have fought for water in the West since the first cattlemen traded shots over a disputed water hole, and they are fighting for it still.

Water is the key to the West. When there is no more, when the engineers have built all the dams they can, when every drop is being used—then the West's development will come to an abrupt halt.

That, in brief, is the story of the West, its present, past and future.

The total area of Utah is 84,000 square miles. Ninety-five per cent of its people live in 1,817 square miles—in two zones at the foot of the Wasatch Mountains and in the Uinta Basin in northeast Utah. These zones produce 71 per cent of Utah's agricultural wealth—because they have water. Salt Lake City, at the foot of the Wasatch, gets about 16 inches of rain a year, too little. Forty miles west of the city, the rainfall is five inches. But in the peaks above it the snow pack amounts to a rainfall of between 40 and 50 inches.

Other Regions with Varying Rainfalls

And not just Utah. High on the western slope of the Cascade Mountains in Washington, the rainfall may be 60 inches; at the same elevation on the eastern slope it may be 20 inches; 25 miles farther east it may be nine inches. Idaho's rich Boise Valley gets seven inches, and Montana's Yellowstone Valley 11 inches; in both areas agriculture, city life and industry depend on the snow that falls in the nearby mountains.

Because it must transport water to the places that use it from the places where it is produced, the West has myriad dams. They range from the bulldozer-built dirt structure that impounds the spring runoff of a brook up to Grand Coulee or Shasta, compared to which building the Panama Canal was a minor operation.

Dams are built by a handful of crossroads irrigators, by a corporation that sells water, by a town or a county, by a state, by the federal government, by a state and the federal government in partnership. The dams permit the West to bring its mountain snow pack to its arid valleys. But the farther you must go for water, the more difficult and expensive the engineering. Some of the present systems are complexly interdependent nets of dams, power plants, canals, tunnels and siphons. Far more elaborate systems are authorized and there are sketches for some even more fantastically elaborate.

Will they be built as planned, or only in part, or not at all? And for how much? And—perhaps most important, or at least most controversial—who will get the water? In a deficit water economy, who determines which set of interests shall advance at the expense of another set?

California is the best illustration. It has had many water crises—especially southern California, which has been repeatedly threatened with a complete halt to its growth in population and wealth. "Certainly I can imagine civil war breaking out over water," a California engineer will tell you. "We've had mobbing and gunfire over water in Central Valley. We've had mobbing and dynamiting and terrorism in Owens Valley. Arizona turned out the militia against us. Americans have fought for land; Westerners will fight for water."

The Owens River Aqueduct collects water which comes from the eastern slope of the Sierra and carries it to Los Angeles, 240 miles away. The water that made possible the city's growth was taken from the farmers of the Owens Valley; but before they gave it up they battled furiously. The aqueduct was dynamited. There was almost armed conflict.

Today California is involved in a much bigger fight. Besides the water it drains from the Owens River, Los Angeles taps the Colorado from almost as far away (note that not a single snowflake which becomes the Colorado falls on California). The question now is: How much of the Colorado can California have?

Silt-laden, flowing through endless deserts and abysmal canyons, the Colorado is an almost unmanageable river. To make efficient use of it requires engineering works so expensive that no sin-

its water at any cost. Water has no price—and so there can be no ceiling price

gle state could build them. Several states feared that unless the federal government built them, much priceless water would forever go to waste—and that California would get the lion's share of the rest, and so forever limit the development of the others. So the states signed the Colorado River Compact.

The compact is the outcome of turbulent years during which governors, legislatures, Congressional delegations, newspapers, special commissions, lawyers and engineers exhausted every device of maneuver, pressure and invective to get the utmost advantage for their respective states—but mainly to keep California from running off with the river. "I'll be damned," one governor of Arizona shouted, "if California ever will have any water from the Colorado River as long as I am governor," and that, in a mild way, conveys the idea.

Feuding over Lower Colorado Basin

The compact arbitrarily divides the river into upper and lower basins. The states of the upper basin—Utah, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico—have agreed on their respective shares of the water. But the division of the water allotted to the lower basin is the subject of a violent and intensifying feud between Arizona and California (the third state, Nevada, sides with California). The future of both the feuding states hangs on the outcome—on the determination of how much water from the Colorado has been apportioned to California by the compact, how the surplus is to be divided between them, and whether indeed it is to be divided. (Also, it's worth adding, on whether there *is* a surplus; maybe there is not as much water in the river as the compact allots.) For Arizona, the outcome means life or death. "The Colorado River is Arizona's jugular vein," said former Senator Ashurst. "Sever our jugular vein and we die."

To maintain its current boom Arizona has steadily taken out of the subterranean reservoirs more water than nature can replace. The water table has fallen drastically. Land that is richly productive may some day become marginal; marginal land could revert to desert. Arizona's destiny depends on its getting every drop of Colorado River water allotted to it by the compact—and California challenges its claim of how much water that is. Its destiny also depends on getting 46 states to agree—against California's opposition—to the construction by the federal government of the most elaborate water-utilization scheme yet plotted on an engineer's drafting board, the Central Arizona Project (known in California as "The Nation's Most Fantastic Project").

The Central Arizona Project would bring Colorado River water to the state's heartland by means of a series of dams, reservoirs, tunnels and pumps at a cost originally estimated at $700,000,000. Some experts, not all Californians, now predict that the eventual cost would be more than $2,000,000,000.

Thus Arizona is the first Western state to come within sight of an absolute limitation, a fiat of nature which says, "So Far and No Farther." Its development will continue, *if* its interpretation of the compact wins out, and *if* the Central Arizona Project is built.

Both ifs are wondrously big. The Supreme Court will decide the first; Congress will decide the second. But Congress must first answer a preliminary question: Can the nation's wealth and power be increased more by spending the money on the Central Arizona Project or by restoring depleted lands in the East, South and Midwest? The reclamation part of all future big projects in the West will turn on that same question.

California Eyes the Columbia River

And, whoever wins in the fight over the Central Arizona Project, there is only so much water in the Colorado; what happens when that's gone? There is another major river in the West, and California already is eying it: the Columbia, which has 10 times as much water as the Colorado.

Fifteen years ago an economic geographer, taking note of the rapid depletion of timber resources, predicted that the cities of the Northwest would soon begin to decline in population. Instead, the decade witnessed a phenomenal increase and the most revolutionary economic development the West has ever experienced, the establishment of the aluminum-reducing industry along the lower Columbia. In 1940 the Northwest produced no

The West: Land of Superlatives and Surprises

The average income per person in the 11 Western states, according to the latest available figures, is $95 higher than for the rest of the country: $1,679 for the West; $1,584 for the nation as a whole.

Idaho has the largest remaining primitive area in the U.S.: 3,000,000 acres of virgin land (a region almost as large as the state of Connecticut) accessible only by saddle trail.

The West Coast alone produces 40 per cent of all our aircraft products (frames, engines, etc.).

Although the West has only 13 per cent of the nation's population, at last count it had 17.25 per cent of the automobiles. Los Angeles County, with 10 cars for every nine families, has the highest car-per-person ratio in the world: two autos for every five people, compared with one for every seven in New York City and one for every 150,000 in China.

In 1952, the last year for which figures are available, the 11 Western states produced 100 per cent of our chromium and molybdenum, 99 per cent of our silver and mercury, 96 per cent of our copper, 95 per cent of our uranium.

Oregon, the nation's largest producer of lumber products (one billion dollars' worth a year), has 340 billion board feet of standing timber—enough to reconstruct completely every wooden house in the United States.

Arizona, fastest-growing state in the Union, has increased its population by 14.6 per cent since 1950. If the rest of the United States had grown at the same pace, it would now have 173,000,000 people.

At its present rate of industrial expansion, the Pacific Northwest will need an additional 500,000 kilowatts of electric power —the equivalent of a new Bonneville Dam—every year.

The West can claim both the highest and lowest land and the highest and lowest temperatures ever recorded in this country. The highest land is Mount Whitney (14,495 feet), the lowest, Death Valley (280 feet below sea level), both in California. The nation's high temperature record was also set in Death Valley (134 in the shade) and the lowest was set in Wyoming (66 below).

The Holland ranch in Nevada, which, including leased land, is the largest in the nation, could swallow up Delaware with room to spare.

The total United States commercial output of prunes, filberts, hops and lemons comes from the West—and California alone produces all our almonds, olives and figs.

Only 12 of the 48 states have a total population greater than the *increase* in California since 1940.

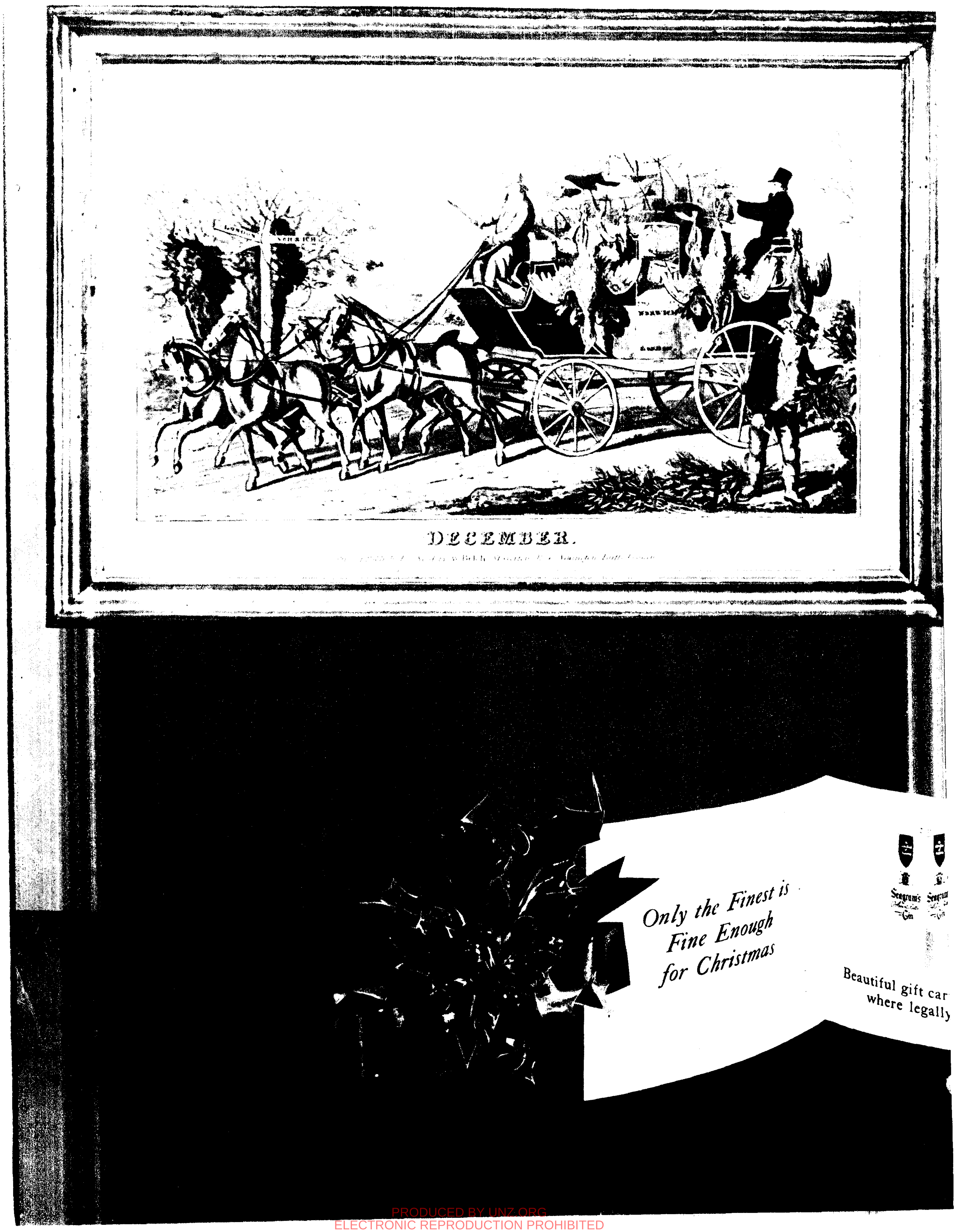
The West contains both the wettest and the sunniest spots in the country. Wynoochee, Washington, according to the U.S. Weather Bureau, gets 150.7 inches of rain a year. Southwestern Arizona and southeastern California get the most sun; 90 per cent of all the daylight hours, year round, are sunny in Yuma, Arizona.

The latest figures show that the value of an average acre of California farm land is $173.46—compared with a national average for farm land of $79.66.

The West has only 15.3 people per square mile, compared with 50.7 for the nation as a whole—and the figure for the West is brought up sharply by California, which has 67.5 (Nevada is lowest: 1.5).

According to the most recent figures available, the federal government owns or leases more than half (53 per cent) of all the land in the West—including, of course, a great deal of unproductive desert and mountain.

The biggest tourist attraction in the West is neither Yellowstone Park nor the Grand Canyon—it's Rocky Mountain National Park, which, by the latest count, has about 1,300,000 visitors a year.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The mighty Colorado and Columbia nourish the West, and the people fight to diver

aluminum; in 1952 it produced 37.3 per cent of the national total. This development was made possible solely by the low-cost electric power generated at the two great federal dams, Bonneville and Grand Coulee.

Before and during their construction, the two great dams were ridiculed by opponents as an intolerable waste of money; there were predictions that they would produce a power surplus which could not be used up for many years. "Up in the Grand Coulee area," Representative Culkin of New York said in 1927, "there is no one to sell the power to except the jack rabbits and the rattlesnakes, and they are not amenable to the ordinary presses of an electric meter." Today the dams are steadily paying a profit into the Treasury, and the industry and business they have brought to the Northwest have already created a serious power shortage. The shortage will be ended by construction of new dams now under way, but quite certainly demand will overtake supply again.

Private Power Companies or Uncle Sam?

What then? More dams, of course, but who will build them—private power companies or the federal government? It's an old dispute and it's still going on, most heatedly today in Idaho, where the government proposes to put a dam across Hell's Canyon on the Snake River, a Columbia tributary.

At hearings held last summer the argument by the private company which made the deepest impression was that it could begin producing power to end the shortage from five to seven years before the federal project would—a very important consideration—and at less expense. Advocates of public power, in turn, held that if the West is to have more reclamation projects they must be paid for in large part by revenue from power. Furthermore, they argued, if a private dam utilizes only part of the hydroelectric potential—as they claim the three proposed for Hell's Canyon would—the rest of that power, together with the water, would be lost.

Hell's Canyon, a long way from the mouth of the Columbia, illustrates the vastness of the works on which the West's future depends. "Make water pay its way, make it pay and pay and pay," the engineers will tell you. They intend using the same water repeatedly on the way down the majestic spillway. The Columbia water that turns turbines at Grand Coulee goes on to turn others successively at the Chief Joseph, McNary and The Dalles Dams, now a-building, and at Bonneville. Through those same turbines will flow water from other dams on feeder rivers, including Hell's Canyon. Part of the storage will be taken to farm lands now insufficiently irrigated, and to others that have never been irrigated at all.

Thus the Columbia is to reclaim a sizable portion of the West's now unused agricultural land. The same storage will greatly reduce (perhaps eliminate) the danger of destructive floods downstream. It has already greatly increased the navigability of the Columbia and may make the lower Snake a little more navigable.

Having done all that, having imposed what the engineers call "rationality" on our second greatest river, the West will let it flow unvexed to the sea.

For the time being, anyhow. The biggest fact about the Columbia watershed is that when all current construction is complete, only 24 per cent of its hydroelectric potential will be developed. It contains more than 40 per cent of the entire undeveloped potential in the United States. (Another 40 per cent is in the remainder of the West.)

But a distinction must be made between potentialities and practicalities. Costs, engineering facts and nature impose limitations on what can be done. For much of the West, the end of the line may be in sight. It certainly will be in sight for Arizona if the Central Arizona Project falls through. What about the other states?

New Mexico has its own river problems. There the river is the Rio Grande, a notably difficult one to harness. The state's grazing ranges are grievously eroded; their silt damages the streams and threatens to destroy the irrigation works. Although atomic developments have given the region around Albuquerque an almost fantastic growth (the city had about 35,000 people in 1940 and has an estimated 150,000 now), rigid water limitations are bound to restrict the state's growth.

Wyoming, a signatory to the Colorado River Compact, probably won't be able to utilize all the water from the Colorado Basin to which the compact entitles it. Small diversions in the valley of the Green River, such as the Big Sandy Project, do indeed reclaim arid land—but reclaim it only for the growing of hay. The climate of the valley prohibits more intensive agriculture. There will be more stock growing, but there cannot be much more and it will require larger capital investment. Nor can much industrialization be foreseen.

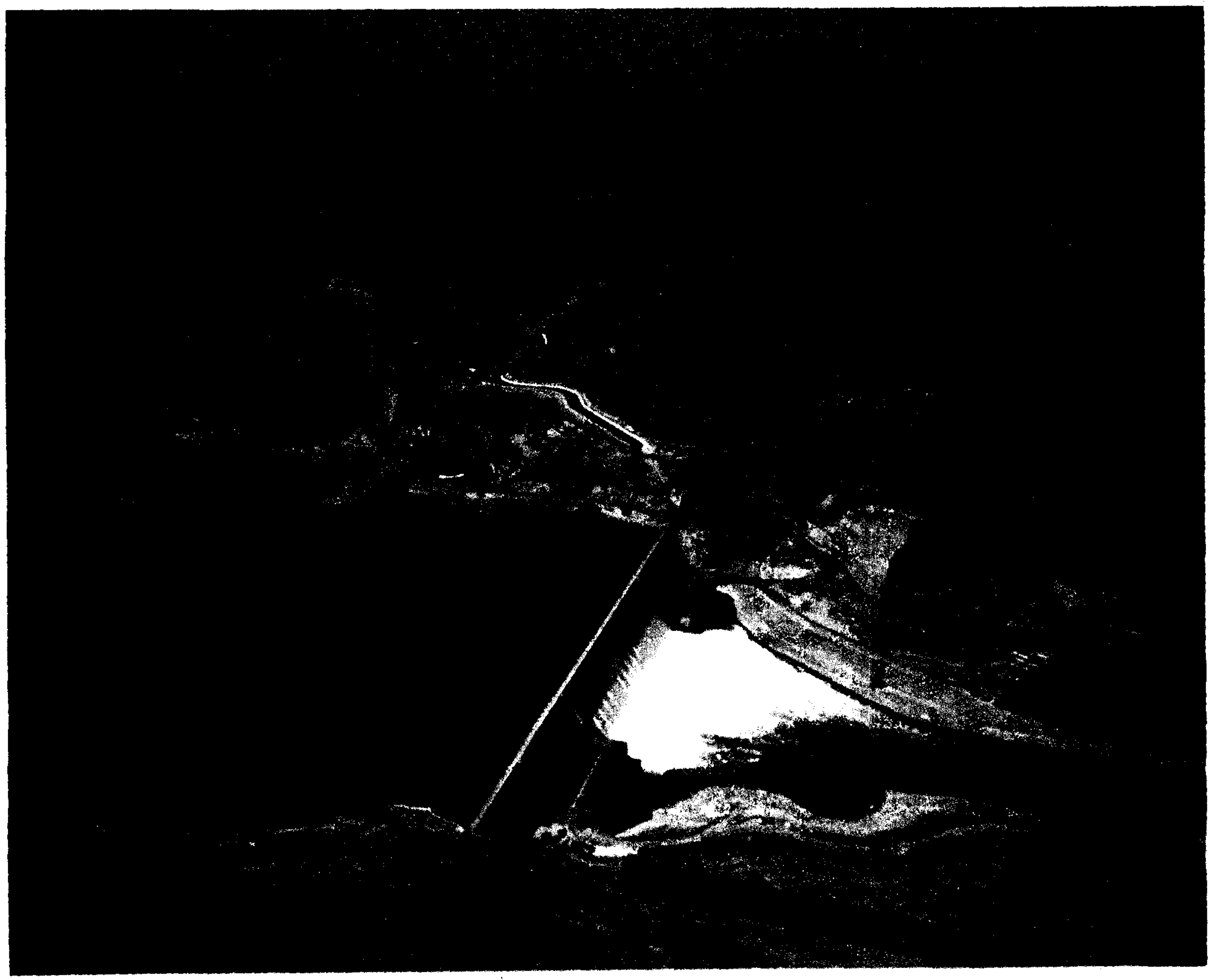
Utah has plans for a federally financed Central Utah Project, a unit in the Colorado Basin development plan. The project would transport Utah's share of the Colorado River to the parts of the state which are most heavily populated and now have practically all the industry and agriculture. It would reclaim or improve up to 600,000 acres of farm land and bring more water to industrial centers. Apart from this project, the remaining undeveloped sources of water in Utah are minute.

An Engineer's Estimate for Utah

In the summer of 1953 the engineer who is acknowledged to know most about the state's water resources declared that, "if every drop of water which could be produced were to be produced and used with full efficiency, Utah could support twice the population it has now." There you have a flat statement of the limit which nature sets to the development of one Western state. The 1950 population was 668,000. Twice as many would be less than 1,500,000 people.

Colorado presents a different form of the same inescapable problem. It is the most mountainous state, which means the one most bountifully supplied with snow, but hydrologically it is out of balance. The Continental Divide—the imaginary line separating Atlantic-bound and Pacific-bound waters—bisects the state. Most of Colorado's mountains are west of the Divide and most of their water goes into the Colorado River. But most of the state's cities and agriculture are on the eastern slope, and so is practically all its industry. In 10 years, the population of Denver, third largest city of the West, has increased 38 per cent. Denver is on the eastern slope but is getting some of its water from the western slope—from the Colorado River watershed. So are Colorado Springs and Pueblo, and still more water from the western slope is brought to the eastern slope by one of the most elaborate of all engineering works, the Big Thompson Project.

The Big Thompson carries Colorado River water to the eastern slope by means of a tunnel straight through the mountain range which forms the Continental Divide. Then a series of tunnels, reservoirs and canals distributes it to irrigation districts. Meanwhile it drops down a stepladder of generating plants so that the same water is used several times to make electric power. This re-


RAY ATKESON

The Columbia: Grand Coulee Dam, built in 1941, helps the unruly river pay its way south. West plans network of dams from Grand Coulee to Bonneville, 450 miles downriver, to irrigate millions of acres and put to work water's vast potential hydroelectric power

the water to their own lands. Some even say civil war could break out over water

peated use comes close to fulfilling an engineer's ideal vision. It is a model for future water developments in the West. Also it is the most expensive project so far in cost per drop of water.

If Colorado's eastern slope can develop only at the expense of the western slope, that will establish another final limitation. Unquestionably the eastern slope will get the water. Denver is the West's most developed industrial center east of the Sierra. Federal administrative offices have centered there in such numbers that it is second only to Washington as a seat of the American government and this trend is certain to continue. (Any Denverite is willing to tell you that someday the White House and the Capitol will be there too, and Washington will become the secondary center.)

Nevada will remain the forty-eighth state (the forty-ninth, if Hawaii is admitted). It can never get enough water; some heroic and heartbreaking ventures in irrigated agriculture have already failed for that stark reason.

Industrial possibilities seem limited to the ores and chemicals of the Las Vegas region. So the state's wealth must remain essentially what it is now, stockgrowing and mining. Except that the recreation business, which is certain to increase everywhere in the West, is here enlarged by legalized gambling.

The part of Montana lying east of the Continental Divide is a unique case. For 30 years it has been declining in population, yet there is enough industrial potential to reverse the trend and give the state a much more vigorous economy. Such industry as it now has is localized just east of the Divide or in the upper Yellowstone Valley—Great Falls, Butte, Anaconda, Billings. In this area impressive amounts of unutilized water are available. Furthermore, the great power sources of the Northwest are just west of the Divide.

A New Plant Near Hungry Horse Dam

The future, however, is not predictable. Montana's resources are being developed almost entirely by a set of corporate twins, the Montana Power Company and the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, and they are not interested in pushing new projects in the area. Just below Hungry Horse Dam, near Kalispell on the western slope of Montana, Anaconda is now building an aluminum-reduction plant to take advantage of the cheap power, and that may attract small fabricating plants. But it cannot be regarded as a portent for the future, as the earliest aluminum plants on the Columbia were.

Climate, geography, the length of freight hauls and the attractive force of the developing industry along the lower Columbia all point in one direction. Most Hungry Horse power will be wheeled into the Northwest grid, for use in already industrialized areas, at lower altitudes, in a more favorable climate, more accessible to the sea. This is a hard fact and one which applies with still greater force to the power that will eventually be generated farther north in Montana's western slope and in the Idaho panhandle—where there is an even greater snow pack and therefore more water, but an unfavorable climate for both industry and society.

Stand on the crest of the Bitterroot Mountains, the boundary between Montana and Idaho. East of you is the agriculture of the Bitterroot Valley, west of you a rich mining area. Around you is the magnificent Lolo National Forest, millions of dollars' worth of timber, secured forever because of the Forest Service's sustained yield policy. The Lolo and other national forests of the area will support about one half the lumber industry of Montana and Idaho—besides serving as a remunerative vacation area. And still the greatest dollar value of the Lolo Forest has not been mentioned. Its eastern slope is part of the watershed of Clark Fork, a big tributary of the Columbia, and its western slope feeds the headwaters of the Clearwater River, which reaches the Columbia by way of the Snake. The water produced here is the principal importance of the Lolo National Forest—and of the seven others near by.

In short, the future of the entire West apparently will follow the pattern set by the decade 1940-1950. From the Continental Divide to the Sierra-Cascade crest, the deficit in water fixes an absolute limit—for New Mexico and Arizona the end of growth is at hand; the western slope of Colorado is subordinate to the eastern slope; the western portions of the Northwest will dominate the eastern portions. When the water potential has been fully developed, this whole region will have established a social and economic equilibrium with the environment, much as New England has done. Beyond the industry that will come with the water development, the region will remain what it is now, a supplier of raw material. The difference is that far more of its raw material will flow west.

But that difference means a radical change. These areas will no longer be an economic colony of the East but an organic part of the maturing West. Economic maturity means financial independence. The West will become an equal partner in the national economy.

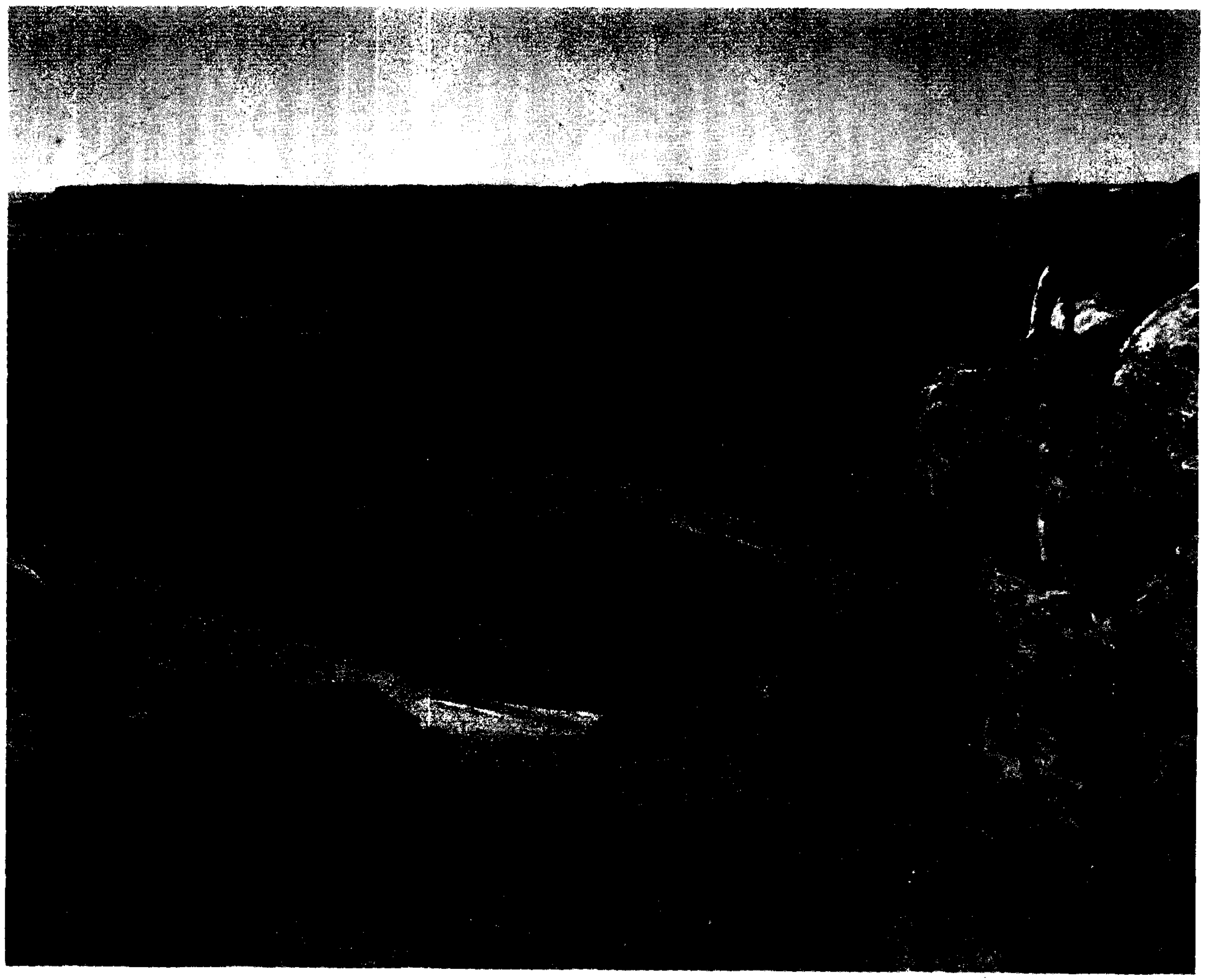
The Northwest will always have more water than it needs. Nature has placed limitations on cities like Great Falls, Salt Lake City, Denver. But there is no absolute limitation in the environment which forbids the Portland region to develop into an equivalent of the metropolitan complex whose center is Philadelphia. Seattle, now a lesser San Francisco, will never—in the words of the native—"make New York a suburb," but at least it can be a kind of Western port of New York. The Northwest has its "white gold"—hydroelectric power—and no bounds to its further development are visible.

What of California? Of all the states in the Union it is the most richly and most variously endowed. From the beginning up to now, it has been a kind of chain-reaction miracle. All the good fairies smiled on its birth—except one. Like the interior West, it has a water deficit. And that is most markedly true of southern California, the part which has grown most strikingly, which believes most devoutly in the future, and which now has 55 per cent of the state's population but only 1.7 per cent of the rainfall.

Constant Menace of Water Famine

Several times in the past Los Angeles, San Diego, Ventura, Pasadena and the other southern California cities have been on the verge of an absolute water famine that would make further growth impossible. At the present rate of growth they will all be there again by about 1970—before that, in fact, if the Supreme Court grants Arizona's claim to the remaining water of the Colorado River. And the Colorado is "the last water hole"—unless some other source can be found.

There has been much talk about the purification of sea water—it is Arizona's favorite prescription for California—and there will be more. But in the present state of technology such talk is pure fantasy. The reduction of brackish water, however, is less expensive. When irrigation water returns to the stream beds of the Central Valley it has picked up so much alkali from the soil that it is useless. To purify this water and by elaborate works pump it



JOSEF MUENCH

The Colorado: Winding through Grand Canyon (above) and vast deserts, the river doles out its water to seven states by terms of Colorado River Compact. Water quota is subject of bitter feud between California and Arizona, both of which need every drop they can get

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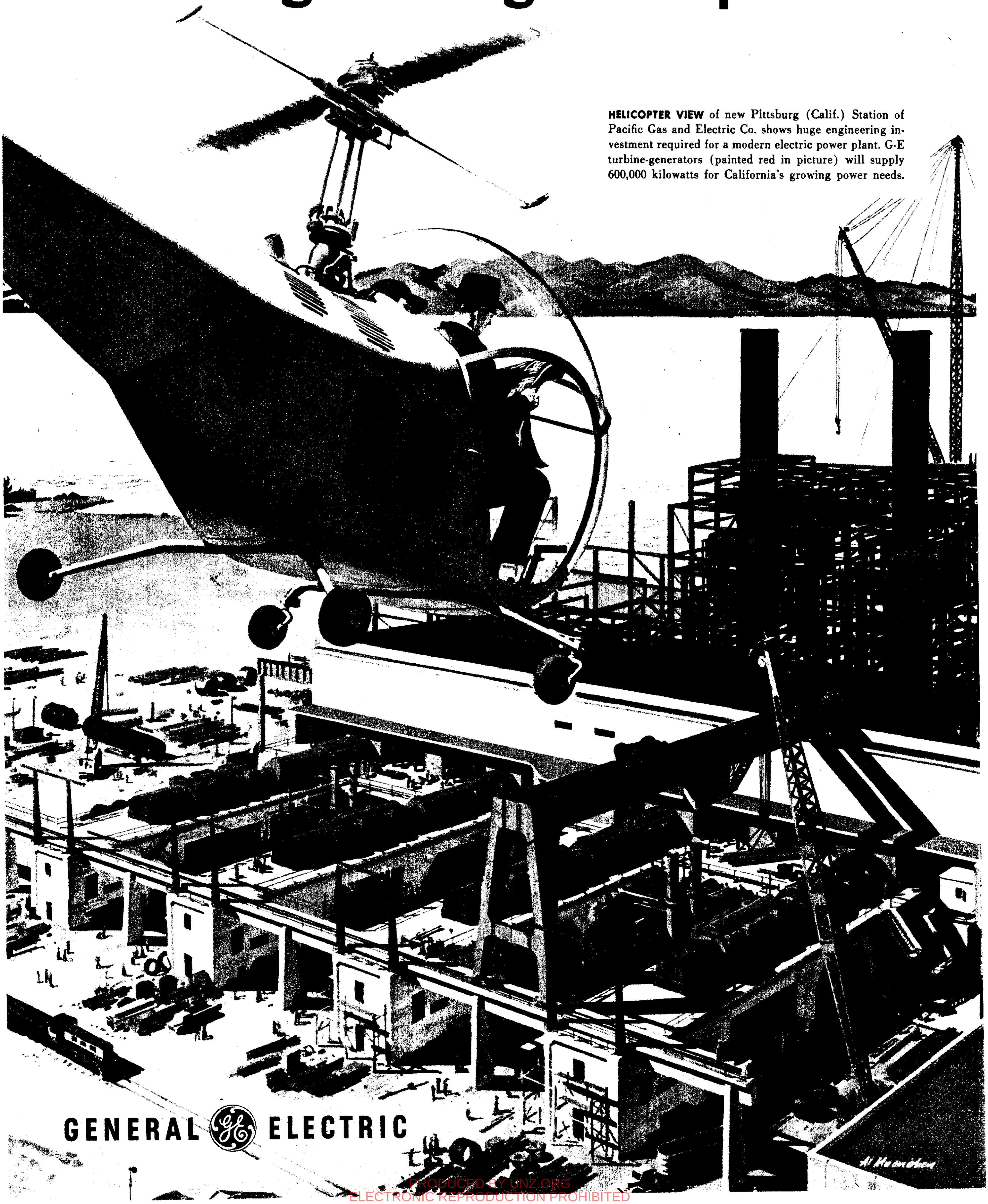

HELICOPTER VIEW of new Pittsburg (Calif.) Station of Pacific Gas and Electric Co. shows huge engineering investment required for a modern electric power plant. G-E turbine-generators (painted red in picture) will supply 600,000 kilowatts for California's growing power needs.

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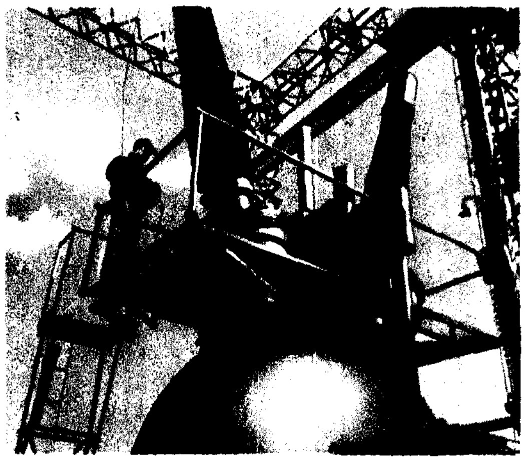

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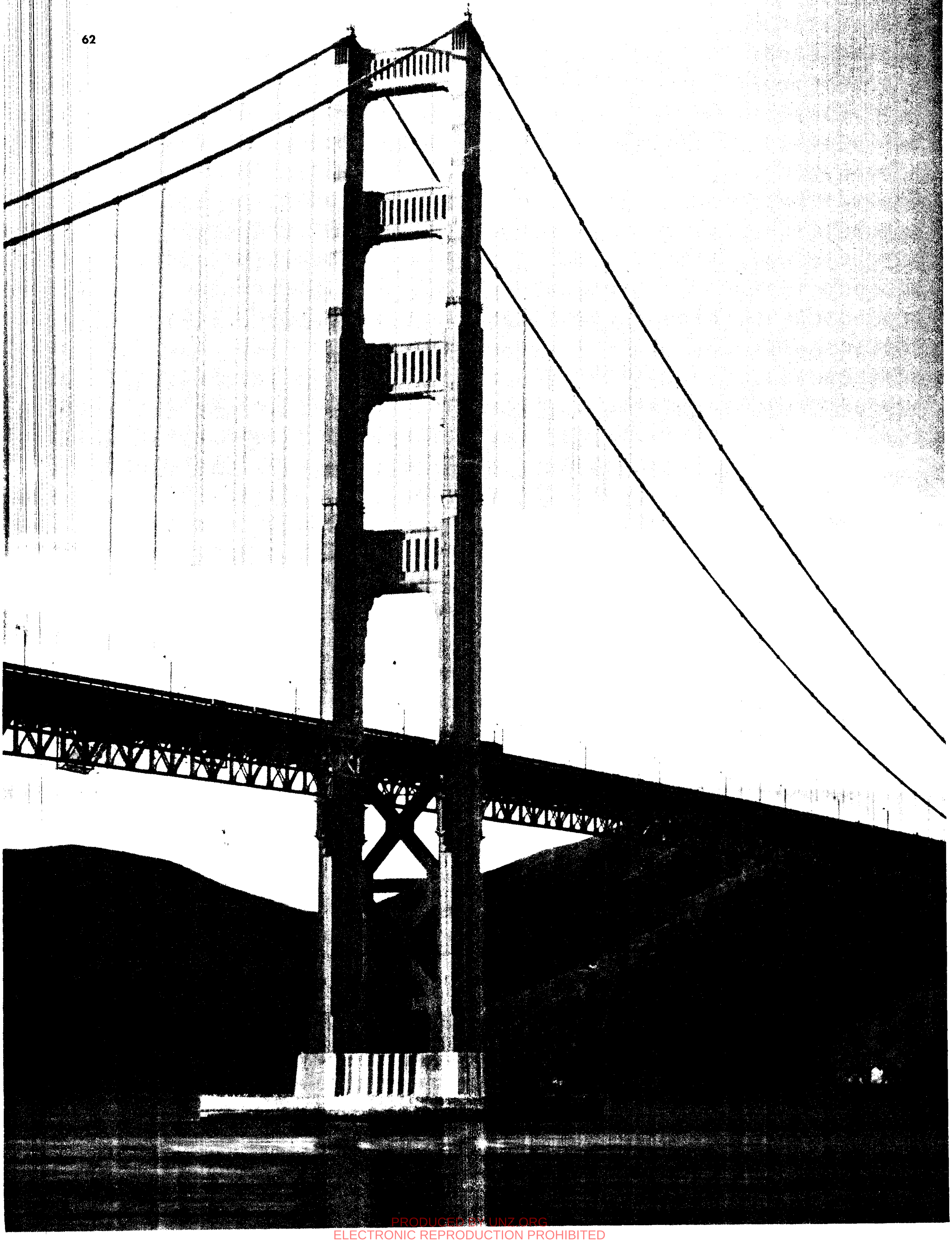
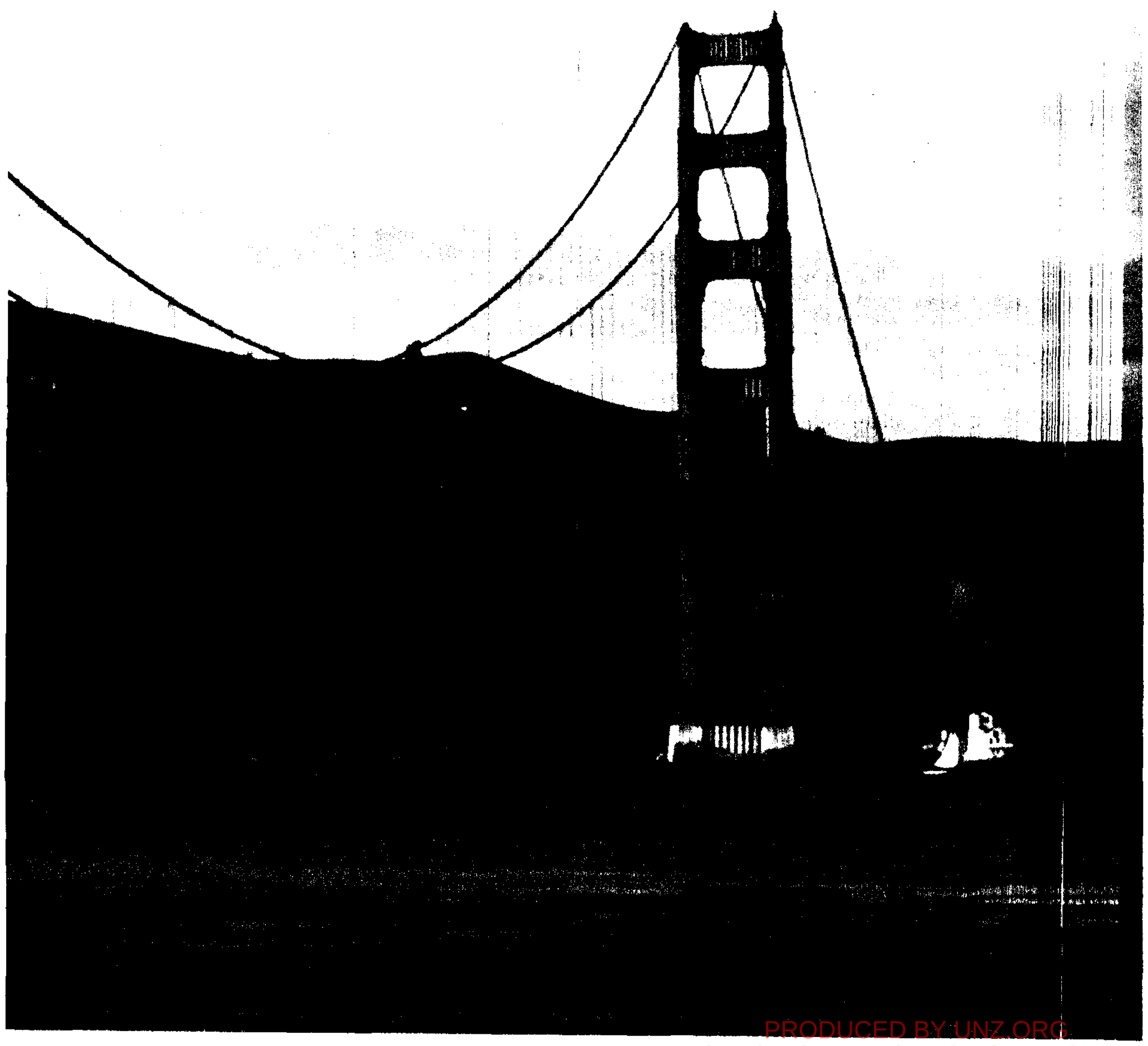




The magnificent Golden Gate, world's longest single-span bridge, stretches across San Francisco Bay as symbol of man's triumph over nature in the West

ANSEL ADAMS

back across the valley to be used again is, at least, more conceivable than to supply California with fresh water from the Pacific. But this conception too leaps over the boundary of what is currently imaginable. And in that domain there are other, whole-hog, proposals that dwarf this one.

By some defect in the wisdom of Providence there are some California rivers—in the northern part—which reach the Pacific without being used. One of these is the Klamath, which rises in southwestern Oregon. In the winter of 1947-48 California was terrified by a snow drought; the snow-pack line retreated farther up the Sierra than it had ever been before, above 10,000 feet during most of the winter. From this scare arose a proposal for which a preliminary engineering study has actually been made. Its authors propose to bring the Klamath and its tributary, the Trinity, to southern California. One plan would utilize 600 miles of canals in and west of the coastal mountains; another would convey the rivers over the mountains to Shasta Lake, the great northern storage reservoir from which water of the Central Valley Project flows south. After all, either job could be done for a mere few billion dollars more than the Central Arizona Project calls for.

But the Klamath is a bush-league river, and the itch of engineers turns to the river which saddens them because it affronts their sense of order, the Columbia. After it comes out of the Cascade Mountains it is, in the eyes of an engineer, entirely worthless, no better than a swamp. If California could get the Columbia, there would never again be any anxiety about water.

Two Plans for Diverting a River

Two plans have been sketched. One would reverse the flow of the Willamette River, package the lower Columbia, and lead it up the Willamette Valley and thence over the mountains to Shasta Lake. The other would divert a similar amount of Columbia water far up the main stream, most conveniently at Grand Coulee Dam, and thence conduct our second largest river overland, across all the mountains and deserts in between, to the Central Valley.

One glance at a map, you'd suppose, would blank out this vision. The full financial resources of the United States fall short of being able to afford such wholesale alteration of geography. If California's future depends on such financial and political delirium, one decides, it would be advised to accept nature's iron provisions, which include the basic if unpopular thesis that Californians are only mortal men. It should adjust itself to permanent status as the second state, with the Northwest crowding and clamoring at its heels.

So one decides, on the basis of common sense and the present possibilities. But how can anyone be sure? Thousands of Americans move to California from other states every year. Hundreds of businesses are founded there. Thousands of Californians continue to be born. All this means a pressure greater than any other westward pressure in our history.

The rigid condition of nature, the water deficit, says No Farther—all this must reach an end.

But the West has always taken the impossible in its stride; as a matter of simple common sense it is probably impossible to live in the West at all. And last summer a leading Western hydrologist issued an unchallengeable declaration which may, after all, be the last word on the subject: "There is no price for water and so there can be no ceiling price."

One has an uneasy recollection that a railroad from the Missouri River was once equally impossible. Only crackbrains and Western boosters could believe in it. How could you build a railroad over the Rockies and the Sierra? Furthermore, it would cost more than the United States could pay. That was the verdict of common sense at any time from 1835 to 1855.

But in May, 1869, the Central Pacific and the Union Pacific met at Promontory Point and the whole United States heard the driving of the golden spike. ▲▲▲

Please Come Home for Christmas

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

all. He had hung up then and sat in the telephone booth, thinking and flexing his hands. He hadn't ever told her he had burned his hands too. Working them this way had become a habit, although now they felt and looked all right.

Perhaps it was then that his exuberance had begun to die. Or perhaps it was when he took off his uniform. It had been a protection, in a way. Or perhaps it was when the salesman, showing him civilian clothes, had carefully avoided looking at the scarred side of his face. He had wanted to shout at him, to say: "Look, I'm not ashamed of it. I'm proud of it. Let me tell you how I got it, and maybe you'll stop acting like a fool."

AFTER that there had been the people on the street, staring at him and then looking quickly away, as though they were embarrassed. And there had been the girl in a toy shop who had said Merry Christmas to all her other customers, and looked as though she wanted to say it to him, but didn't. To hell with her, Jeff thought bitterly. To hell with all of them.

"The scar will fade, Lieutenant," the doctor had said. "It was a deep burn, and of course there's some distortion. We can't help that, but the time will come when you'll forget it's there. Take my word for that, Hale."

It had been easy to believe him, there in the hospital where he was surrounded by men so much worse off than he was. But the city streets were different. He felt like a pariah. Once, though, before he changed out of his uniform, an elderly man had stopped him and held out his hand. He had said, "A Merry Christmas to you, Lieutenant."

That had helped a little, and Jeff had gone about his Christmas shopping more cheerfully. But when he made his last purchase—the fur coat for Peggy—the salesman had smiled and said, "Fine coat, mister. It ought to buy you a good Christmas tomorrow."

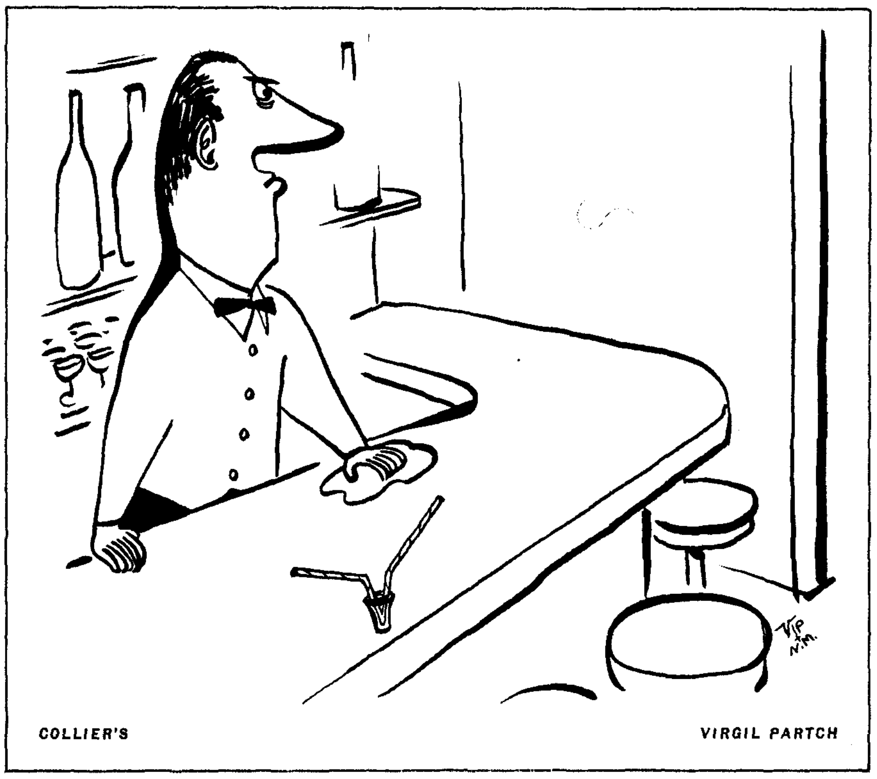
"It's for my wife," Jeff had said stiffly, and stalked out to the car. He had a twenty-mile drive ahead of him, so he went into a drugstore for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. But what the salesman had said stuck in his mind. The coat for Peggy, was it to buy her continuing love? Was it really just a ticket back home?

Be honest, he thought. All these last weeks, thinking about the coat for her, what had been behind it? He put down his coffee cup and stared at his face in the mirror behind the counter.

When he got back to the car again, he realized that the last vestige of his self-confidence was gone. He tried to tell himself that he was not buying either Peggy's love or her loyalty. She had been wonderful over the telephone—but she had not yet seen him. All right, he would go home, but not with the coat. He would leave it somewhere and pick it up later, after he knew how he stood with her. He started driving aimlessly about, trying to decide what to do.

After some time he found he was not thinking clearly. He had been unable to sleep ever since he knew he was coming home.

And then, somewhere in upper Manhattan, he realized he was almost asleep at the wheel. He parked the car in the first space he could find and leaned his head back. . . .



When Jeff was fully awake, the man in the Santa Claus suit was still standing on the curb beside the bus sign. His elderly figure, clad in the brilliant red velvet, seemed to sag with fatigue, and he clapped his hands to keep them warm.

Jeff looked at his watch. It was after twelve o'clock. Peggy was probably frantic with worry, but he still could not bring himself to go home. He still wanted to postpone facing her.

The old man was shivering now, and without any particular kindness Jeff leaned out of the car and called to him. "Take you somewhere, Santa?"

The man looked around, surprised. "Well, now, that's right kind of you, son," he said. "But I live a long ways downtown. Probably take you too far out of your way."

"I'm not going anywhere. Not yet anyhow," Jeff said. "Get in and get out of the cold."

"Well, all right," Santa said. "It is pretty late. My reindeer got thirsty, and I sat around a bit giving them some beer. Should have been home hours ago." He started to get into the car, then stopped.

"Don't worry. This is no stick-up," Jeff said, and forced himself to smile. "I've had a good day already. Look in the back of the car, if you don't believe me."

Santa looked at Jeff and then laughed and got into the car. "You'll have to drive just about all the way downtown, if your offer is still good," he said. "I have a room near the Bowery on Mott Street. I could do with some sleep, and I have to get up early and take these clothes back tomorrow morning. Ah, this is nice. Feels good after standing all day. You too early for something?"

"I don't know," Jeff said. "Maybe I'm too late. Maybe I'm not wanted at all." He stared straight ahead, keeping the scarred side of his face away from the old man.

"Kinda silly to say that at your age," Santa said, but the old man was also very tired, and the car was hardly in motion when his chin rested on his chest and he fell asleep.

Jeff did not rouse him until he reached the bleak slums of the Bowery. "Sorry," he said then. "You needed that nap. But you'd better tell me where to find your street. I don't know this part of town."

Santa yawned and looked out the window. "Turn at the next corner. You could let me out here. It's not far."

"When I take on a job, I do it right," Jeff said. "Just tell me which building."

They stopped in front of a small shop with a door to the second floor at one side. Santa got stiffly out of the car.

"This has been mighty good of you, son," he said. "I hardly know how to thank you. Maybe—" He stopped and then said, "I'm going to make myself a cup of coffee. Don't suppose you'd care for one?"

Jeff smiled. He rather liked Santa. There was no self-pity about him. He'd done his job, and at his age it hadn't been an easy one. Also Jeff had an idea he would not mind the scar.

"Why not?" he said. He locked the car and followed Santa up the stairs.

The room at the head of the stairs was shabby but scrupulously neat; it contained an old iron bed, a big chair with a reading lamp beside it, a small table, and some rather rough shelves filled with worn books. There was an electric hot plate on the table, and Santa went out to get water for the coffee. Jeff sat down, waiting for the man's first full look at him.

WHEN Santa came back and saw Jeff in the light, he was certainly not shocked. "Been in trouble, haven't you?" he said. "War, I suppose."

"Yes. I got burned."

"You're lucky. I lost a boy in the war. Got a family, haven't you? That car sure looked it, with all the packages in it."

Jeff hesitated, while Santa carefully removed his red velvet coat and the beard which hooked over his ears. Then he looked at the old man and said, "I guess I funked it. Going home, I mean. The fact is they haven't seen me since I got this. It's sure to be a shock to them."

Santa looked at him scornfully. "Because maybe you're not as pretty as you used to be?" he said dryly. "That's it, isn't it? But you're alive. And you've got your legs and arms. I'd say you were lucky."

"Okay, I'm lucky," Jeff said, "but I'm damned if I'm buying my way back to my wife and kids with presents, Christmas or no Christmas."

Santa stared at him. And then he said, "Don't know much about kids, do you?" He sounded indignant. "Look, son, they don't buy easy, or fool easy either. What do you think I've been doing the last few days? I've been playing a pretend game with them, that's all. They pretend I'm the real Santa Claus, and I pretend they're not little imps. But nobody's fooled, especially the kids."

Jeff grinned.

"They're smart too," Santa went on. "What will yours care about that scar of yours? Chances are they won't even see it, or care if they do."

HE POURED the coffee and handed Jeff a cup. Then sitting on the side of the bed he took off the stocking cap and carefully stripped off the mustache. He was even older than Jeff had thought; the realization made Jeff feel ashamed. For days on end this old man had been standing on cold streets, in wind and rain and snow, buffeted by happy crowds, and asking only a little of them; thanking them for the nickels and dimes they contributed, which weren't even for himself but were for the organization that employed him. While he, Jeff, with his strong young body—

"They may not even know me," he said. "I've been gone a long time."

"It's funny," Santa said. "A man with courage—and I'll bet you've got that—scared of his own family. They must be a poor lot."

"You can't get at me that way," Jeff said sharply. "I know they're wonderful. That's the trouble. My wife—"

"So you're afraid she won't like you any more. Why did she marry you, son? For your looks?" When Jeff said nothing, the old man went on, "If she's the woman I think she is she'll realize that's a medal you're wearing. I got a medal from the War Department myself. It's that telegram framed there on the wall. But you carry yours with you. Ever think of it that way? Or were you running away when you got it?"

Jeff looked at the old man dumbly, shaking his head. He was back again on the carrier, and he was trying to get a pilot out of a burning plane. He had got him out too, and the man was still alive. Jeff looked down and saw that he was stretching his hands. They had told him not to do that. They'd be all right. But in times of stress—

Then the idea came to him. "Look," he said. "I've told you I'm not buying my way back, and I'm not: But I want the boys to have their Christmas. How about letting me drive you out to where I live? You can take the stuff in, and if the kids wake up and see you it's all right."

The old man took a sip of his coffee. "So I'm to do your job for you," he

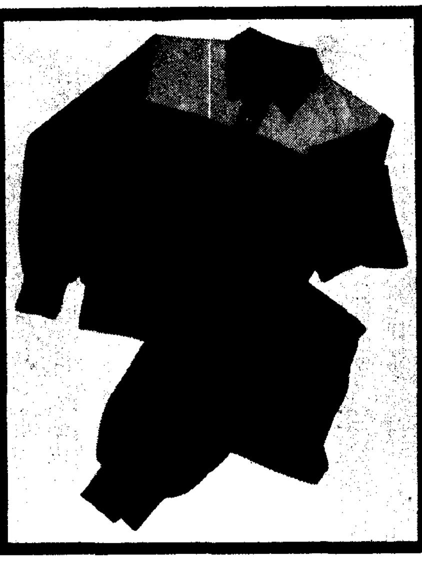
Grand to give — Great to get

WEARABLES FOR MEN

Luxurious nylon-tricot pajamas. Tops in comfort and convenience. Wide choice of colors with contrasting piping. Attractively gift boxed. Regular sizes, about **$14.95.** Long, about **$16.95.**

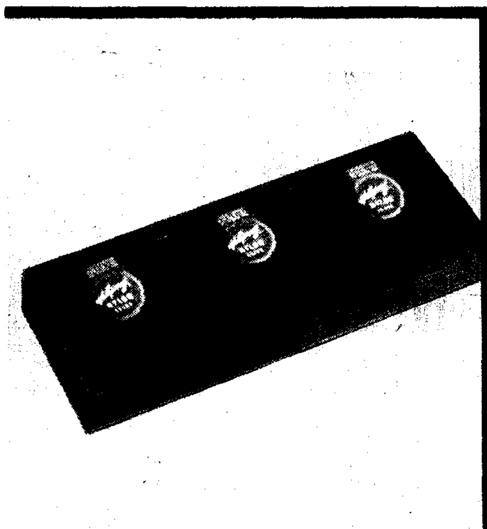
Holeproof Pacer Shirts

HOLEPROOF'S nylon-tricot "Pacer" underwear shirts and shorts. Full cut; beautifully tailored for comfort. White, Tan, Lt. Blue, Lt. Green. In cellophane envelope. **Sizes** 30-44. Pacer Undershirts, **$2.95.** Pacer Shorts **$2.95.**



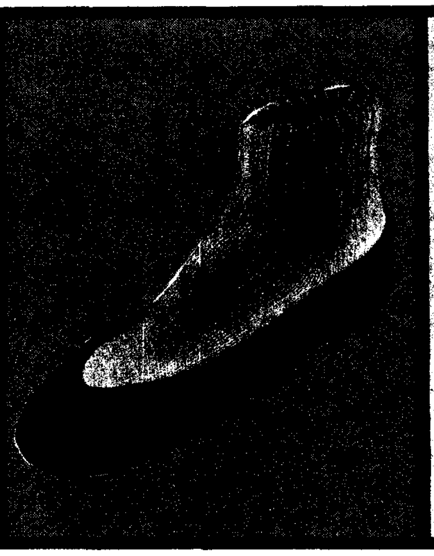
Smart, colorful, warm balbriggan p.j.'s for men, in several handsome HOLEPROOF styles. Tops can double as a sport shirt. Wide color range. Sizes A, B, C, D. About **$5.95** and **$6.95.**

New! Smart! A pair of HOLEPROOF World-Famous Men's Socks, gift-boxed with a handsome all-silk necktie to match. 3 styles, 16 colors to choose from. **Sock sizes** 10 thru 13. The sock and tie combination, about **$3.50.**



HOLEPROOF'S popular spun nylon 6 x 3 rib socks in any one of 14 favorite colors. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. **Sizes** 10-13. Three pair in gift box, about **$3.00.**

Handsome HOLEPROOF argyles—every man's favorite sock style. Short and regular lengths in wool, dacron, cotton and Satisfaction Guaranteed nylon. Dozens of color combinations. From **$1.00** to **$4.95.**



HOLEPROOF "Nappers" All-nylon slipper-sock. Completely washable. Quick drying. Long wearing. Wide range of styles and colors. Leather-bottom Nappers also available. **Sizes** 7-13. About **$2.95.**

Classic favorites. Your choice of 12 solid colors in a nylon body sock with cotton foot; nylon reinforced heel and toe. **Sizes** 9½-14. Three pair in gift box, about **$2.25.**

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Hallmark
Edgar A. Guest
Christmas Greetings
Huldah
Norman Rockwell

Christmas Cards designed by famous artists and writers are becoming so popular these cards are displayed separately by many stores. Above, the Hallmark Hall of Fame collection featuring Christmas Cards designed by artists from all over the world. The separate collection idea makes for quick and easy selection of Christmas Cards.

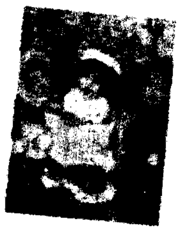
ART AND ARTISTS GAIN GREATER FAME AS CHRISTMAS CARDS BECOME NEW ART MEDIUM

Years ago a visit to an art gallery was perhaps the last item on a big city sightseeing trip. Art and artists received all their recognition from a relatively few people; and fewer still actually bought their works.

Now, almost every Christmas mail brings a reproduction of a painting by a famous artist; and during the Christmas holidays, practically every home in America has its own private art exhibit. These home art exhibits become an important part of holiday decorations as Christmas Cards are displayed on the mantel, the Christmas tree, and in many other ways.

This new appreciation of Christmas Cards as works of art can be explained by the simple fact that they are works of art. The trend had its start when Hallmark Cards first commissioned well-known artists to paint Christmas designs. These were artists whose original paintings—hanging in art galleries around the world—carried a price tag in the thousands, if they were for sale at all. Now the works of these same artists, beautifully and faithfully reproduced, can be had in boxes of Hallmark Cards priced as low as $1.00 for 12 cards. And every home, thanks to discriminating friends who select and send these Christmas Cards, can have its own individual art exhibit throughout the Christmas holidays.

Can you identify the artist? These Christmas Cards are by artists whose pictures appear on the next page.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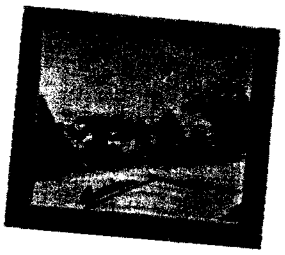
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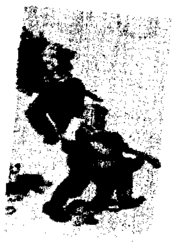
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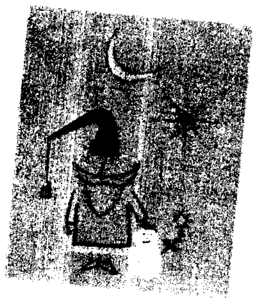
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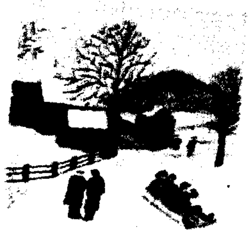
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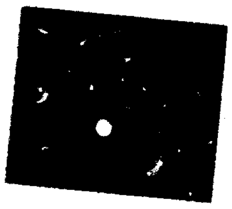
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GRANDMA MOSES is an inspiration for all who feel life is over at any definite age. She was seventy-six before she owned her first paint brush. Now Grandma Moses' designs are collectors' items, and her original paintings hang in major art exhibits. Her Christmas scenes, painted exclusively for Hallmark Cards, have become favorites. This year Grandma Moses' tile paintings, like number 5 on the preceding page, will be seen on many "art-galleries-on-the-mantel."

SAUL STEINBERG's work has been widely exhibited in museums in both America and Europe and his droll line drawings are familiar to everyone. Born in Rumania, Mr. Steinberg earned a degree in architecture from the University of Milan before coming to America in 1941. He served in the U. S. Navy in World War II and is now an American citizen. You'll recognize number 4 as one of Saul Steinberg's distinctive designs for Hallmark Christmas Cards.

DORIS LEE first won recognition in 1935 when she was awarded the coveted Logan Gold Medal for her now famous painting, "Thanksgiving Dinner." In 1944 she was commissioned by *Life* to paint scenes from the musical comedy hit, "Oklahoma." Miss Lee recently won a Federal competition to create a mural for the Post Office Building in Washington, D. C. One of her Christmas designs, painted exclusively for Hallmark Cards, is No. 6 on the preceding page.

NORMAN ROCKWELL is undoubtedly America's favorite illustrator. Fame came early, for his first magazine cover won immediate recognition. And ever since, to millions of Americans, Norman Rockwell has been the kindly artist who holds a mirror to human nature by means of a paint brush. He catches all the excitement of the arrival of the Christmas tree in the Christmas Card reproduced on the preceding page as No. 3. His painting, "Four Freedoms" is world famous.

HULDAH, as she is known in art circles, is Mrs. E. F. Jeffe of New York City. Working mostly in oils, she is an accomplished painter of landscapes, still lifes and portraits. But she is perhaps best known for her paintings of graceful ballerinas, children, and beautiful girls set in a romantic background, like the young carolers in the snow, No. 1 on the preceding page. Although her famous "Huldah girl" is dark-haired, Huldah herself is a blonde, sun-tanned beauty from Texas.

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL turned to painting as a hobby at the age of forty. In it he found relief from the many tensions and nerve-shattering pressures of statesmanship. His paintings, submitted under another name to insure judgment solely on merit, were accepted and exhibited along with leading contemporary artists. The scene reproduced on the preceding page as number 2 is a painting of Sir Winston and Lady Churchill's country home—"Chartwell."

DR. NORMAN VINCENT PEALE, one of America's most famous ministers, has written special Christmas thoughts for Hallmark Cards. These are messages to ponder over, that help recall the deep spiritual meaning of the day. Dr. Peale is the author of several books including the best-seller, "The Power of Positive Thinking." His newspaper column appears in newspapers all over the country.

EDGAR A. GUEST, often called "America's most popular poet," is another writer who contributes to the artistic expression of Christmas. Like his famous books of verse, his Christmas verses for Hallmark Cards are very popular. However, success has left him unaffected. He continues his simple retiring existence, living with his family in Michigan, and enjoying the ordinary things of life.

Hallmark Cards

Every Sunday, enjoy the HALLMARK HALL OF FAME.
On NBC television with **Sarah Churchill.**
On CBS radio with **Lionel Barrymore.**

"When you care enough to send the very best"

said at last. "Look, son, what's Christmas all about? Just think about it. It's a time of faith and love, isn't it? All right, do your own work—and trust your family."

Jeff did not move. He no longer tried to keep the unscarred side of his face toward the old man. It was as though there was no need now for that sort of pretense between them, as though all his defenses had been stripped away. But he was still uncertain.

"All right," he said, "but let me have that outfit of yours. I'll go out and leave the stuff—all except the big box. I'll leave that with you. And when I've finished I'll return the suit. I'll leave a deposit on it, and I'll get it back to you before morning. Then tomorrow I'll go home. It's a promise."

SANTA eyed the red-velvet outfit doubtfully. Without the coat he looked very thin. "It's a brand-new suit," he said doubtfully. "I don't know how you're fixed, but I'd have to ask a pretty big deposit on it. Maybe you'll come back, maybe you won't. But I'd like your kids to get the Christmas you bought for them—since you don't trust them," he added dryly.

Finally the deal was closed, with the old man pocketing fifty dollars, and Jeff getting himself and the old man's pillow into the Santa Claus suit. With the cap drawn down over his face and the beard hooked over his ears, Jeff felt pretty well disguised. But best of all, much of his scarred cheek was covered, and he felt more himself than he had since he left the hospital.

The old man went down to the street with him, but he complained when Jeff handed him the big box. "Why not take it too?" he said. "It won't always be Christmas. Just remember that. And I kind of think you've been a good soldier. A man who's not afraid to fight shouldn't be afraid of anything. As to buying your way back to your family, don't be a fool. They don't want presents. They want you."

Well, perhaps, Jeff thought, but he would not take Peggy's coat. The boys would have their gifts now, and tomorrow—or was it today?—he would face them, let them see the huge scar on the side of his face. He would watch their faces, and if they recoiled, or Peggy looked shocked . . .

It was two in the morning when he reached the house. All the way out on the parkway he had been preparing himself, but he had confidence in his disguise.

The man at the bridge, taking his toll, had grinned and asked about his reindeer. And a carload of youngsters, on their way home from caroling, had called to him not to forget *their* stockings. For the first time since afternoon he began to feel a bit of the Christmas spirit.

He did not drive all the way to the house. He left the car down the street, and with his arms full and dragging little Joe's tricycle he made his way cautiously to the house.

It was dark, except for a dim light in the living room. Peggy had given up waiting, he thought guiltily. But the light cheered him. She had still hoped he would come.

He put down his parcels and fumbled for his keys. For two years he had saved them, sometimes miraculously, but now they were in his hand—the one to his old car, the one to the garage, and the one to the house.

As he stood there he remembered the first time he had used the house key, before his and Peggy's wedding.

"Well, let's see if it's what you want, darling," he had said. "According to the agent it's rather large, but as he tactfully remarked, there may be offspring."

She had blushed, but she had smiled, too. "I hope there will be, Jeff," she had said. "I want us to have a family."

Standing there that day, with the key in his hand, he had put his arms around her and kissed her.

Kids, he thought, two of them, and he had not seen them for two years. And standing there outside the familiar door, in that outlandish costume, he began once more to be afraid, of Peggy's brave, stricken look, of seven-year-old Wally's curious stare, of little Joe's turning away and crying at his unfamiliar face.

COLLIER'S "If you let me keep it, I'm willing to do without things . . . like the accessories I should get to go with it" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

He found he was shaking, and he was flexing his hands again. It was silly. They were all right. Everything was all right. All he had to do was to open the door and step quietly in. But then the first view of the hall made him stop; there was the early-American chest he and Peggy had found at a country auction, and the two Hepplewhite chairs he had bought and refinished himself.

But what stood out most prominently was a large piece of pasteboard, propped against a bowl of holly on the chest. In bright-red, childish print it said: *Welcome home, Daddy.*

He stared at it. My kids, he thought, asleep upstairs, waiting for me. Well, he would be here, and maybe in time they would get used to him. After a moment he walked cautiously through the hall and opened the living-room door. There was a lighted lamp in the corner, and between the two windows stood the tree.

Peggy had done her best with it, but she had not been too successful. The tree leaned to one side, and he remembered that the holder always did that, and how in former years he had had to use a wedge to make it stand straight. Then he saw something else too. There was no angel at the top.

That had always been his job, to get up on the stepladder after the tree was finished and put the wax angel in place. Then he would get down and they would stand back, admiring their handiwork.

"I think it's even prettier than last year, Jeff."

"You always say that, darling. Now, let's get to bed. We're finished."

She had left the angel for him, he knew. It was lying in its box on the table, and it was like the card in the hall. It was her welcome home, her expression of confidence in his return. She had even left the ladder in place. But she must have been tired. Though she had managed to string the lights and put the crèche under the tree, the crèche looked like a final, exhausted gesture—one of the Wise Men had fallen over and she had not bothered to stand him up.

He picked up the angel. It was battered, and one of the wings was still loose, but in the morning when Peggy saw it on the tree, she would know he had come back during the night. The rest was up to her and the children. If she was shocked by his appearance, if the kids were afraid of him—

He did not climb the stepladder at once, however. The established routine called for the angel to be the last and crowning gesture. The boys' gifts came first, and he went cautiously out into the hall to get them. That was when he saw Peggy. She was in the small den across the hall, sound asleep on the davenport.

So she *had* waited for him. He stood looking at her. She must have been exhausted, he thought. She had done not only her share but his job too that night, and he felt guilty for having failed her. But even now, disguised as he was, he found himself turning the scarred side of his face away from her. No, he thought, I've got to stop that. The doctor had warned him.

"Don't try to hide the scar," he'd said. "It can become an obsession if you don't watch out. Nobody but you will be conscious of it. It's surprising how people get used to slight disfigurations like that. Anyhow it's not bad. Look at the other fellows here if you don't believe me."

Jeff was afraid he had waked Peggy, but she did not stir, and with a sense of relief he closed the door and began to carry in the gifts he had brought.

Not until they were under the tree—the tricycle for little Joe, the sled for Wally and all the miscellany of a Christmas morning for two children—did he climb the ladder with the angel in his hand and place it on the top of the tree.

It was all wrong, of course. Peggy should have been there below him, looking anxious and steadying the stepladder.

"Do be careful, Jeff. Don't lean over so far."

"I'm all right, honey. Only it won't stand straight. One of the wings is loose."

It had been that way for years, but Peggy had a superstition about it. They had bought it for Wally's first Christmas, and it had topped the tree every year since. She would not even mend it.

"It's the family angel," she said stubbornly. "It's done all right by us, hasn't it?"

WELL, it hadn't done so well by them lately, he thought. Getting down carefully he brushed the needles off the red velvet coat. It was time to go, he realized, to take Santa's suit back to him. But he did not leave. As he stood there he heard small furtive footsteps on the stairs, along with excited whispers, and he knew he faced the hardest decision of his life.

He made it. It took only a second or two to strip off the stocking cap, the beard and the mustache, and to switch on the bright ceiling light. Then he stood deliberately under it, watching the door, until two small pajama-clad figures appeared.

"Hi," little Joe yelled. "We caught you this time, Santa Claus."

But Wally was staring at him, at his scarred face turned full toward them, and with a look of ineffable happiness Wally rushed at him.

"Daddy!" he shrieked. "Daddy, you did come after all."

Before he could move, there were two excited little boys in his arms, kissing and hugging him. "Mother said you'd come," Wally said breathlessly. "I knew it too. Did you see our card?"

But Jeff had no chance to reply. Little Joe was stroking his face, and suddenly he began to laugh. "Hi!" he screeched. "You've got lipstick on you. Daddy's got lipstick! Daddy's got lipstick!"

"Don't be silly," said Wally. "That's where he hurt his face in the war and got a medal for it. Where's your medal, Daddy?" he asked. "Did you bring it with you?"

Jeff tried to quiet them on account of Peggy, but it was useless. Then suddenly they saw the gifts under the tree and scrambled out of his arms.

"A trike," Joe yelled. "Santa Claus brought me a trike!"

In the excitement that followed, Jeff realized how right the old man had been. The scar did not matter. It never would matter. He was home, and to the boys that was enough.

THE noise had wakened Peggy. He glanced at the door and saw her standing there, looking bewildered and half asleep.

"Children!" she cried incredulously. "Why aren't you in bed?"

"Because Daddy's home," Wally said, and Joe sang, "Daddy's home. Daddy's home."

It was then that she saw Jeff. She did not move. She stood in the doorway wide-eyed and he looked at her, waiting. This was the final test, the moment for which he had waited so long. But he need not have worried.

"Oh, Jeff!" she said. "Jeff, my darling! Welcome home."

It was all right. As he caught her to him he knew the long anxiety, the tortured doubt were over. This was his world, this house and all it held, his to care for and to cherish. He did not even flinch when she drew down his face and kissed his scarred cheek. But when the boys had been tucked back into their beds and he stood with his arm around Peggy looking down at them, in his heart was a small unuttered prayer, a prayer that they would have a chance to grow to manhood in peace and love.

"Happy Christmas, kids," he said. "It's a great day for all of us." . . .

It was almost morning when Jeff reached the shop on Mott Street again. He did not like to wake the old man, tired as he must be, but he climbed the stairs and rapped lightly. Santa, however, was not asleep. He was not even in bed. He was wearing an old flannel bathrobe and he had a pen in his hand.

"Couldn't go to bed. You had my only pillow stuffed inside your coat," he said cheerfully. "So I was writing something. How did it go, son?"

"I didn't get away with it," Jeff said, and grinned. "The kids discovered me."

"I'll bet they didn't notice anything."

"No, they didn't care," Jeff said. "They—they were glad to see me. Here, I brought back your suit. And I'd like to take the box I left with you. It's a fur coat for my wife, and believe me, she gets it! And that fifty dollars is yours. Renting that Santa Claus suit from you was the best deal I've ever made."

"Glad to hear it," said Santa. "Glad to get my pillow back too. Didn't seem much use going to bed without it."

Jeff laughed. He couldn't help it, he was too happy. "I'm sorry about that," he said. "I didn't realize it was your only one. But I brought you a message from my wife. From all of us, in fact. We'd like you to come to Christmas dinner today."

Santa blinked happily, but he shook his head. "Don't you worry about me," he said. "I'll get a good dinner today at the mission. You see, I haven't the clothes for a party. But thank your lady just the same."

"I'm not talking about food." Jeff said. "You did something for me last night. Give me a chance to pay you back, won't you? Maybe we can only say, 'Thanks, and God bless you,' but I want the kids to know you."

"I won't fool them any, son."

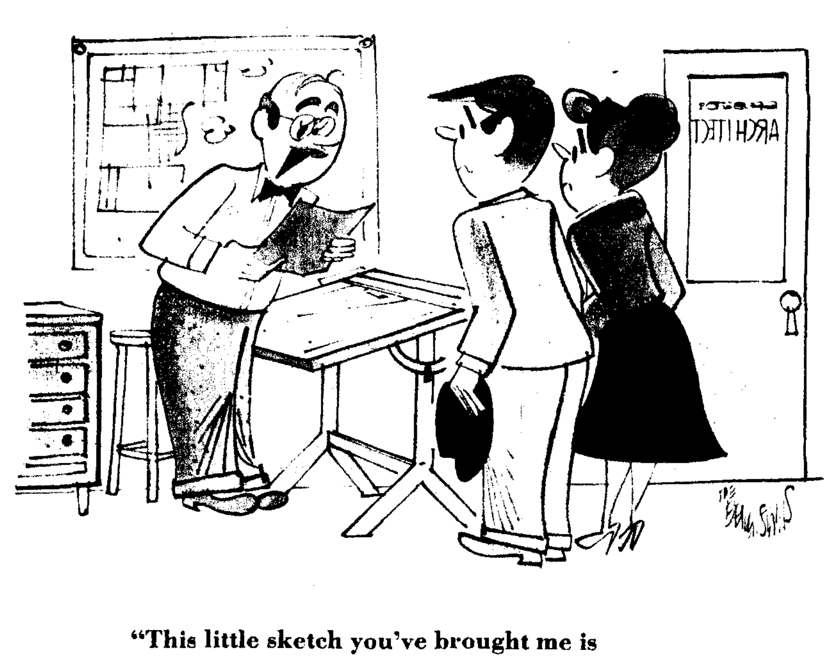
Jeff grinned. "Probably not," he said, "but why not wear this suit of yours and play your pretend game, as you've been doing all along. Pretend you're the real Santa Claus and they'll pretend they're not little imps. How about it?"

That seemed to be what was needed, for Santa's eyes sparkled.

"Well, it sounds fair enough," he agreed. "I like kids and they seem to like me." Then he went to the table and picked up a sheet of paper there and tore it to small pieces.

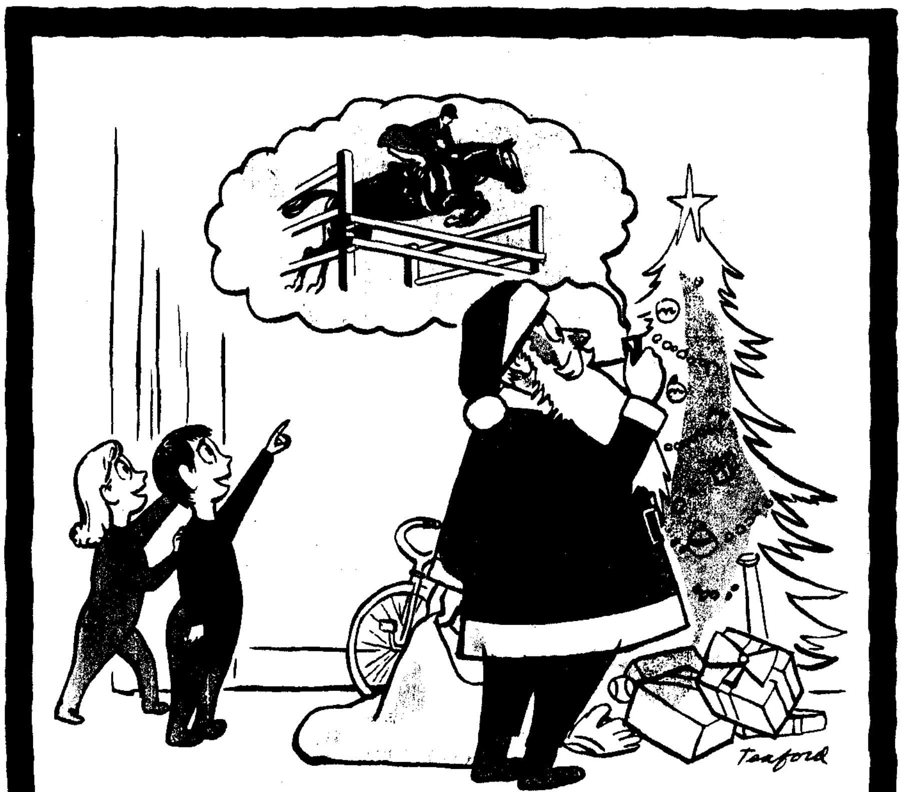
"It was something I meant to put in the pocket of your jacket," he said casually, nodding at Jeff's suit hanging in the corner. "But I see you don't need it. Sure, I'll come. And a Happy Christmas, son."

—MARY ROBERTS RINEHART



"This little sketch you've brought me is very interesting—shows a lot of imagination. Now if we can figure out some way of getting from the master bedroom to the bathroom without going through the garage, we're in business"

COLLIER'S STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN



"Look! Another man switched to Kentucky Club—the thoroughbred of pipe tobaccos."

For Uncle Jim and brother Bill,
For Grandpa, Dad and postman Hill,
For every man that you rate high—
Kentucky Club's the gift to buy.

KENTUCKY CLUB

Look for this Christmas packaged canister at good tobacco counters

KENTUCKY CLUB
FOR PIPE LOVERS
Vacuum packed to keep tobacco fresh

Produced by the makers of famous
MAIL POUCH TOBACCO
Wheeling, West Virginia

JOHN MENDICINO

Skinner Company management throws party for employees in celebration of agreement on a new union contract. President K. G. Merrill (in business suit, right center) talks with union field representative Charles Hull

It's A Happy Factory

A warmly human story of how one Midwest company solved its capital-labor problem

By K. G. MERRILL

OCCASIONALLY at a dinner party I will toss out the casual remark, "You know, our company has completely solved the capital-labor problem." I've never had anyone take me up on it—ask for details—apparently because no one believes me. People set my remark down as a harmless delusion and change the subject.

Yet we at M. B. Skinner Company, in South Bend, Indiana, *do* think we have solved the employer-employee relationship problem—for ourselves, at least. Admittedly we are a comparatively small company with only 100 employees. But I think our experience should be interesting to others.

Before discussing our solution, let me give a little background about our company. We manufacture repair clamps and saddles (heavy special fittings) for steel and cast-iron pipe, selling principally to the gas, water and petroleum industries. The firm was founded in 1898 in Chicago as James McCrea & Company. M. B. Skinner bought it in 1908 and changed the name to its present form in 1911. Like many sound businesses, it got off to a slow start, building slowly and well. Today our line is known all over the world.

Mr. Skinner, having known hardship himself, was always warmhearted and liberal toward his employees. In fact, we believe the M. B. Skinner Company was the first concern in the country to adopt the eight-hour day. It was put into effect 33 years ago, amid dire prophecies by neighboring manufacturers that such pampering and coddling of the workers could lead only to disaster.

In 1928, Mr. Skinner tired of operating on three floors (we used to say jokingly that goods in manufacture spent half the time on elevators) and built a new single-story plant in South Bend, 90 miles east of Chicago. We moved into the new building that fall, and it is rather significant that more than half our men broke lifelong ties in Chicago to come to South Bend with us.

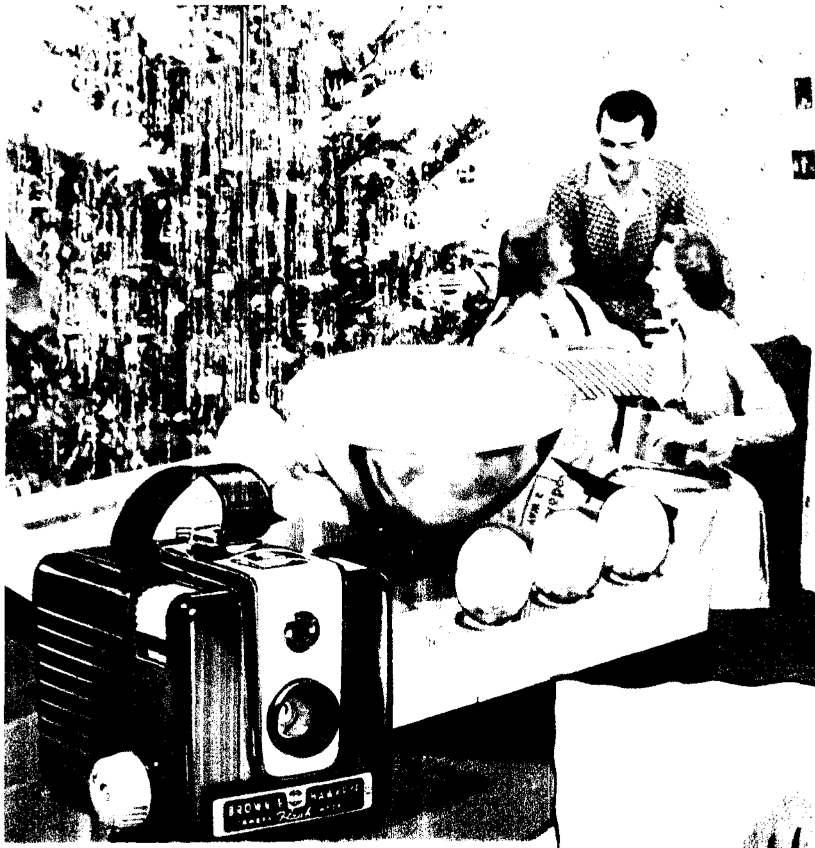
All of us, industrially and personally, gradually took root in the soil of this pleasant community. Growing up with the firm under the benevolent ownership of Mr. Skinner, my brother Patterson Merrill, now our vice-president for production; Frederick R. McMurray, now vice-president for sales; Harvey E. Southard, now treasurer; and the writer, now president, developed a strong sense of the dignity and importance of labor—all the more so because three of us started in the business as factory hands more than 35 years ago.

In 1933 we four younger men bought out Mr. Skinner's interest and took over direction of the business.

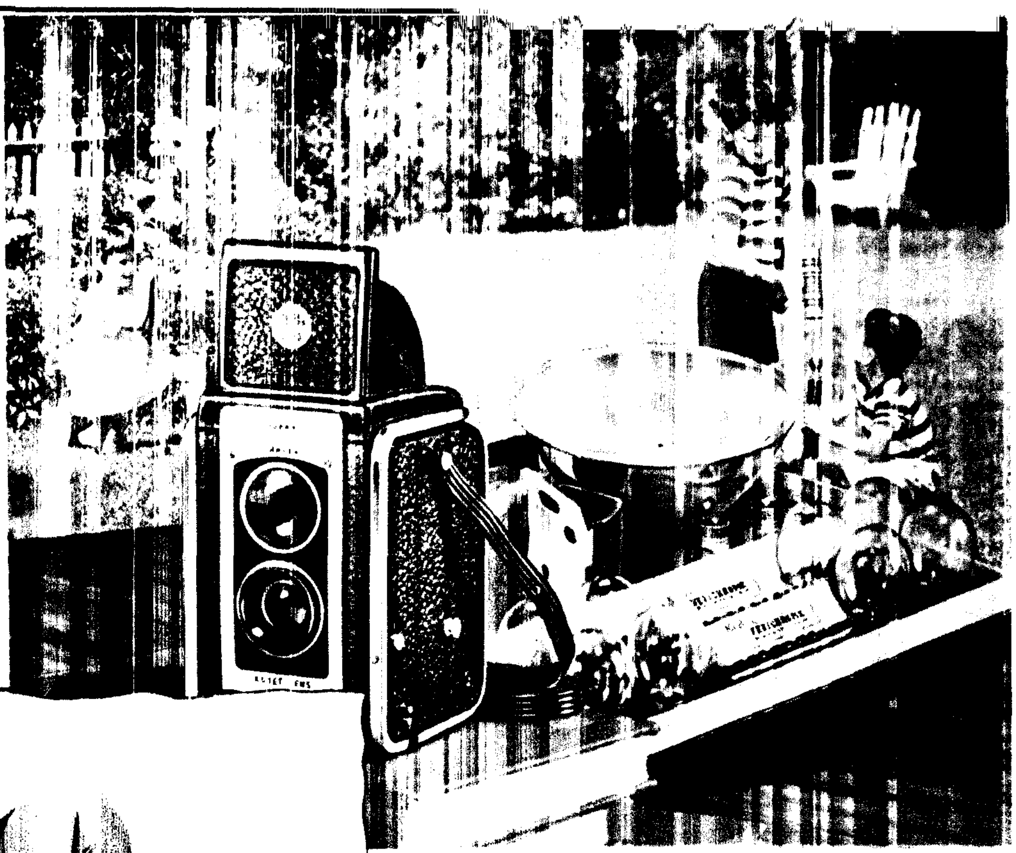
We fell at once into a management pattern that has not altered since. We run the company on a consultation basis. There are no dictators, no layer-downers of the law. The four of us just get together frequently and talk. From these conversations emerge decisions and policies. And at one of these casual meetings, in the spring of 1934, we decided to put into effect an idea which has had far-reaching and undreamed-of effects.

The idea was a bonus plan.

Actually the idea first had been suggested three years earlier by Mr. Skinner. He had come into the office one morning in 1931 brandishing a newspaper. He slammed it down on his desk and



Snapshots 'round the tree . . . and of all the holiday festivities . . .



Snapshots of the children . . . of graduations and weddings . . .

"I take off my hat to the new Kodak cameras"

says Santa

"they spread happiness all through the year"

Snapshots on your vacation and on your travels . . . or at home on week ends . . .

Movies of Dad's fishing trip . . . the fun that begins Christmas morning never ends.

You buy 1 gift and give the thrill of 3—

1 a black-and-white camera 2 a color camera 3 a flash camera

UPPER LEFT **For snapshots outdoors or in, day or night.** Open the box, load the camera, and you're all set. Outdoors—you just line up your picture in the viewfinder and press the button. Same thing indoors except you slip on a Flasholder, pop in a flash bulb, and shoot. Either way—you get crisp, clear snapshots every time. Includes camera, Flasholder, film, batteries, flash bulbs, booklet. Camera alone, $7.20.

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LOWER LEFT **Gets gorgeous color slides** . . . crisp and brilliant as cameras costing much more. You can project them big and bright—have beautiful color prints made from them. Simplified settings make it easy to use. 20 or 36 exposures per roll. Flasholder extra, $8.25.

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KODAK DUAFLEX FLASH OUTFIT, $21.95

LOWER RIGHT **The budget movie camera** that makes 8mm. movies as easy as snapshots. You load it like a snapshot camera . . . aim and shoot it like a snapshot camera. Only difference, you're making movies! Gets them in full color or black and white . . . with an inexpensive flood lamp or two, *indoors* as well as out!

BROWNIE MOVIE CAMERA, only $39.75

With faster lens, $49.50

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Kodak
TRADE-MARK

How about the labor turnover at the Skinner plant? There's hardly any

pointed to a headline: CORPORATION PAYS SIXTH DIVIDEND. Turning to us younger men, he said: "Capital is entitled to a reasonable return. But when it exceeds that, the funds are coming out of the hides of the men who do the work. I want you boys to remember after I'm gone that when you make any extra money, it should go back to the men on the job."

Well, on this particular day in 1934 we were discussing the fact that profits, so far for the year, had been quite satisfactory. What, asked our treasurer, should we do with them? In those relatively tax-free days, money could always be added to the reserve fund or paid out in extra dividends. There was a moment of silence. Then our vice-president for production spoke up. "Do you remember," he asked, "the day Mr. Skinner said he didn't think invested capital rated more than a reasonable return? We have a fair reserve right now. Why not give the profits back to the men as he suggested—to the fellows who did the work?"

"On what basis?" he was asked.

"Well," he replied, "when you come right down to it, all differences in seniority and ability are taken care of in the wage rate. Why not pay a straight 5 per cent bonus on last year's wages? After all, we started as factory hands; we know what it will mean to the boys."

Like other businessmen, we had read many articles on the theory of profit sharing. Some old concerns were making progress in that direction, but invariably the profit sharing was set up under an extremely complex formula, tied in with some philanthropic idea or with insurance, pensions or stock purchasing.

Our idea was different. It was startlingly simple. All we had to do was to get a memo from the timekeeper as to the money each man in the organization had drawn in the previous calendar year, figure 5 per cent of that—and we had the amount of the bonus to be paid each man. Instead of a whole department working for weeks to calculate the sums involved, our accounting department could make out the checks in a couple of hours with little interruption of routine.

Breaking the News to the Boys

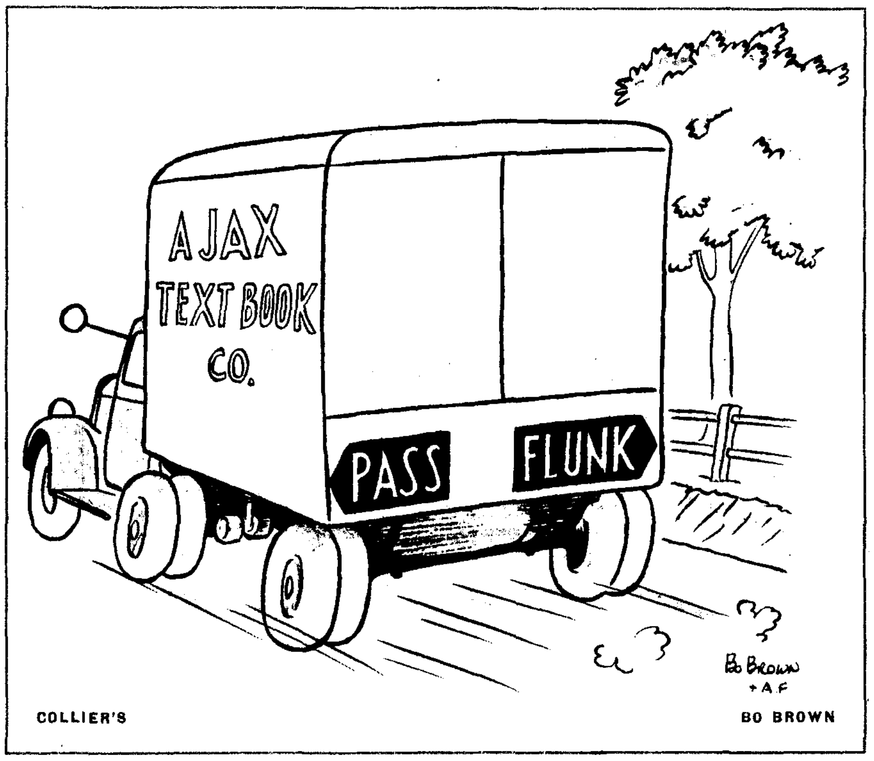
We talked over the plan for a while, then looked at one another and said: "Let's do it!" And we did. Just before the luncheon period that same day, the giant buzzer in the plant summoned our employees to the shipping room. There they heard a short talk which went something like this:

"You men have worked so efficiently this year that we have made more money than our year-end forecast predicted. You're going to be interested—perhaps a little surprised, as no one to our knowledge has ever done it before—when you learn what we're going to do with this extra money. We're going to give it back to you men who did the work . . . It is with great pleasure that the management announces the distribution of a general bonus of 5 per cent on your whole last year's wage, from sweeper to president, payable right now! Come and get it!"

Wages were a lot lower 20 years ago than they are now, but even then 5 per cent of a year's wage made a respectable check. We in management still remember the joyous looks on the men's faces when they saw the totals and really grasped what had happened.

There were smiles on the workers' faces for weeks afterward, too. Many of them stopped one or another of us to confide what they had done with their checks. Some had realized minor ambitions like buying a new radio, others had paid off debts resulting from sickness in the family, this one had his car painted, that one had finally bought a long-wanted sofa.

A few months later, year-end rolled around and our annual statement was delivered by the auditors—to be considered as usual at one of our informal meetings. As we studied the report, one figure stood out like a neon sign—the year's profit. In spite of giving our men their first bonus, our profit on the year's business had risen!



COLLIER'S BO BROWN

Could the auditor have made a mistake perhaps? We checked and double-checked. The figure was correct. Suddenly the answer flashed into the mind of each man almost simultaneously: "Why, it's on account of that bonus we paid!"

The average workman, if he has no personal incentive, no knowledge that increased production on his part will result in increased earnings for himself, may be halfhearted in his work. Nearly any man who doesn't feel he is, in a sense, in business for himself, who knows there is an impenetrable ceiling on his earning power, is likely to indulge in a surprising amount of aimless doodling and purposeless stalling.

Obviously the bonus we paid had given our boys a breath-taking vista. They began thinking: If I quit the monkey business entirely and really make knots, maybe there'll be another bonus—maybe a bigger one! So they buckled down to work—and there was another and bigger bonus. In March of 1935, we gave everyone 10 per cent of his previous year's wages.

As 1935 wore on, we began to look forward with more than a little excitement to the company's year-end statement. When it did arrive, we could hardly believe our eyes. Despite the 10 per cent bonus, our net profit again had increased.

By this time, word of our bonus plan had got around town, and various manufacturer friends of ours warned us that we were in for terrible trouble if we continued our mad course. "Just wait until you have a bad year," they said. "You've completely spoiled your employees. When the time comes that you can't pay a bonus, they'll turn on you like a pack of wolves and you'll really be in for it!"

But we kept on paying bonuses. In 1936. In 1937. Then in 1938 the test came. Few businessmen will forget the small-scale panic that hit this country when it became clear Hitler would not limit himself to rabble-rousing oratory much longer.

As the months dragged on and no bonus was forthcoming, did the men turn suspicious, cynical, lose faith in their company? No. Because they knew what was going on. With candor, bluntly, openly, quoting figures, we explained to them the exact situation. They understood, and grimly set to work to offset the national trend by an even higher production level.

Their efforts taught us a lesson. From that day to this, we have continued to tell our workers at intervals just how our business is going. Why shouldn't a workman know what's cooking? Sales, profits, inventories, new products, new machinery, new processes, even current bank commitments. Certainly a mind filled with accurate knowledge has no room for the distortions, the lies and the venomous gossip which ignorance can foster.

Our sales, like almost everyone else's, declined in 1938, but we finally managed to distribute a 5 per cent bonus. In 1939, we increased the bonus to 8 per cent of the workers' previous year's earnings. In 1940, war orders began to come in and we upped the bonus to 17½ per cent. Even though we took on more men, we paid 30 per cent in 1941, 20 per cent in 1943 and 20 per cent in 1945—to mention some of the high spots.

After the armistice, our profit sharing naturally was hobbled by price ceilings and rising labor costs. But we managed to pay out 14 per cent in 1950 and again in 1951. Last year marked the maximum squeeze between rising costs and price ceilings, but we paid 10 per cent to the boys.

Today we see many signs of a return to stability in business operations, and we feel the outlook for the future—both for the company itself and for the swell guys we have working for us—is better than it has been in a decade.

A By-Product of the Bonus

Looking back over the years the bonus plan has been operating, we feel that some of its by-products have been just as salutary as its effect on production figures and worker morale. For example, it doesn't take much imagination to see that the paying of bonuses would make for smoother relations with a union. When a concern has a long history of distributing its profits, above a reasonable dividend, among the men who do the work, it doesn't have to prove that its intentions are honorable.

Every two years for the last 10 years we have negotiated a new contract with Local 278, United Construction Workers, District 50 United Mine Workers of America. Our wage rates conform to union scale for the area. Meeting in an atmosphere as pleasant as that of a civic committee session, our shop stewards, the union representative and management have a series of mutually enlightening conversations about labor matters that have come up since the last contract was negotiated. There is respect, consideration and courtesy on the part of everyone present.

After a week or two of talks, we reach agreement and sign a new contract. In celebration, we always shut down the whole plant an hour or two early and throw a big party.

Mention of a party reminds me of another traditional and delightful get-together at the Skinner company that began back in August, 1935. With the temperature hovering around 100 degrees, we four executives went out to lunch as usual that day, little realizing that near disaster was about to strike the plant. All we noticed as we got into our cars was that a strong wind from the west was sending great clouds of dust rolling up from the muck farms bordering our industrial area.

At 12:15 P.M., fire broke out in a plant to the windward of ours, and within minutes, sparks and big pieces of flaming roofing and timber began to fall on our roof. Instantly recognizing the acute danger (the wind had risen to nearly 60 miles an hour), the men in our plant spontaneously rigged several hose lines, detailed others to grab every available fire extinguisher and started patrolling our roof. Whenever a sizzling torch fell on the roof, it was instantly extinguished.

For an hour and a half the men stuck to their posts. It wasn't fun. The heavy smoke, coupled with the dust storm, limited visibility at times to a few feet. But the men stuck it out and saved the plant.

When we returned from lunch and saw this brave band of men, black as tar paper, we decided to take emergency measures of our own. We sent across the street for a Gargantuan load of beer and joined the workers in putting it to good use the rest of the afternoon. It was a very pleasant way to cool off.

Early the next summer, on another extremely hot day, one of our men quite innocently remarked, "This is about as hot as it was the day we had the fire."

"Doggone if it isn't," we said. "Let's knock off at two o'clock and have some beer." And we did.

Since then, whenever the thermometer threatens 100 degrees during the summer, we knock off at 2:00 P.M. and bring in a load of beer for the boys.

Only one event we enjoy more: the big Christmas party every year. It's a dress-up affair, "with wives." And it is given *by the shop,* with the management as guests.

We are often asked what our labor turnover is. To all intents and purposes, we haven't any. Of course, during the World War II boom days, our ranks were swollen by temporary employees who clearly understood that they would be sent on their way again after all war contracts had been completed.

But the regular employees—the Skinner gang, as they call themselves—seldom change. Of course, occasionally a man dies; once in a while an old fellow decides he wants a rest and retires; there have been cases of chronic and disabling illness forcing a man to quit. But in the ordinary meaning of the word, we have no turnover. Quite a number of men have been with us 30 years or more, and many more have passed the quarter-century mark.

When a man does leave us, we violate a widely respected business tradition in choosing his successor. We don't believe in the saying, "Never hire a relation." In fact, we rather favor hiring relations. We have a lot of second-generation employees who as children grew up in a household where the father felt secure, respected and valued in his job at "Skinner's." We don't have to tell a lad from such a family that he's going to get a fair shake here. He has known it for years.

Close Calls in 1932 and 1938

Layoffs? In the commonly accepted meaning of the word, we've never had one. We've always held the deep conviction that the privilege of business ownership carries with it an unequivocal responsibility for the welfare of the men. While we realize that other manufacturers face entirely different problems, we are still inclined to believe that many if not most general layoffs are the result of bad planning. At least, we haven't had a single general layoff in the company's more than half-century history. However, we've had two close calls.

During the bank-closing days of 1932, we assigned the men to move piles of castings, sweep under them and shove the iron back, just to keep them on the payroll. Then, in the petty depression of 1938, our financial intake fell below outgo. On both occasions, we dropped temporarily to a 30-hour work week to cut our losses—and took it on the chin. But we had the satisfaction of knowing that not one Skinner man ever had to apply for unemployment relief or, before the days of that agency, throw himself on the mercy of the county authorities.

Another by-product of our profit-sharing plan rather surprised us. As soon as the plan had been established long enough for the men to know it was permanent, they started disciplining themselves. Say there were three men working side by side at a bench, and the one in the middle wasn't carrying his share of the load. It wouldn't be long before one of the other boys would turn and say, "Look, Joe, if you're not feeling well, why don't you go home? If you're okay, start hitting the ball, boy, because around here every time you hit a casting, it means another penny in your pocket!" As time went by, our foremen became more consultants than anything else.

They Don't Retire at Sixty-Five

Another point on which we differ sharply from most companies is compulsory retirement. Of all the legends that have grown up in American industry, we feel none is as nonsensical, as utterly unsupported by fact, as the common belief that a workman has outlived his usefulness at sixty-five and should be laid off.

We have a number of so-called overage employees and they are wonderful guys. One, a magnificent old fellow of seventy-six, in his younger days was reputed to be the best blacksmith in Saint Joseph County. He still hits the truest blow with a hammer of any man in this shop.

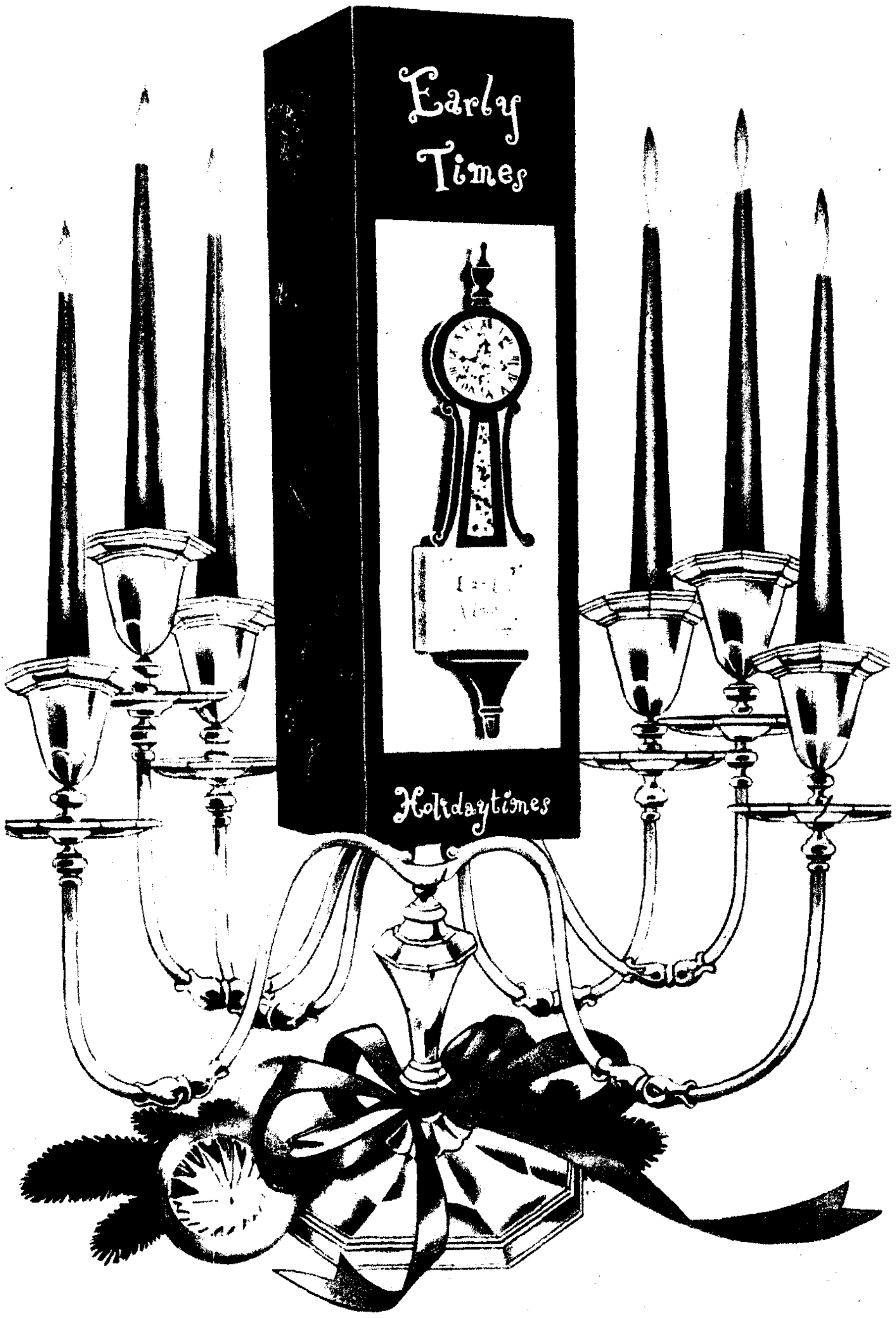
Winter or summer, he's at his bench at the stroke of seven, sleeves rolled up, ready to give us a day's work. He knows that as long as he can turn out the work, his job is secure and no nonsense about it. He puffs his pipe in great peace of soul.

How about handicapped workers? Well, we've got quite a few of them and they're hired on an absolute par with able-bodied men. We feel that if the job is suited to the man, his productivity is just as good as the next worker's. Take a man with one leg. He wouldn't be very good standing in front of a press, but find him a comfortable place at a bench and he's just as efficient (and happy) as any other employee. An ex-polio patient doesn't walk very well, but find him a job where his powerful arms come into play and he won't feel inferior to anyone. Handicapped people in our plant find no reminder of their disability in their pay checks, either—they draw full scale.

Such, then, is the Skinner story. Not once in the last 19 years have we four of the management considered changing our formula. Complete employee co-operation has enabled us to price our products attractively and, with the introduction of many new items, our annual sales volume today is eight times what it was when we took over the factory.

It takes people's breath away when we tell them that the hundreds of thousands of dollars we have paid out in bonuses hasn't cost us one penny.

To put it another way, the money we have distributed would not have been there if we had not established our bonus pattern. The money has come from increased productive efficiency—a noble gift fashioned from good will. We have received it humbly and distributed it faithfully for the common weal. ▲▲▲



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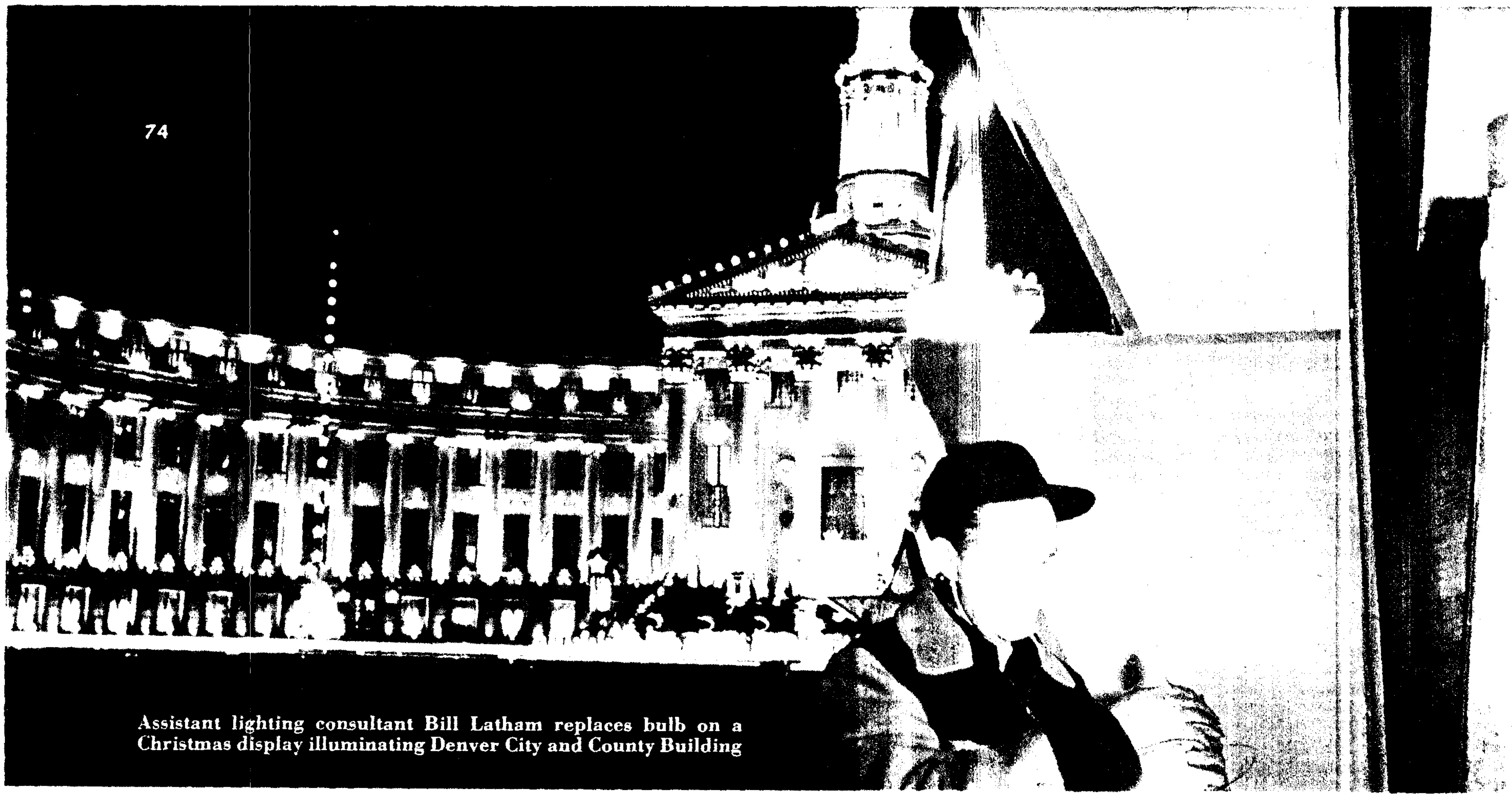


Assistant lighting consultant Bill Latham replaces bulb on a Christmas display illuminating Denver City and County Building

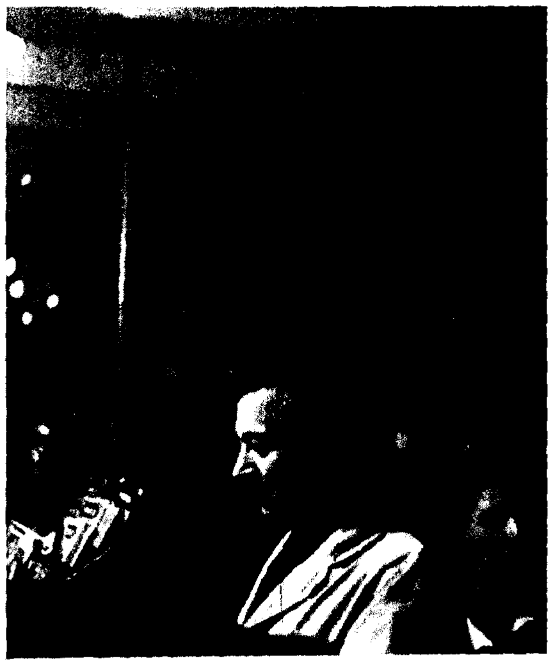
Movie cashier: Theaters and other places of amusement stay open. Diana Muirhead sells tickets at downtown Denver Fox Theater

Santa Claus: There's joy for young patient at Denver Children's Hospital when costumed Melvin Schlesinger pays Christmas Day visit

Waitress: Ruth Eaton awaits rare customer, consoles herself with the knowledge she gets next three days off for working on Christmas

Elderly newsboy: There are headlines even on Christmas. At 4:00 A.M. Bill Devlin starts hawking his papers at downtown corner

Shopkeeper: George Michals operates a combination restaurant-department store at the Loop, a bus transfer point. He never closes



Bus supervisor: On job at the Loop, Mert Kehoe sees that busses run on time. Done at three, he rushes off for dinner with his family

COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA

They Work on Christmas

While most of us can take our ease on the most joyous holiday of the year, other thousands must go to their jobs just as on other days. In many cases, their efforts help make it a Merry Christmas for the rest of us. Here is the working side of Christmas in Denver, Colorado. It could be any city, any year

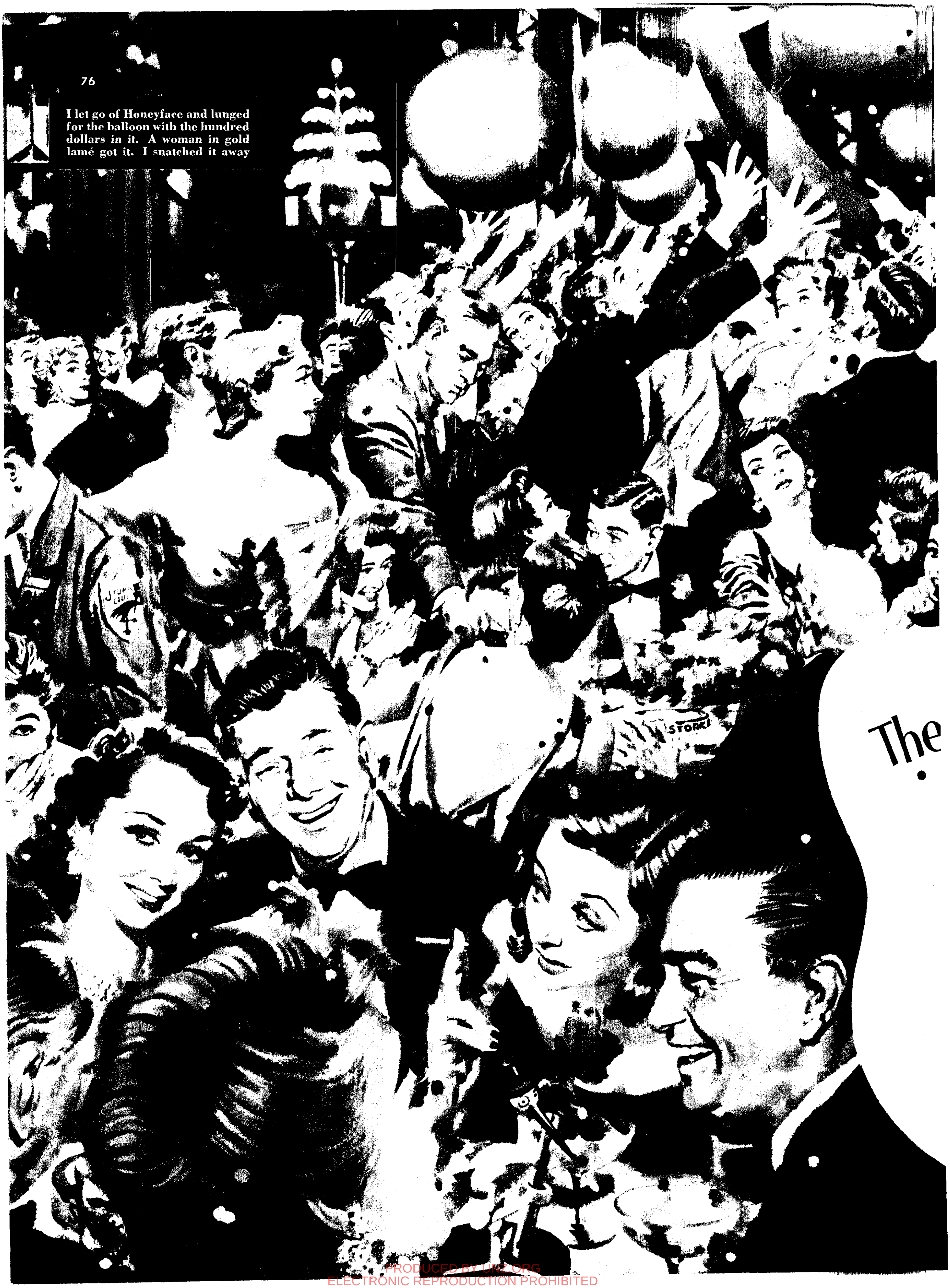
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ARTHUR LAVINE, ROLAND PATTERSON & PAT COFFEY

Firemen: Fire truck from Engine Company Six rushes to an industrial fire. Holidays are dangerous because there's often no one in a plant to turn alarm in early

Television actors: Doug Taylor (l.) chats with disc jockey Ray Perkins as they appear in a special TV Christmas show. On program, many of the station's stars got together for coffee and cake, to sing carols and wish viewers a good holiday

Nurse: Facing world for first time, a Christmas-born boy is cared for by a nurse at Denver General Hospital. There's no change in work routine for hospital staff

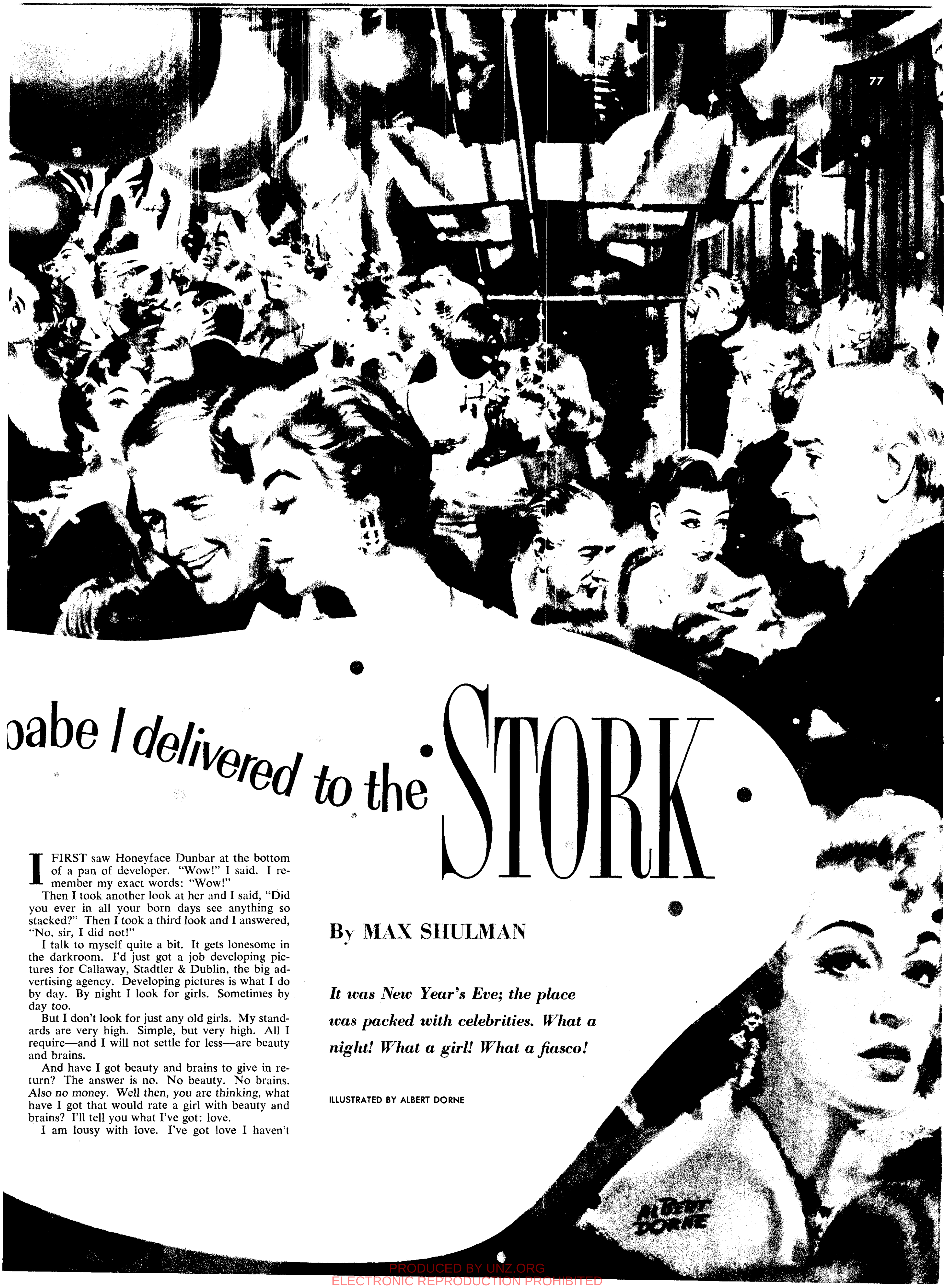
Railroad porter: People must travel on holidays, too, but the great crowds and daily excitement are missing on Christmas day. Porter Vave Dunevitz pauses for a moment to survey the now unnaturally quiet station where he's worked for 29 years



I let go of Honeyface and lunged for the balloon with the hundred dollars in it. A woman in gold lamé got it. I snatched it away

STORK CLUB
STORK

The



babe I delivered to the STORK

By MAX SHULMAN

It was New Year's Eve; the place was packed with celebrities. What a night! What a girl! What a fiasco!

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT DORNE

I FIRST saw Honeyface Dunbar at the bottom of a pan of developer. "Wow!" I said. I remember my exact words: "Wow!"

Then I took another look at her and I said, "Did you ever in all your born days see anything so stacked?" Then I took a third look and I answered, "No, sir, I did not!"

I talk to myself quite a bit. It gets lonesome in the darkroom. I'd just got a job developing pictures for Callaway, Stadtler & Dublin, the big advertising agency. Developing pictures is what I do by day. By night I look for girls. Sometimes by day too.

But I don't look for just any old girls. My standards are very high. Simple, but very high. All I require—and I will not settle for less—are beauty and brains.

And have I got beauty and brains to give in return? The answer is no. No beauty. No brains. Also no money. Well then, you are *thinking*, what have I got that would rate a girl with beauty and brains? I'll tell you what I've got: love.

I am lousy with love. I've got love I haven't even used yet. I've got a bottomless heart. I've got arms that will hug till the sinews unravel, lips that will kiss till they droop with fatigue. Ardor that never dies, passion that never wanes—that's what the girl gets who gets me. Beauty and brains seem little enough to ask in exchange.

"Wow!" I said again when I saw the developed picture of Honeyface Dunbar in my pan of hypo. Honeyface is a model at the agency. Her face is good enough for the Fairy-Lace Powder ads, and her hands are good enough for the Fleur-de-Lis Glove ads and her feet are good enough for the Smartstep Shoe ads, and the rest of her is good enough for the Sea Queen Swimsuit ads, which is what she was wearing when I first saw her picture.

"Wow!" I said, and ignoring a strict agency rule about darkroom employees fraternizing with the models, I whipped off my rubber gloves and ran into the studio looking for Honeyface. There she lay under a beach umbrella—languid and smiling in her Sea Queen Swimsuit. I flung myself under the beach umbrella and lifted her faultless hand to my lips. "Honeyface," I whispered into her palm, "Honeyface, Honeyface, Honeyface!"

Well, I can't say that anybody in the studio was pleased. Honeyface cast me a look of wild distrust, the photographer yelled angrily, and Hayes Fingerhut came running over as though he were going to kill me. Hayes Fingerhut is the account executive in charge of Sea Queen Swimsuits. He is a handsome bachelor of thirty, a member of one of New York's oldest families, a Phi Beta Kappa from Harvard and the fastest-rising figure in the advertising business. He's a jerk.

"Hey, take your lower-middle-class hands off that girl!" cried Hayes Fingerhut, fixing me with a hot glare.

"Down, boy," I told him, glaring right back. "If Honeyface wants me to take my hands off, let her tell me."

"Honeyface, tell him," said Hayes Fingerhut.

"What's the matter with you?" said Honeyface to me. "You nuts or something?"

"Yes, nuts," I answered. "Nuts for you, my darling."

YOU may have noticed that my technique is a little headlong. But I can't help it. I am so stuffed with love that I can't keep it from showing. And, mind you, at this point I hadn't yet made up my mind about Honeyface. I still had to find out whether or not she had a brain. This was, you might say, just interim love-making.

"Yes, nuts," I said again to Honeyface. "Crazy, demented with love for you!" I kissed her hand eight or ten times.

"Here!" said Hayes Fingerhut crossly. "You quit kissing my girl."

"*Your* girl?" I said, examining Honeyface's hand. "So where's the ring?"

"Good question," said Honeyface.

"We are not formally engaged," said Hayes Fingerhut.

"Well, then—" said I.

"But we have an understanding," said Hayes Fingerhut.

"My understanding is that you're going to give me a ring," said Honeyface.

"Please," said Hayes Fingerhut, giving her a cool, dignified look. "We will discuss private matters privately. Come, my dear."

She didn't stir. "What's your name?" she asked, smiling at me.

"William Stacy," I said. "Just call me Bob."

"Hello, Bob," she said, smiling some more.

"Hello, Honeyface," I said. "You're beautiful. What are you doing for dinner tonight?"

"Here!" said Hayes Fingerhut. "Here now!"

"Why don't you call me and find out?" said Honeyface. "I'm in the telephone book."

"I'll do that," I said. Sure enough I did. Right after work I ran home and put on my good suit and phoned her.

"I'm so sorry, Bob," she said. "I can't make it tonight. I've developed a sudden cold."

"Too bad," I said, not believing her for one minute. I saw right away what the score was. She had never intended to go out with me; she had only used me to make Hayes Fingerhut jealous.

But if you think this made me sore, you couldn't be more wrong. I was delirious with joy—because Honeyface, with her lies and conniving, had just proved that she fulfilled my second requirement: she was a girl with a brain.

A Machiavellian mind in a Marilyn Monroe body—and someday, I thought gleefully, she would be mine! She'd never get Hayes Fingerhut, no matter how cleverly she played her cards. Hayes Fingerhut was a member of a fine old family. Honeyface, well stacked as she was, was still a working girl. Members of fine old families are often enamored of well-stacked working girls, but when it comes to marriage, they always choose members of other fine old families.

But just the same, Honeyface would keep trying, using every weapon at her command—including me. And I intended to play along. I'd let her make dates with me in front of Hayes Fingerhut and then break them when he took the bait. I'd just keep smiling and coming back for more.

Because someday Honeyface would *not* break a date with me. Some fine day she'd look at me across a table and see the love oozing out of my every pore, and all at once she'd cry, "Oh, I have been a fool, a fool, an utter fool! Why have I been chasing that jerk Hayes Fingerhut when all the time you were mine for just the asking?" Then I would give her a funny little crooked smile and take her hand and we would be too filled with joy, both of us, to speak.

"Take care of your cold, Honeyface," I said innocently into the telephone. "Drink lots of water."

"I will," she said. "Good night."

"Good night," I said, and hung up the receiver and gave a crafty chuckle.

WELL, as I expected, Honeyface made several more dates with me—always when Hayes Fingerhut was listening—and, as I expected, she always found an excuse for breaking them. But I only bided my time; sooner or later I'd win.

Meanwhile, the end of the year was approaching and I kept nursing a hope that I could get a date with Honeyface for New Year's Eve. That's the best possible time to nail down a girl. There's magic in the air that night—gaiety and warmth and a happy sense of new days coming. And when the clock strikes twelve and the band plays Auld Lang Syne and the eyes get misty, then—at that enchanted moment—is the time to lower the boom.

So I kept asking Honeyface to go out with me on New Year's Eve, and she kept telling me that Hayes Fingerhut was taking her to the Stork Club *that night*. But I kept asking.

The last time I asked her was at four o'clock on the afternoon of New Year's Eve. I was walking down the corridor at the agency when suddenly I came upon Honeyface and Hayes Fingerhut in the middle of a red-hot argument. I stepped quickly into a broom closet so I could eavesdrop.

"But why not?" she was saying in angry tones.

"Now, darling," he answered soothingly, "this isn't something we can decide now. This requires discussion."

"What's there to discuss?" she snapped. "Either you want to marry me or you don't."

"Now, darling," he said.

"Listen," she said, suddenly soft and pleading. "Tonight is New Year's Eve. Wouldn't it be wonderful to announce our engagement tonight? At midnight?"

"Now, darling," he said. Dialogue is not his long suit.

"You won't?" she said, sounding mean again.

"Well," he said, trying to pacify her, "it *would* be overplaying it a bit."

"You make me sick," she yelled. "We're through, Hayes Fingerhut! Through, do you hear?" I heard her heels angrily clicking down the hall.

I didn't waste a second. Rubbing my hands together briskly, I followed her. "Hi," I said with a kindly grimace. "How about a date tonight?"

"Go away," she said.

"Aw, come on," I said, giving her a jocose prod with my elbow. "It's New Year's Eve. Let's live!"

"Listen, sonny," she said, "my idea of living is not lapping up beer in some neighborhood bar."

That stung. "It might interest you to know," I said coolly, "that I have a table at the Stork Club tonight."

"Ha!" she said.

"Well, I do," I said. This, of course, was a big lie, and so was a lot of what I said later, but just the same I want you to know that I am not a liar by nature. I lie seldom and only to girls.

"How did you get a reservation at the Stork Club?" asked Honeyface, not believing a word of it.

"Oh, I go there all the time," I assured her. "Sherman Billingsley and I are like *that*." I held up two fingers to show how close I was to the owner of the Stork Club.

She was not convinced. "Let's say you do have a reservation," she said. "Where will you get the money for an evening at the Stork?"

THIS, indeed, was a thorny problem but I dismissed it with an airy laugh. "Why, bless you, girl," I said, "I'm up to *here* in money." I put my finger under my nose to show her how deep I was in money.

"Ha!" she said.

An idea struck me. "Hayes Fingerhut will be at the Stork Club tonight," I said. "Let's show him what a good time you can have without him."

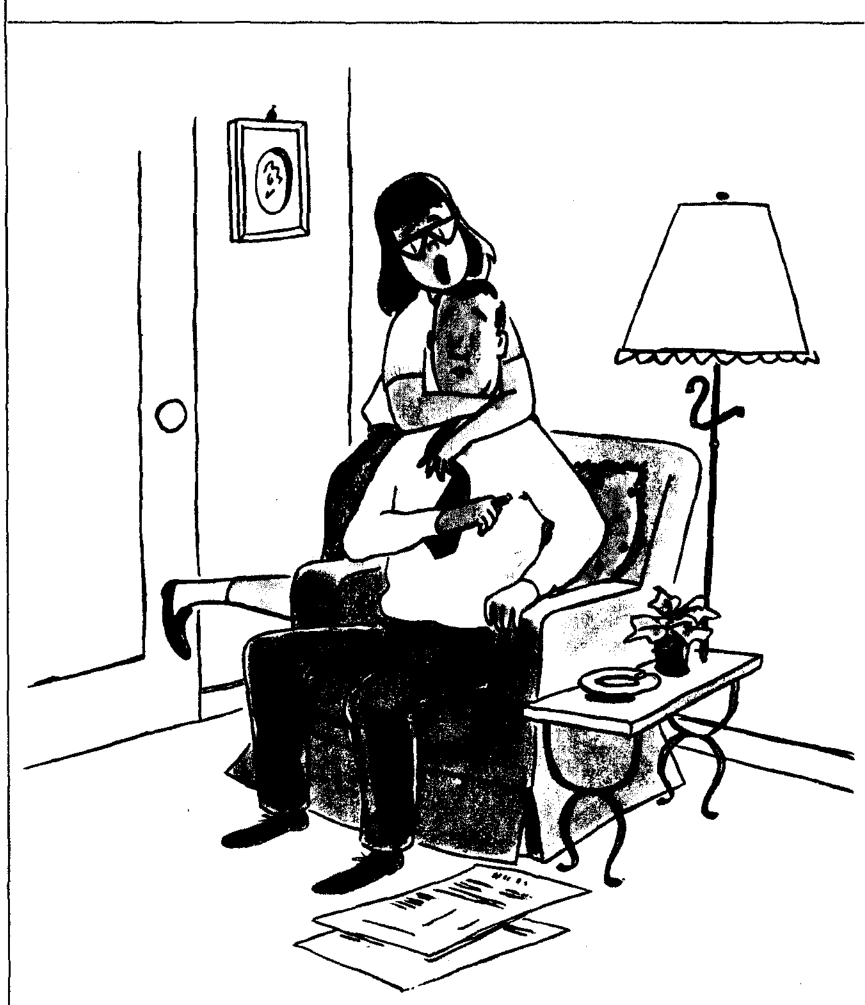
That hit home. "Okay," she said thoughtfully. "Pick me up at nine."

"Ah, *mon amour!*" I cried and floated away in a cloud of joy.

I didn't stay long in the cloud. I was pulled down by a couple of weighty problems—to wit: How was I going to get a table at the Stork, and if I did get one, how was I going to pay for it? I decided to take up one problem at a time. First I'd get a reservation.

I went forthwith down 53d Street and into the Stork Club. A chain of fourteen-carat gold blocked the entrance. Behind the chain, busily check-

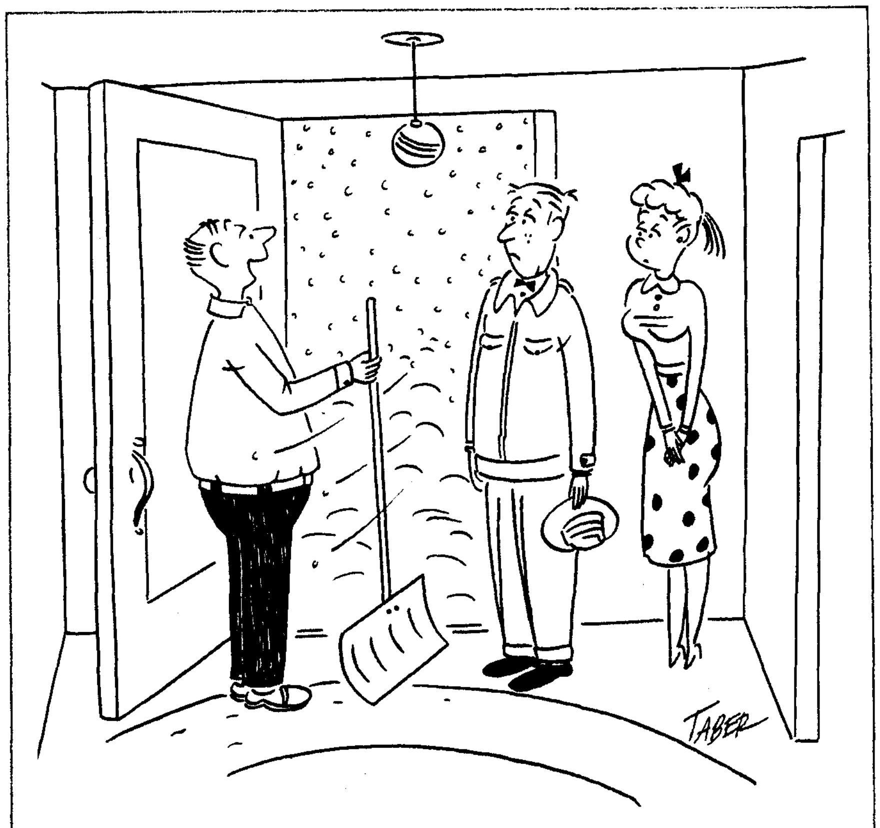
TIZZY



"Daddy, you *have* to raise my allowance. I barely meet expenses, much less keep up with the cost of living!"

COLLIER'S

KATE OSANN



"Good night, young man, and take this along. You may have a little trouble getting down our walk"

COLLIER'S SCOTT TABER

ing a reservation list, stood the manager. Behind him I could see a bustle of activity—people running about with tables and chairs and linens and silver and glasses and bottles—getting the club ready for the evening's festivities.

"Good afternoon," I said, smiling winsomely at the manager. "I'd like a table for tonight—something near the band."

"Sorry, sir," he said with a sympathetic smile, "we have been sold out for weeks."

Sobered but not daunted, I went to the service entrance to see if I could do any better there. I walked into the kitchen where dozens of chefs were cooking like crazy. They paid no attention to me.

Then in a quiet corner I saw a young woman blowing up balloons—just sitting and blowing up all shapes and colors of balloons. She would take a balloon out of a box, blow it up, fasten the end with a rubber band, drop it on the floor beside her, and reach into the box for another one.

I walked toward her. As I came near, a gasp escaped my lips, for even with her cheeks all puffed out she was one of the most beautiful creatures I have ever seen. Her hair was blonde and shining, her eyes were blue and bright, her complexion brought to mind May mornings, her figure brought to mind thoughts less tranquil.

Had I not been attached to Honeyface, I would have proceeded posthaste to make time with this young woman; but attached I was, and so I restricted myself to a pleasant hello.

She nodded.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

She finished a balloon and slipped a rubber band over the end. "I am blowing up balloons," she said.

"May one ask why?"

"Decorations for tonight," she explained. "We hang them on the ceiling over the dance floor. At midnight they're all released, and some lucky guests get the money."

"The what?" I said.

"That's a Stork Club tradition," she said. "Some of the balloons always contain money—some of them even have hundred-dollar bills in them."

A big white light went on in my head. All of a sudden I saw a way to solve my problems. Very casually I said to the girl, "Do you happen to know which balloons will contain the hundred-dollar bills?"

"Sure," she answered. "I'm going to put them in myself."

"My name is William Stacy," I said with a warm smile. "Just call me Bob."

"How do you do?" she said. "I am Bridget Schneider."

"How do you do?" I said. "May I help you blow up some balloons?"

"That's awfully nice of you," said Bridget.

"It's nothing," said I.

I BLEW up some balloons and did a little deep thinking. What I had to do was obvious: endear myself to Bridget Schneider, get her to reserve a table for me, then get her to point out a balloon that would contain a hundred dollars. Then, when midnight came around, the money would drop right into my hands and I'd be able to pay my check.

I went to work on Bridget without delay. "You're real pretty," I said.

"Thanks," she said.

"Is this what you do at the Stork Club—blow up balloons?"

"No, I'm just helping out. My real job is taking pictures. I'm the club photographer."

Well, thought I with a surge of excitement, here was a real stroke of luck! "Now, isn't that a coincidence!" I said to Bridget. "I'm in the photo game myself."

"Really?" she said, looking at me with interest.

"I think it's a wonderful business," said I. "And I think that any girl who makes good at it must be an exceptionally high-type person."

There, thought I, that ought to soften her up. Now I could go ahead and spring the plan that was forming rapidly in my mind. "Yes, sir," I said, "photography is a great career for a girl. I tried to talk my cousin into

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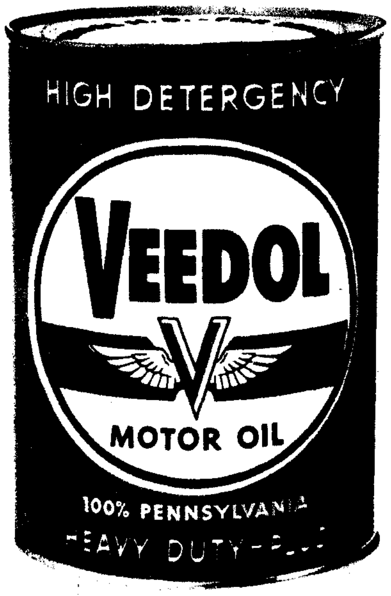


taking it up, but she preferred meteorology."

"Weather forecasting?"

"Yes. She's one of the leading meteorologists in the whole world."

"What an occupation for a woman!"

"Especially a young, pretty woman," I agreed. "But she comes by *it* naturally. She happens to be a descendant of Fahrenheit himself."

"That man who invented the thermometer? No kidding!"

"He was her great-uncle," I said. "Meteorology is in her blood. She'll do very well in Alaska."

"She is in Alaska?"

"She will be tomorrow. The government is flying her up in the morning. She'll be gone three years."

"Oh, my goodness!" cried Bridget. "What a long time to be in Alaska!"

"Especially for a young, pretty girl," I said. "That's why I'm here now."

"What do you mean?"

"When I think of that young, pretty girl up in those trackless wastes for three years, my poor heart breaks. But," I said, shrugging resignedly, "she says it's her duty."

"The dear, brave girl!" said Bridget, blinking back a tear.

"I would like to give her a memory—a warm memory—to cherish through the three cold years ahead," I said, taking Bridget's hand. "And you can help me."

"What can I do?" she asked eagerly.

"You can get me a reservation here tonight," I said. "For what warmer memory can a girl carry with her than a New Year's Eve at the Stork Club?"

"I'll do it," declared Bridget. "Just leave it to me!"

"Thank you," I said. "But there's one more hitch. I won't have enough money to pay my check tonight."

"I'm afraid I can't help you there," she said regretfully. "I'm broke too."

"Oh, I wouldn't dream of taking money from you," I assured her. "But there *is* something— Do you think you could point out a balloon that will contain a hundred-dollar bill?"

"Oh, no!" she said, aghast.

"Well, that's all right," I said with a brave smile. "I suppose my cousin can live in the frozen wastes for three years without any warm memories."

BRIDGET bit her lip. "Just because she's serving her country far beyond the call of duty out on the bleak tundra," I continued, "is no reason you should do anything for her."

"Look for a green balloon," said Bridget. "Sausage-shaped. I'll put an X on it."

"Thank you, my child," I said quietly, and I'll tell you something odd: I didn't feel a bit happy at that moment. It gave me no pleasure to fool Bridget. In fact, it made me downright unhappy to find out she was so easily fooled. Somehow, I think I would have been more pleased if she hadn't believed me.

But this kind of thinking was ridiculous. What did it matter if Bridget didn't have brains to match her beauty? I already had a girl with both. That is to say, I almost had one. And the Stork Club on New Year's Eve would turn the trick.

I told myself all this, and yet as I looked into Bridget's blue, blue eyes, my conscience stirred and I was strangely joyless. . . .

At nine o'clock, when I went to call for Honeyface in my rented tuxedo, my conscience was still acting up. But when, at ten, Honeyface finished dressing and appeared in a froth of ruffles with her creamy shoulders exposed, my conscience twitched a couple of times and keeled over stone-cold dead.

"Wow!" I said, and rushed her to the Stork Club.

My heart leaped with joy as we followed the maître de to our table. How gay, how festive, the club was! How jammed with beautiful women and handsome men—celebrities all, from Broadway and Hollywood and television and publishing and high society. In such a gathering, on such a night, Honeyface would be a pushover.

I proceeded at once to impress her. "Hello, Walt," I said as we passed Mr. Winchell's table. "Hello, Lana," I said as we passed Miss Turner's table. "Hello, Arthur," I said to Mr. Godfrey; "Hello, Morton," to Mr. Downey; "Hello, Dorothy," to Miss Kilgallen; "Hello, Tallu," to Miss Bankhead.

"Your table, sir," said the maître de.

"Ah, thank you," I said. "Hello, Lou," I called to Louis Calhern.

"Would you care to order something now?" asked the maître de.

"Got any French champagne?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," he said.

"Bring a bottle," I said. "How's Sherm?"

"Sherm?" he said.

"Your employer," I said. "Sherman Billingsley."

"Oh, he's fine."

"Tell him I was asking for him," I said. "And be sure the champagne is nice and fresh."

"Yes, sir," the maître de said.

I looked up at the ceiling above the dance floor. There in a net filled with balloons was a sausage-shaped green balloon marked with an X—the one with the hundred dollars. I chuckled to myself.

"Good evening," someone said. It was Bridget. She was wearing the neat Stork Club costume of white blouse and black jumper. A camera was in her hand.

"Hello," I said nervously. "I'd like you to meet my cousin. Miss Dunbar, Miss Schneider."

"Your what?" said Honeyface to me.

"How do you do?" said Bridget with a friendly smile at Honeyface. "I'm so glad you'll have this night to remember when you're up there with the icebergs and blubber and everything."

"Huh?" said Honeyface.

"I think some people over there want their pictures taken," said I to Bridget.

"See you later," said Bridget and left.

"Cousin? Blubber? What's this all about?" said Honeyface.

"Oh, nothing. Hello, Sir Ollie," I said, waving to Sir Laurence Olivier.

"Look!" said Honeyface, gripping my arm. "There's Hayes Fingerhut."

HE WAS coming into the room with a big, bony girl on his arm. "Well, forget him," I told Honeyface. "Let's you and I have fun." I picked up the noisemaker on my table and gave it a few festive rattles.

Honeyface was not cheered. "That girl with him," she said. "That's Esmé McAllister. Very high society."

"Oh, forget about old Hayes Fingerhut," I said jocularly.

"I think Esmé McAllister has a very large head," said Honeyface.

"Honeyface," I said with a trace of annoyance, "you're with me."

"I don't see how she ever got into society with that head," she continued, unheeding.

"Let's have fun," I said. "Here, blow this nice whistle."

Instead, she blew her nose. Then, suddenly, tears came rolling down her cheeks. "Excuse me," she sobbed, and ran pell-mell to the ladies' room.

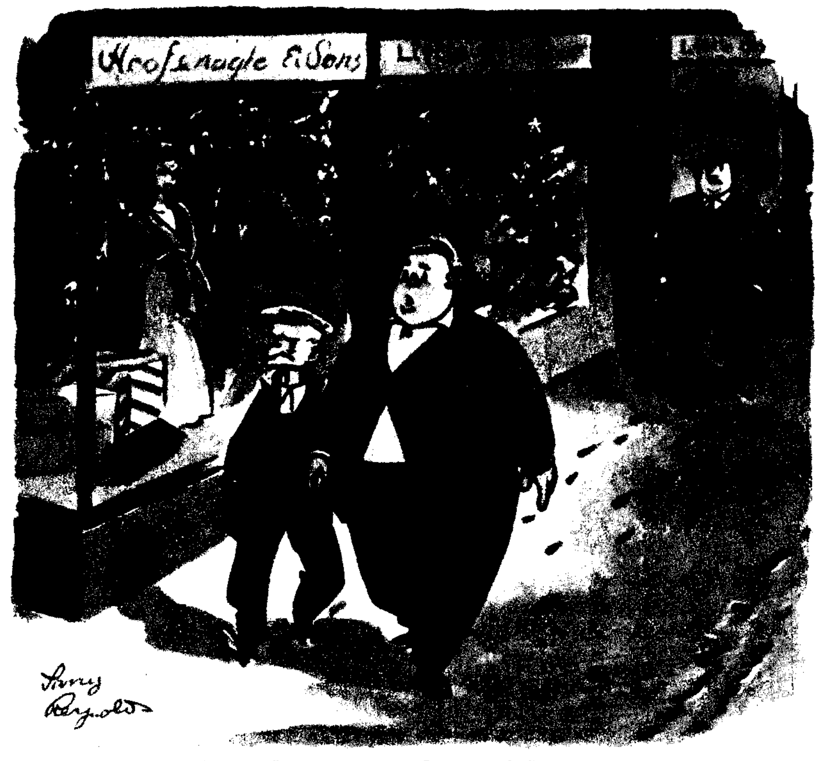
"Bah," I muttered. Unless I could get Honeyface's mind off of Hayes Fingerhut, all my plans were useless.

Bridget came back. "You were mistaken," she said. "Those people didn't want their pictures taken."

"Oh," I said.

"Your cousin is very pretty," she said. "Isn't it wonderful that anyone so young and beautiful should be so devoted to duty?"

BUTCH



"I *hate* last-minute shoppin', but what can I do when I got that cop shadowin' me every night?"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

"Yeah," I said.

"Listen," she said. "I've got an idea. The place is full of celebrities tonight. I'm going to send around champagne with your compliments."

"What?" I said. "Are you mad?"

"For your cousin, of course. Just think how impressed she'll be—all those glamorous people sending personal thanks directly over to your table. What memories for those long arctic nights!"

"Yeah!" I said, suddenly full of excitement. Bridget, in her innocence, had *really* given me a way to impress Honeyface, *really* get her mind off Hayes Fingerhut. "Great idea," I said to Bridget.

Honeyface came back. "Hello," said Bridget. "How will you take baths up there?"

"Up where?" said Honeyface.

"You better get on with that business," I said to Bridget. "You know."

"What's with you and that girl?" asked Honeyface when Bridget had left.

"Ah, here's our champagne," I said with relief as the waiter came over with the silver bucket. He popped the cork and filled our glasses. I raised my glass to Honeyface. "To you," I toasted. "To beautiful you."

"I'll bet there isn't a hat shop in town that can fit her," she said.

"Who?"

"Esmé McAllister. Biggest head I ever saw."

"Bah," I muttered and hoped Bridget would get her scheme working quickly.

A waiter approached the table. "Excuse me, sir," he said. "Miss Turner wants to thank you."

Bridget's plan was in operation.

"Who?" said Honeyface.

"Miss Turner," repeated the waiter, pointing to Lana Turner, who was smiling and waving at me. "She wants to thank you for the bottle of champagne you sent over."

"How come you sent a bottle of champagne to Lana Turner?" Honeyface asked me.

"Oh, Lana and I are old friends," I said lightly.

Another waiter approached. "Excuse me, sir," he said. "Mr. Calhern wants to thank you for the champagne you sent over."

Across the room Louis Calhern was giving me a friendly wave. "Good old Louie," I said to Honeyface.

"Excuse me, sir," said another waiter. "Mr. Douglas wants to thank you for the champagne."

I returned Kirk Douglas' wave. "Crazy old Kirk," I said.

HONEYFACE was watching all this with wide-eyed astonishment. I concealed a smile of triumph: at last I'd got her mind off Hayes Fingerhut.

"This gives me an idea," Honeyface cried. "Waiter, take a bottle of champagne to Hayes Fingerhut—compliments of Honeyface Dunbar."

"Yes, miss," said the waiter, and I all but wept. Nothing was working. My only hope now was midnight—the magic moment, the playing of Auld Lang Syne, the spirit of the New Year. If that didn't do it, I was a goner.

Then, the clock struck twelve. Softly came the strains of Auld Lang Syne. Two by two, the guests rose and went out onto the dance floor. Loving cheek lay against loving cheek, and sweetly, tenderly they danced, enveloped in the magic of the moment. An aura of good fellowship brightened every corner. A smile graced every face—even mine.

I put my cheek against Honeyface's and hugged her tight, as we danced to the cockle-warming strains of Auld Lang Syne. The song ended. Gently I drew her toward me. My lips were an inch from hers, a half inch— The balloons came pelting down.

I let go of Honeyface and lunged for the green sausage-shaped balloon. It popped out of my hands and into the hands of a lady in gold lamé. I snatched it away from her and lost it in turn to a lady in tulle. I grabbed her by the tulle and ripped the balloon from her fingers. A man with a pince-nez got it away from me, but I kicked him in the shins and got it back. Then I took it over in a corner and popped it open. It was empty.

A WAVE of faintness engulfed me, and I toppled against a young lady at my right. It was Bridget. "Ha, ha, big liar," she said.

"What do you mean?" I said.

"Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit," said Bridget. "Born sixteen eighty-six, died seventeen thirty-six."

"Huh?"

"He died in seventeen thirty-six, big liar. How could he be your cousin's great-uncle?"

"So," I said, and my voice seemed to be coming from far away, "you never put the money in the balloon."

"Yes, I did," she replied. "But afterward I got to thinking, and I looked up Fahrenheit in the encyclopedia, and then I took the money out of the balloon and put it in another one."

"Hooray!" The shout came from across the dance floor. It was Hayes Fingerhut, extracting a one-hundred-dollar bill from a red balloon. "This is my lucky night," he cried. He left Esmé McAllister and strode over to Honeyface. He took her hands in his. "This is my lucky night," he repeated, "for I know now that I love you."

"You do?" said Honeyface, no little surprised.

"I do," he declared. "When the band was playing Auld Lang Syne, I looked over at you and all of a sudden I got choked up inside and I knew that I loved you and I wanted to marry you. Will you be my wife?"

"Boy, *will* I?" Honeyface cried, kissing him loudly.

Then a cheer went up—from everyone except Esmé McAllister and me.

All was lost now; the disaster was complete. Honeyface belonged to Hayes Fingerhut, and I ended up with nothing but the check. And what a check! Bridget had tricked me into spending a fortune on champagne. Years of washing Stork Club dishes loomed in front of me.

"Excuse me, big liar," said Bridget, giving me an evil smile. "I must go take a picture of the happy couple."

I looked after her with cold fury as she walked away. It was all her fault—all because of her crafty and devious brain. Behind that gorgeous exterior lay a mind of diabolical cunning—

I stopped. I blinked. Wasn't that what I wanted in a girl—beauty plus brains? And didn't Bridget have both in great abundance?

Love for Bridget began to surge through me, more love than I had ever felt for Honeyface. Because suddenly I realized that Bridget had an ingredient that Honeyface lacked: a heart. She was not only beautiful, not only brilliant, but full of compassion too. Had she not been moved by the story of my cousin in Alaska? Had she not compromised her principles and risked her job just out of sheer goodness of heart? Of course she had. She had put the money in the green balloon as she'd promised. She'd taken the money out *later,* when her giant brain detected the flaw in my story.

I paced the dance floor like a man berserk. I had to make my peace with this paragon, this Bridget, this repository of all virtues. But how? How could I transform her anger into love?

Desperately I thought, and the answer came to me. I went to Sherman Billingsley. "Sir," I said, "my name is Stacy and I can't pay my check."

"Oh?" said Mr. Billingsley, looking at me without excitement. "Weren't you with that girl who just got engaged to Hayes Fingerhut?"

"Yes."

"You brought her here tonight?"

"Yes."

"But she got engaged to Fingerhut?"

"Yes."

Mr. Billingsley rubbed his chin. "Mr. Stacy," he said, "I think you've had enough trouble. Forget the check."

"Oh, no!" I cried. "I couldn't! Thank you, but I absolutely couldn't."

Mr. Billingsley shrugged. "All right then," he said. "Send me the money when you've got it."

"That'll take too long. I want to work it off."

He smiled. "All our dishwashers are automatic," he said.

"I'd like to work it off in your darkroom, developing pictures," I said. "I'm good at it. That's my business."

"Well, all right," he said after some thinking. "I guess we can use some extra help tonight."

"Just one question," I said. "Is there a radio in the darkroom?"

"I believe there is. Why?"

I smiled. "I'll start right away," I said and went up to the darkroom and turned on the radio and put on rubber gloves and a rubber apron.

PRESENTLY, Bridget came in and started taking plates out of her camera. "Hello," I said.

"You!" she cried, squinting at me.

"I'm your new assistant."

"Get out of here, big liar, before I call Mr. Billingsley."

"He hired me."

"Listen, I don't know what's on your mind—"

"You."

"My taste doesn't run to big liars."

"How about ex-big liars?"

"Ha!"

"No, really. It's my New Year's resolution—to be truthful and honest. Also to love you."

"Ha!"

"To love you for your beauty, for your mind, for your great, warm, compassionate, forgiving heart."

"Develop these pictures."

"Yes, Bridget," I said, and took the photographic plates from her and grabbed her hand. She pulled her hand away, but I've had hands pulled away faster. Oh, *much* faster.

I smiled and turned up the radio a bit and dipped the film into the developer. I would win my Bridget. One o'clock was approaching, which meant midnight in Chicago, which meant Auld Lang Syne and all the New Year's magic coming over the radio. And, if that failed, at two o'clock it would be midnight in Denver, and I would try it all over again. And if that failed, there was still San Francisco.

I smiled and hummed a little tune. By Central time, by Mountain time, by Pacific time—if necessary, by Honolulu time—I would win my Bridget for the New Year. —MAX SHULMAN

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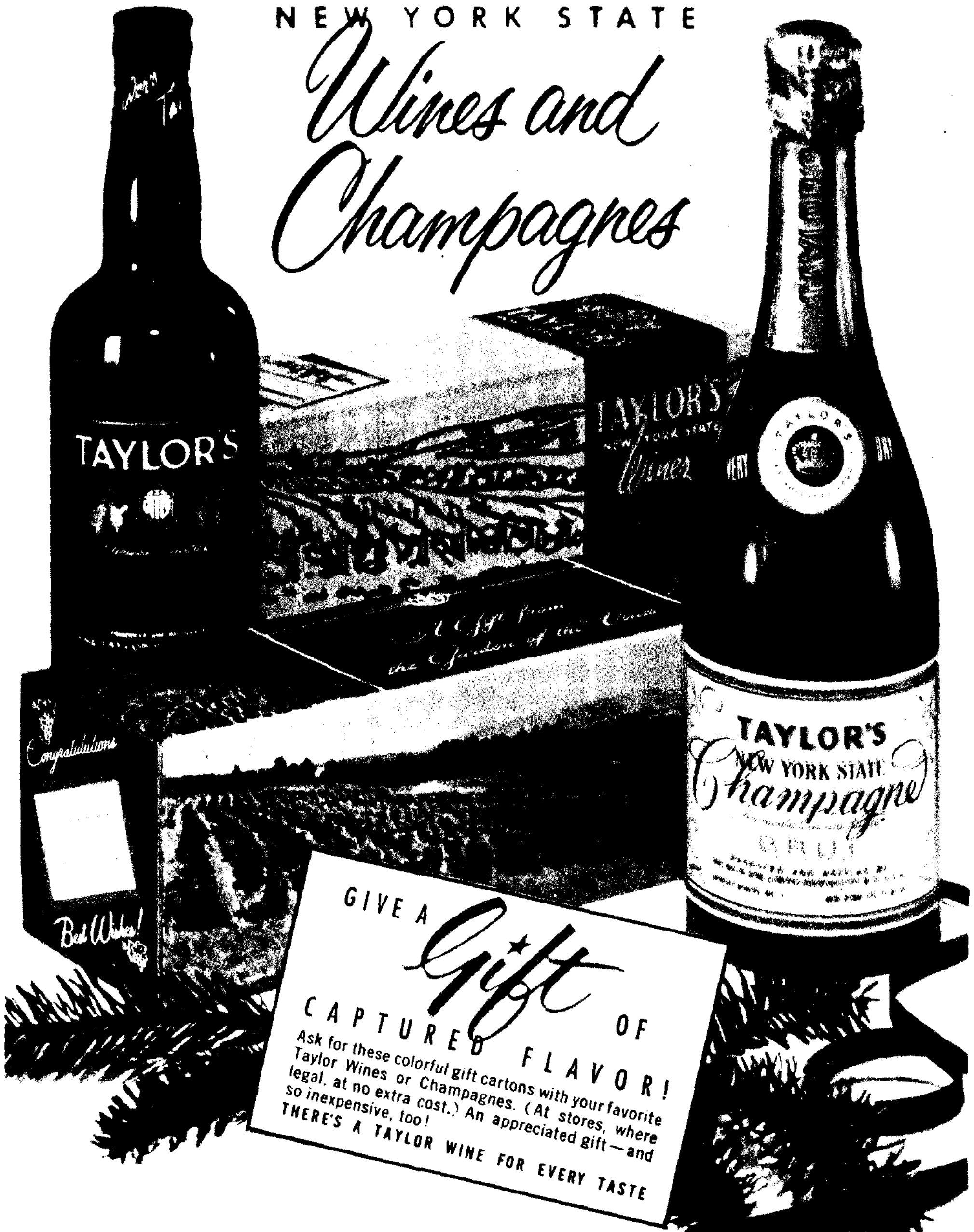
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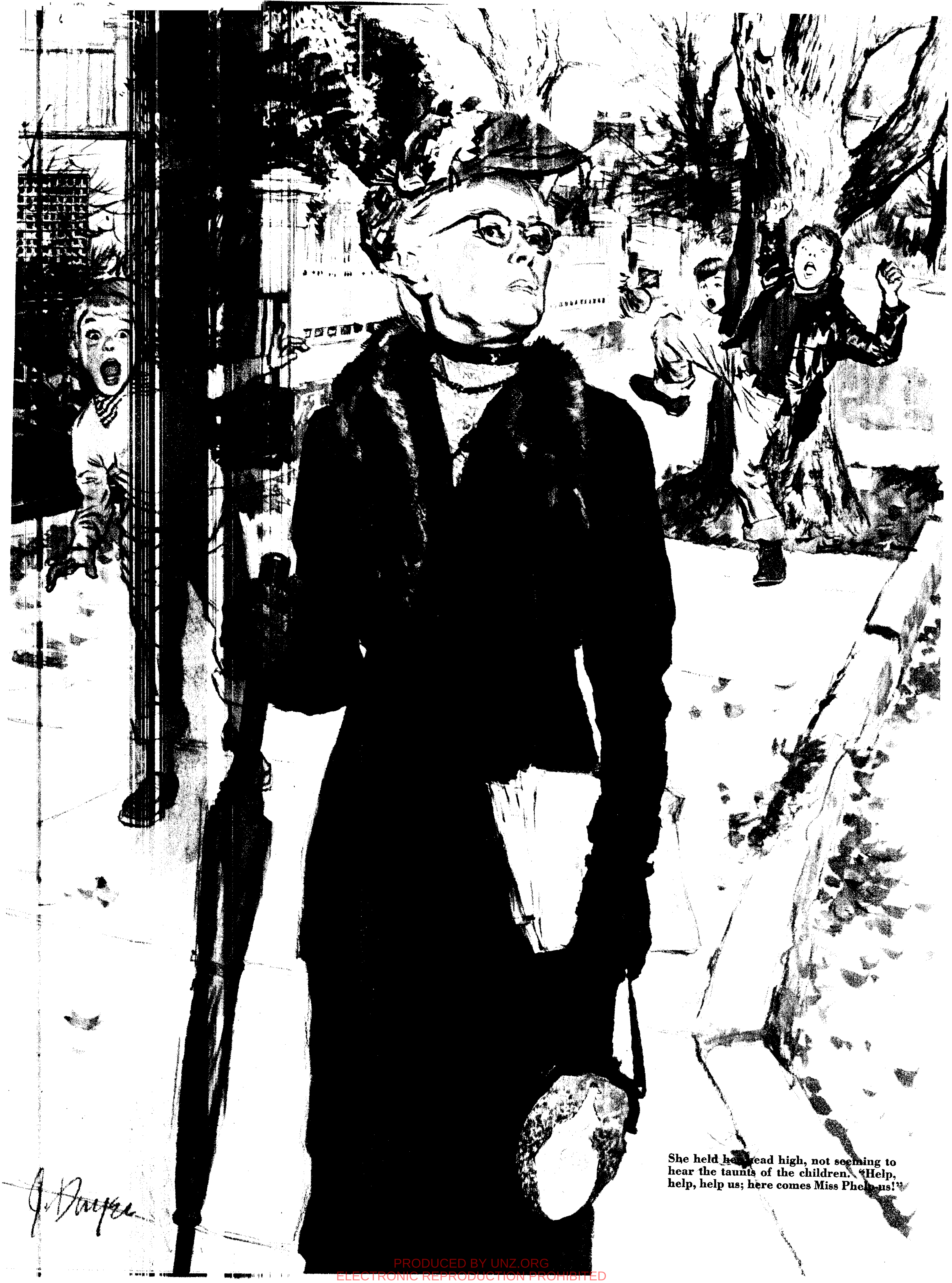
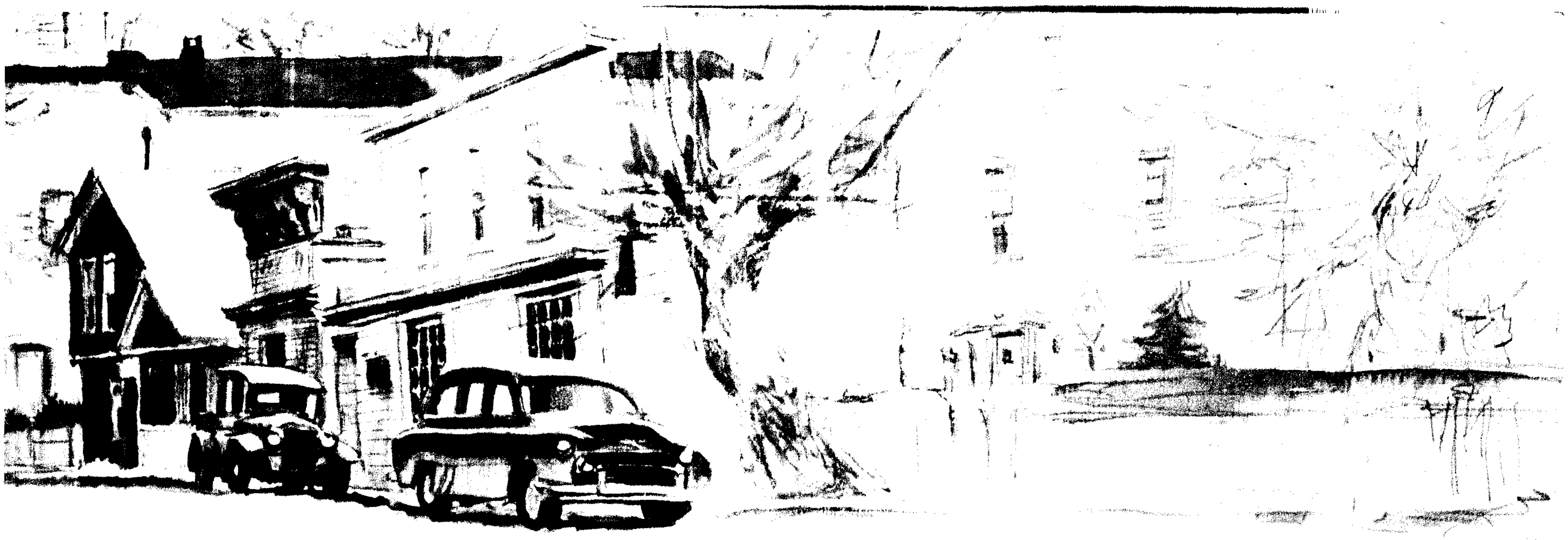
Vermouth	Rhine	Sherry	Burgundy
Sweet Vermouth		Cream Sherry	



She held her head high, not seeming to hear the taunts of the children. "Help, help, help us; here comes Miss Phelp-us!"



Stubborn Angel

By ANN KENNEDY

Until this Christmas, the local feud had never touched her; but now, suddenly, she was forced into battle. The town should have known better than to cross Miss Phelps

ONCE a year, between Thanksgiving and Christmas, Miss Ella Phelps was happy; it was time for her Christmas pageant. For this one month of the year she was an important person in Chestertown—in the Elm Hill section, that is, which was all that counted.

During those weeks she was busy morning, noon and night. Her telephone would ring, and all the best people would stop her on the street or after church on Sunday to ask how everything was going. Right now she was on her way to see her minister, Dr. Sawyer, and she relished the delightful prospect of making plans for the twenty-fifth annual Christmas pageant of the Elm Hill Community Church.

As she walked along in her old-fashioned, high-laced shoes, the November sunshine exposed the rusty tinge of age on her long-outmoded brown suit. Miss Phelps was a perfect symbol of Chestertown, though no one there would have admitted it.

She lived in a fine old house, but she was actually as poor as a church mouse. Yet she held her head high and walked as fastidiously as a cat through mud, and she never seemed to hear the taunts of the children who would poke their heads from behind a tree and chant: "Help, help, help us; here comes Miss Phelp-us!" Both she and the town were relics of the past. Both she and the town had two sides—a side that kept up appearances and a side that was shabby beyond pretense.

Up on Elm Hill, the streets were bordered with tall trees, edged with spacious lawns, and the houses were as solid and substantial as New England virtue. But down by the river there were no trees and few blades of grass. The tenements were tumbledown, many of them empty, as empty and rotting as the gray stone mill where rusted iron letters still spelled out *Phelps Woolens.* That mill had been a victim of the southward movement of the textile industry. That was why Miss Phelps was poor.

Perhaps visitors driving through wondered why anyone stayed in the dying town. But to most of the people left in Chestertown, it was simply home. The well to do had no better place to go. Some of them had positions of importance in Leicester, which was still booming with metalworks and was within commuting distance. To the poor also, Chestertown was home—tenements, narrow zigzag streets and all. Most of them worked in Leicester, but they lived in Chestertown, wanting to be handy if some miracle started the mills working again.

The Elm Hill people and the mill people had this loyalty to their town in common, but they had no loyalty to one another. Miss Phelps, walking up Elm Hill, could have glanced over her shoulder and seen the silent square mills on the river's edge. But she never did. And the people who lived near the mill were no more a concern of hers than the people of darkest Africa.

The old clock in the church steeple was striking ten when Miss Phelps lifted the knocker on the parsonage door. She noted with approval the shine of the brass and the gleam of the fanlight. But a few minutes later Miss Phelps got the rudest shock of her fifty-nine years. She had noticed an uneasiness in Dr. Sawyer as he ushered her into the study, but she was unprepared for betrayal.

Dr. Sawyer toyed with a paperweight. He cleared his throat. At last he said, "Miss Phelps, I'm afraid I have a disappointment for you. It's—well, this year we have decided upon—er—a departure from our usual Christmas program. Mrs. Weddle will be in charge of the play."

An unusual pinkness mounted in Miss Phelps's thin cheeks. Her frosty gray eyes were incredulous. "Amanda Weddle!" she gasped. "Not in charge of my pageant!"

Dr. Sawyer sighed. "No, not your pageant," he said. "Mrs. Weddle has written a modern play."

"But my costumes—"

"—won't be needed," Dr. Sawyer finished gently. "I sympathize with your distress, Miss Phelps. Don't think I'm ungrateful for your past services."

"Indeed, what else can I think?" Miss Phelps demanded icily. "Why, the Weddles arrived in this parish only two years ago. How could she possibly appreciate how Elm Hill feels about our Christmas program? Dr. Sawyer, I appeal to you. Do not turn your back upon tradition!"

"In this instance, Miss Phelps, I must turn my back on tradition in favor of progress. We need the Weddles and people like them in Chestertown."

Miss Phelps stared at him as if he had lost his mind. She knew the Weddles and wanted no part of them. Pushy people, she thought, who had made their money only recently.

"Perhaps you don't understand, Miss Phelps," the minister went on, "that Horace Weddle has rented space in one of the old mills. He makes carburetors, I believe—employs about forty men."

She could see no sense in this. "Forty of the mill people," she said disdainfully. "Let Mrs. Weddle put her play on for them—not for Elm Hill."

The minister smiled rather sadly. "Elm Hill won't exist very much longer unless conditions improve downtown," he said. "We're part of Chestertown, you know. And towns like ours must attract small manufacturers or else become as extinct as the dodo."

There was nothing for Miss Phelps to say. It seemed utter nonsense to her that her lovely Christmas pageant should be sacrificed to the golden calf of business. What if the mill town did disappear? Elm Hill would remain.

Miss Phelps walked out the parsonage door just in time to meet Mrs. Weddle on the steps—plump, well dressed, a little breathless. Miss Phelps nodded coldly, but Mrs. Weddle smiled and said, "I'm sorry about your Christmas pageant, Miss Phelps. I guess the parish thought it was time for a change. I

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would be so grateful for any help—"

"You will have no help from me, Mrs. Weddle. Pushing your way into Elm Hill, trampling down our most cherished customs!" She proceeded stiffly down the steps, hearing but not acknowledging Mrs. Weddle's outraged gasp. Wait, she thought, till the parish hears of this! All the best people will be up in arms at such repudiation of tradition.

BUT all the best people withstood the shattering of tradition with apparent fortitude. They murmured their sympathy to Miss Phelps, but they took no militant steps. In the days that followed, Miss Phelps became by turns outraged and then despondent.

She could not bear to pack away the costumes, and so she sat in her kitchen, defiantly sewing at new ones, lovingly mending old ones. One day she was pressing a flimsy angel's robe, and in her agitation she scorched it. And then suddenly she put her face into her hands and cried.

She hardly heard the scream of brakes outside, and the crash. But she looked up at the sound of heavy footsteps on her front porch, wiping her eyes as she heard an impatient ring of the doorbell. Standing there when she opened the door was a tall, stout man, holding the limp figure of a boy.

The man strode in, shouting. "Where's the bedroom? Call a doctor!" After only a stunned second, Miss Phelps indicated the little room off the kitchen where she herself slept, and then ran to the telephone.

She returned to find the stranger covering the boy with a quilt. "He come streaking out a driveway on his bicycle," said the man. "I didn't have time to stop."

Miss Phelps leaned down over the blond head on her pillow, and peered at the boy's face. "Why, it's Bobby Jensen," she said, "the grocer's boy. I've always told him to be careful on that bicycle." Bobby was the only boy from the mill section she knew.

The man looked down at the boy with anguish. His heavy, rather handsome face was white, and his hands were shaking. "When's that doctor coming?"

"Right away," she answered. "He—"

But then Bobby opened his eyes and said, "My head hurts." A tear ran down his cheek.

Soon the doctor arrived and the rest of the afternoon was sheer confusion. First it was determined that Bobby had suffered nothing worse than a nasty bump on the head and a few days in bed would cure him. Then his parents had to be informed, and they came rushing over to get him. In the conversation between the Jensens and the stranger, Miss Phelps learned the man's name.

"Jake Edwards," he said. "I'm a stranger in town. I feel terrible about this, folks. I'll take care of the doctor's bills, of course. And I'll get the kid a new bike. The one he had—" Mr. Edwards closed his eyes, remembering how it had been crushed under the wheel of his car.

Miss Phelps was surprised by his show of emotion, but strangely moved by it too.

When the Jensens finally left, taking Bobby with them, Miss Phelps wanted nothing so much as a cup of tea. She felt she must offer some to Mr. Edwards too. She did not quite approve of him, with his flashy clothes, and his careless speech, but this was a time for charity, not social distinctions.

They sat in the kitchen, and slowly Mr. Edwards began to relax. "Nice to sit in a big old kitchen," he commented. "Must be a fine house you got here."

"It is a fine house," said Miss Phelps. "I've lived here all my life."

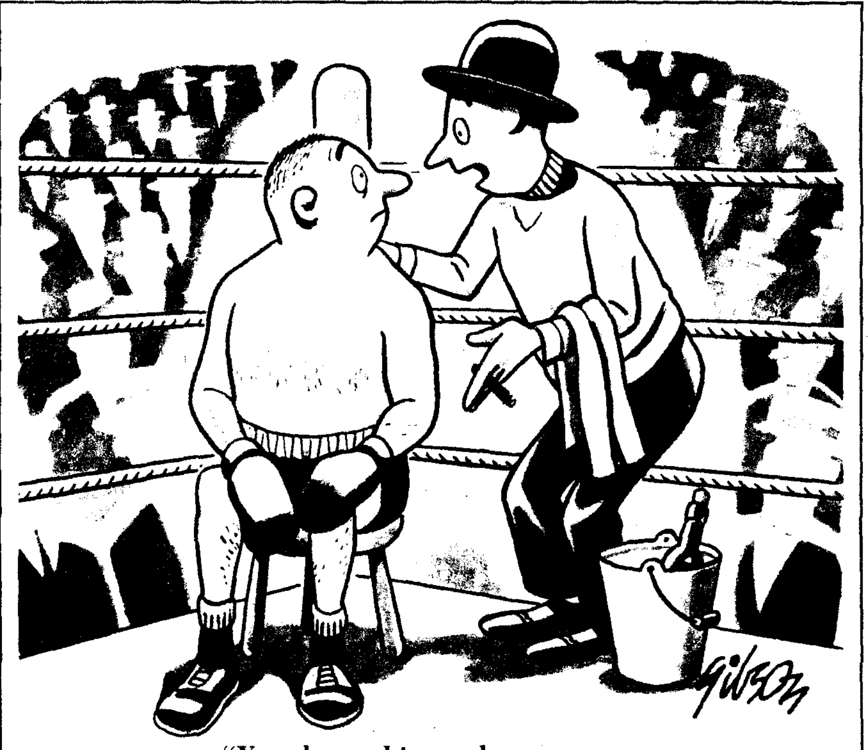
"You're lucky," said Mr. Edwards. "Me—I got no home at all. But I been thinking it's about time I settled down. That's why I came here."

Miss Phelps was taken aback. Jake Edwards was hardly the sort of man Elm Hill would welcome. *"Here?"* she repeated.

"Well," he said, "someplace around here. I'm thinking of starting a little business, renting some factory space in one of these old towns. Auto seat covers," he said.

So, thought Miss Phelps, this was the kind of man Dr. Sawyer wanted to attract to Elm Hill. It would be better to let it die.

Mr. Edwards, glancing around, noticed the costumes piled on chairs, spread on the ironing board. "Well,



COLLIER'S "You know his weakness, so get in there and start duckin'!" JAMES GIBSON what's this?" he asked. "You doing a show, Miss Phelps?"

"No," she said stiffly, "I am not."

"But these costumes—" He walked over and picked one up. "Pretty. You know, I used to be in show business. I owned a theater. Kind of wish I still had it. Gets in your blood."

Miss Phelps could agree with that. The Christmas pageant was in her blood. Suddenly the desire became irresistible to tell someone the bitter story of her rejection by the people she'd known all her life. She poured out the whole thing, astonished by her frankness but relieved by it too. "It's very sad, Mr. Edwards," she finished, "when one cannot depend on one's church."

"I call it a shame, Miss Phelps. A dirty shame."

That expressed exactly, if not elegantly, how Miss Phelps felt. She gave him a brave, appreciative smile.

"Good for you," said Mr. Edwards, grinning at her admiringly. "You're being real brave about it. Miss Phelps, I hope you won't take it wrong if I say you're a great old girl."

Miss Phelps took it as it was meant, and it was the warmest compliment she'd received in years. She held out her hand to him when he got up to go.

"Thanks for the tea," he said.

After he'd gone she had another cup. He *was* a nice man, even if—well, obviously he hadn't had the advantages of a polite upbringing.

THE next afternoon Miss Phelps was in the kitchen again when Mr. Edwards came to the back door. With one hand he was steadying a shiny red bicycle. "Wanted you to see it, Miss Phelps," he said, "before I take it by to Bobby. Think it's okay?"

Miss Phelps was surprised to see him again. But she told him it was a beautiful bicycle. And then, because she was lonely, asked him in for tea.

Mr. Edwards propped the bicycle against the back steps and came into the kitchen. "I got something to talk over with you," he said as he sat down.

Miss Phelps poured his tea and brought out some of her special thin lemon wafers. She sat down expectantly beside him.

"You know, Miss Phelps," said Mr. Edwards, "I was thinking about that Christmas show of yours. Why not put on your play somewhere else? Why not put it on for *all* the people in Chestertown?"

Miss Phelps shook her head, appalled at the idea. "It's Elm Hill's play," she said. "Those people downtown—they wouldn't appreciate it."

"They're just like anybody else," replied Mr. Edwards gently. "I bet I could round up some kids for you. How many would you need?"

"Why, I can use almost any number. The extra ones are angels and shepherds. But—"

"And I already got a theater," continued Mr. Edwards. "Bought it this morning."

Miss Phelps stared at him in astonishment. "You bought a theater!"

"Downtown," he said. "I told you I always liked owning a theater. So I said to myself, why not buy this old show house that's been dark for years? That'll give the people in Chestertown someplace to go for entertainment."

"But yesterday," said Miss Phelps, "you were just *thinking* of settling down here."

"Well," said Mr. Edwards, "I got kind of interested in the place. Bobby Jensen for one thing. I went to see his folks last night. Fine people. And then you—a nice lady like you, giving me tea and being so friendly. I kept thinking you ought to put on your show. So how about it?"

Miss Phelps was breathless at the giddy pace of Mr. Edwards' activities. And in spite of her feeling about the mill people, she was aware of excitement growing in her. I could do it, she thought; I could show Dr. Sawyer and everyone that I can do my pageant without them—and in a real theater. Why, it could be my most dazzling production. Then she frowned, trying to remember the old buildings down by the river. "What theater?" she asked.

"It's pretty run-down. It used to be called the Gaiety."

Suddenly, shockingly, Miss Phelps remembered the place. Back when she was a girl and Chestertown had been booming, there had been whispers about the naughty shows. "Oh, no!" she said. "That would never do!"

TOY SHOP - GAMES
DEATH RAY GUNS
SPACE SUITS
ATOM BOMB KIT-17
RADAR KIT
HYDROGEN BOMB KIT
STRATO
SPACE FLYER
3-D MOVIE SET
FLYING SAUCERS
SUPER-JET
TRIP TO MARS
GHG

COLLIER'S

"Same old stuff they showed last season—nothing new"

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

Mr. Edwards chuckled. "I guess the place had quite a reputation once. But I'm going to run movies," he said. "Nice family comedies and Westerns."

"Even so, the Gaiety doesn't seem the proper place for a religious—"

Mr. Edwards interrupted her. "From what I've heard," he said, "the Christmas spirit can get in anywhere." He got up and reached for his hat. "Well, you think it over, Miss Phelps. I'll call you tomorrow."

Miss Phelps thought all day and most of the night.

SHE was still torn with doubt when Mr. Edwards telephoned the next morning. He seemed to consider the matter settled. "Things are shaping up," he informed her. "I'm having some repairs made on the theater, but it'll be ready for rehearsals. You know where it is? Better take the address."

When she heard it Miss Phelps said, "Such a poor part of town."

"All the better. That's where your kids live."

"My kids!" Miss Phelps repeated.

"I spoke to the school principal. I'm promising a free pass to the movies to any kid in the Christmas pageant. The pass'll be good for any Saturday after Christmas. *After* Christmas, get it? That'll keep 'em from quittin' on you."

Miss Phelps had the feeling that she was being swept along on a strong tide. "Mr. Edwards," she said, "you really are remarkable."

"Don't thank me. Just put on a good show." He paused for a moment. "And say, Miss Phelps," he said, "I'd like it if you'd call me Jake. I intend to call you Miss Ella."

Until rehearsals began, Miss Phelps was in a fever of apprehension. She gasped at her own recklessness—to think of mixing with the mill people! And then she would get a fine feeling of graciousness, of *noblesse oblige*, when she considered how the poor children would appreciate what she was doing for them.

When she arrived at the theater on Monday afternoon, she found bedlam. There must have been fifty children there, none of whom paid the least attention to the entrance of Miss Phelps of Elm Hill. Children of all ages were playing tag and banging on the piano. She noted with approval one quiet group in a corner, and then she discovered they were shooting craps. Miss Phelps was close to panic as she surveyed the turmoil; she was sorely tempted to throw up her hands and go home. Then she felt a hand on her shoulder. "Hey, we got a good turnout," Jake said. "Maybe forty or fifty."

"It looks like a thousand," Miss Phelps said weakly. "I can't use all these children."

"Oh, we can get more costumes," Jake said. "Wouldn't want to disappoint any of these kids when they come here to be in a play." He strode down toward the stage. "Hey, you kids," he bellowed, "shut up! Now sit down, all of you. Okay. This here's Miss Phelps. She's a nice lady, but she can't holler like I do. With her you got to be quiet. The night this show goes on I'm asking her which of you kids was good and which wasn't. The good ones get *two* movie passes. Okay?"

Jake looked around and noticed Bobby Jensen. "Hey, young fellow, come over here. You be Miss Phelps's right-hand man," he said. "You keep the kids in line and run errands and do whatever she says. Okay?" He held out his hand.

Bobby took it solemnly. "It's a deal," he said proudly.

As the rehearsals got under way, Miss Phelps appreciated Bobby's help, but she doubted that any of the children would earn two passes for good behavior. Often she wanted to retreat to Elm Hill, but she had been born with a stiff New England backbone. Once a Phelps started something, she reminded herself, a Phelps finished it.

In spite of the disciplinary problems, she began to notice with surprise that the large cast had artistic advantages. For one thing, she had lots of talent to choose from. She never before had so gifted and appealing a child to play Mary, an Italian girl of twelve with long black hair and big sad eyes. Joseph had his drawbacks—red hair and mischievousness—but his voice was clear and strong, and he learned his lines, apparently, merely by glancing at them. The first Wise Man was a Chinese boy, and how authentic he looked in his Oriental costume. And the angels—what a wonderful band of angels!

While they were acting, the children were absorbed, but off stage they were something else—noisy, impertinent, even surly. Miss Phelps became even more stiff and disdainful. She had really tried, she thought, to make friends with the children. But her affability was not spontaneous, and the children knew it.

BY THE week before Christmas, the show was almost ready, but in Miss Phelps's heart was one large reservation. What about the audience? Who would come to see the pageant besides the children's families?

She had already telephoned her Elm Hill acquaintances, but they had been evasive. They had their own Christmas program, and why should they go downtown to see another one?

Even Bobby Jensen's father had said: "Well, I don't know, Miss Phelps. It's a busy time of year for us."

She was deeply discouraged. Few of the children in the show could give her definite assurance that their parents were coming. Oh, some would come, of course, but the theater held six hundred. There were only a few days left. In desperation, she consulted Bobby. "We've got to get people to come to the show, Bobby," she said. "I wish you'd go around town and talk to the mill people."

Bobby looked uncomfortable and backed away from her. "I can't, Miss Phelps," he said. "It wouldn't help."

"But why? I don't understand it. I'm putting on the pageant for them."

"Well," he said, "they—they're mad at you, sort of. They think you're snooty."

"Who does?"

"Just—just everybody," Bobby said reluctantly, and then he added, glancing at her apprehensively, "You made me tell you, Miss Phelps. I got to go now."

She let him go and sat in the empty theater, thinking. "Just everybody," Bobby had said. Suddenly she saw herself as Bobby must see her, as all the mill people must see her—walking along with her nose in the air, stopping to pass the time of day with no one. Perhaps, she thought, I look forbidding. Perhaps that's why people don't smile at me on the street, not down here and not even up on the Hill. I look like a sour old maid. Nobody likes me. Why should they?

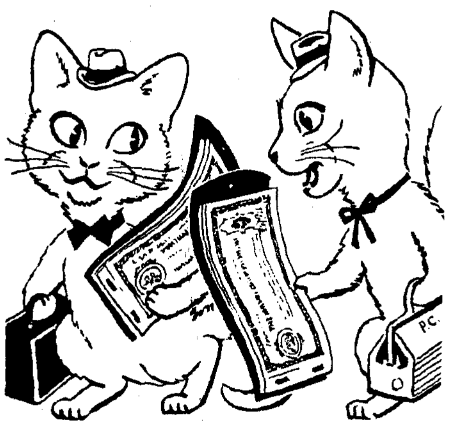
But then she heard the door of the theater open, and she saw the one person who did seem to like her. She felt unfamiliar tears in her eyes.

"Here now, Miss Ella," Jake protested. "What's wrong?"

"Jake, I've let you down. Oh, the show is ready, but nobody's coming to see it."

"Sure they will," said Jake stoutly. "All the kids' parents—"

She shook her head. "I'm afraid not many, because they don't like *me*. Bobby says they think I'm snooty, com-



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ing down here like a grand lady from Elm Hill, full of good works for the poor. And it's true, Jake. That's just what I did."

"That's just your way, Miss Ella," Jake said. "Anyway, all your friends will come."

"No," she said. "They never go off Elm Hill."

Jake sat beside her quietly, patting her hand to comfort her. At last he said, "That's one thing I've noticed about Chestertown. It's not one town, it's two. I thought it would be a great place to settle down, but now, well, I'm not sure I want to stay."

Miss Phelps started to protest, and then she remembered some things Dr. Sawyer had said: "Elm Hill won't exist very much longer . . . We're part of Chestertown . . ." And she knew what he'd said was true. The whole town would die, unless Jake Edwards and people like him moved here. And people wouldn't start business here unless Chestertown, Elm Hill included, was a friendly town.

She turned to Jake and said, "You didn't arrange this Christmas pageant just for me, did you? You meant it for everybody."

"Well, naturally," he said.

"Listen, Jake," Miss Phelps said. She was beginning to have an idea, and red spots of excitement showed in her cheeks. "If everybody in town came to the Christmas pageant, would you change your mind?" she asked. "Would that prove to you that Chestertown could be one town, a good town to settle in?"

He hesitated for a long moment, and then he smiled. "What you got up your sleeve, Miss Ella?" he said.

"Never mind," she said. "Just answer me."

Jake shrugged his shoulders. "I always was one to back a long shot," he said. "So if you fill up my theater, I'll start my shop in your town."

She put out her hand. "Shake on it, Jake."

"You're on, Miss Ella," he said, taking her hand.

MISS PHELPS set out purposefully for Elm Hill, but she made herself smile at the people she passed. And for the first time she noticed the holly wreaths on the doors, the red and green lights in the windows—down here just like on Elm Hill. She had a warm and expectant feeling, and she knew it was the Christmas spirit. It made the prospect of eating humble pie—a dish that she had never fancied—seem much easier.

She lifted the brass knocker on the parsonage door, her heart pounding. Dr. Sawyer himself came to the door. "Why, Miss Phelps!" he said, welcoming her a little apprehensively. "I hear you're giving your Christmas pageant downtown."

"Yes," she said. "But it's not *my* Christmas pageant any more. Dr. Sawyer, I need your help."

They went into his study, and she told him about Jake Edwards, about the children and how well they performed, and that it now looked as if the theater would be empty.

Dr. Sawyer was sympathetic but puzzled. "I'm very sorry, Miss Phelps, but what can *I* do?"

Miss Phelps swallowed. This was the hardest part. "I thought," she began, "well, I'd like it very much if Mrs. Weddle would put on her play in our theater too. Then both parts of town would be putting on a Christmas program together. And the Elm Hill children would be performing for the mill people, and the mill people— Don't you see?"

"Yes," said Dr. Sawyer. "I'm beginning to." He shook his head as if he could not believe the change that had come over Miss Phelps. "I'll see what I can do," he went on. "I'll speak to Mrs. Weddle. But perhaps it would be best if you spoke to her. You said some harsh things, you know."

Miss Phelps's spine had never been straighter, nor her chin higher. Dr. Sawyer had asked the impossible. How could she go groveling to Mrs. Weddle-come-lately? Mrs. Weddle, who had stolen from her the one pleasure in her life. Then she felt Dr. Sawyer's questioning eyes on her. She thought of Jake and her bargain with him. "All right, Dr. Sawyer," she said. "I'll call on Mrs. Weddle myself."

The humble words of apology to Mrs. Weddle came to her lips far more easily than Miss Phelps had expected, and Mrs. Weddle, though surprised, was gracious. They had a cup of tea together and made harmonious plans for the most magnificent Christmas show ever held in Chestertown.

During the next few days Miss Phelps made other calls. I've won over Elm Hill, she thought as she left the last house. What remained was to win over Chestertown. She began with the Jensens.

"I'm so sorry to break in on you," she said, wondering how many times she'd used the word "sorry" that day. It came out more easily every time.

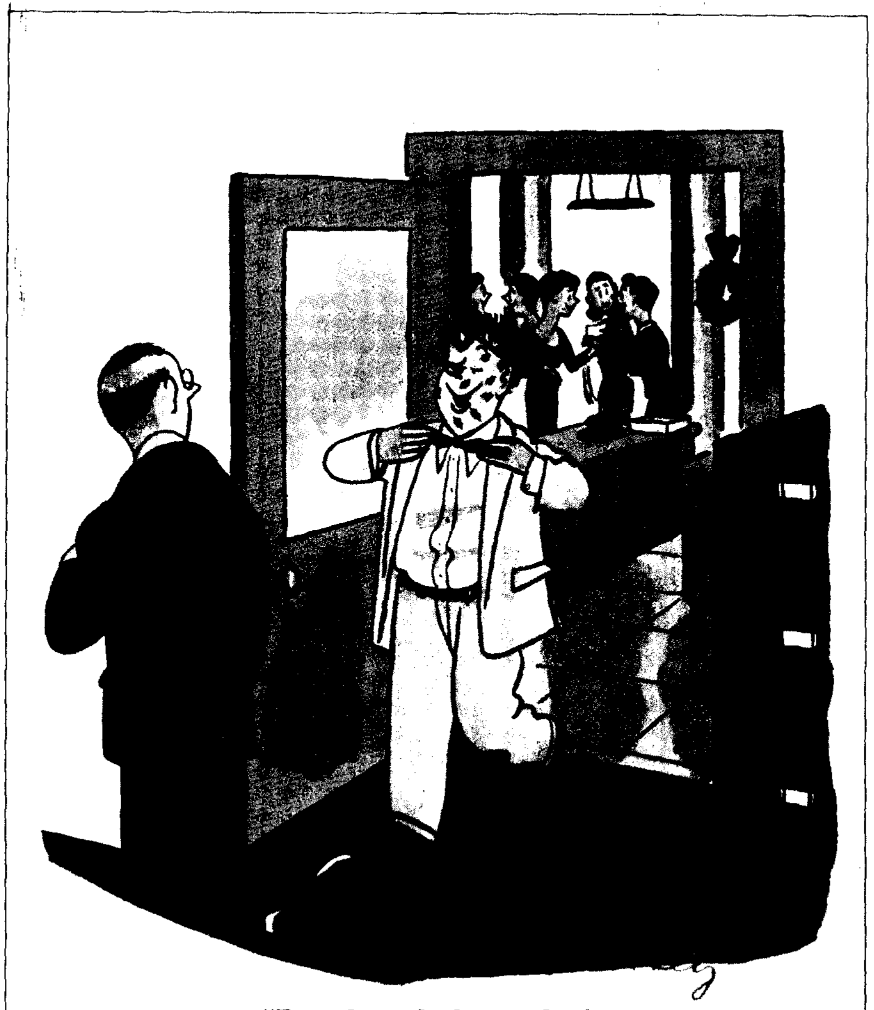
THEN she told the Jensens the story she had told Dr. Sawyer and the Elm Hill people, about Jake Edwards and the children. "I came to ask you if you'd come to the Christmas show," she said. "If we have both *our* pageant and the Elm Hill play, don't you think everybody would come?"

The Jensens were having a hard time getting over their astonishment at Miss Phelps's friendliness. Finally Mr. Jensen said, "You mean a show for all Chestertown, for anybody that wants to come?"

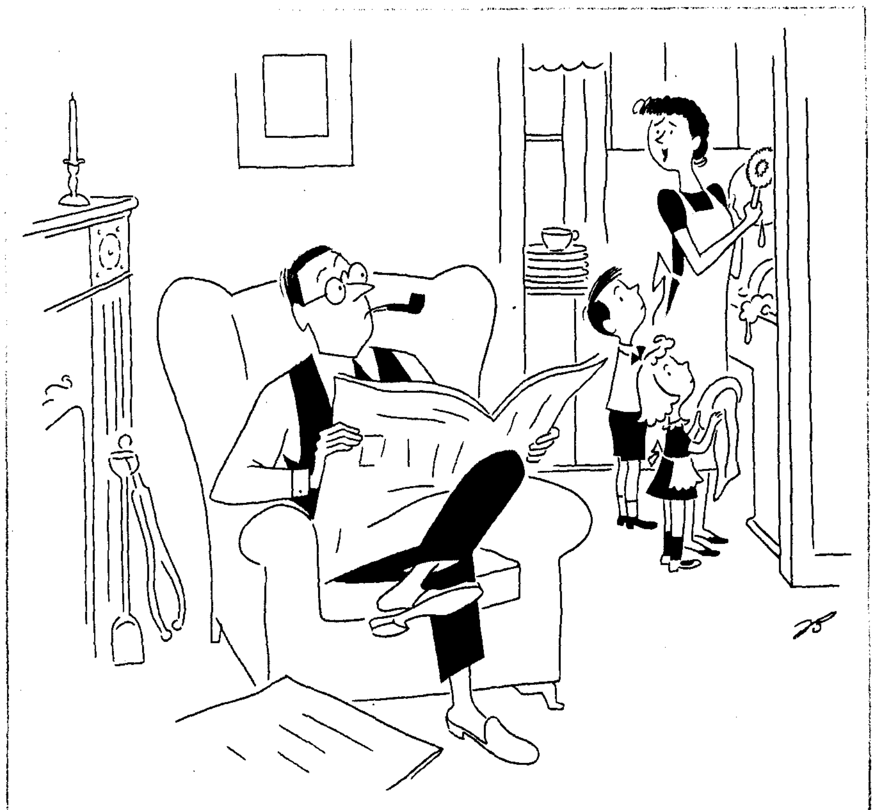
"Yes," said Miss Phelps. "All of us together on Christmas Eve."

Mr. Jensen looked at his wife, and both of them were smiling. "Bobby," said Mr. Jensen, "get on your bicycle and go see everybody that trades with me. Tell them about the show for everybody. Tell them to come. And any of them that owe me money," he added as his son dashed for the door, "tell them *strong*."

The next day, the twenty-third of December, Miss Phelps made many more calls. She visited the parents of every child in the show. All of them were distrustful at first, but Miss Phelps was sure of herself by now. She was carried along on a great wave of Christmas spirit, which grew stronger at every house she visited. Late in the afternoon, as she walked homeward, a few flakes of snow began to fall. She lifted



COLLIER'S "Passed out the bonus checks" TED KEY



"I should think you would want to spend more time with your family!"

COLLIER'S TONY BARLOW

her head and they touched her tired face like a blessing.

A stranger called out to her joyfully, "Looks like a white Christmas!"

"Yes," she called back, "and a merry Christmas too!"

Miss Phelps made a point of getting to the theater early on Christmas Eve. It was empty and dark when she arrived, but soon the children began to come. And then she busied herself with costumes and make-up, helping Mrs. Weddle because her play was going on first. The audience—if it was there—seemed awfully quiet, and Miss Phelps began to feel afraid. Perhaps she had failed after all.

FINALLY, a moment before Mrs. Weddle's play was to begin, Jake came backstage. He beamed at her. "You did it, Miss Ella," he said. "If anybody else shows up, we pack 'em in with a shoehorn."

"But they're all so quiet," said Miss Phelps.

"That's natural. They feel kind of strange, all together like this. They'll warm up."

She watched Mrs. Weddle's play from the wings, and she had to admit it was charming—all about a family that expected to have no Christmas tree and ended up with half a dozen. She could feel the audience warming up as Jake had prophesied. Their laughter came spontaneously, and their applause, when it was over, was generous.

During the intermission she heard the shuffling of feet in the aisles, and she had a sudden misgiving. Suppose all the Elm Hill people went home, now that their part of the show was over? But Elm Hill people were too well bred for that, or perhaps too fair. The theater was still full when the curtain went up to show the stable in Bethlehem, and it was as quiet as Dr. Sawyer's congregation while the simple story of the Nativity unfolded.

The children put their best into their parts, and the story came alive. The awe of the shepherds was in their wide eyes, the humility of the Wise Men was in their bent figures as they gazed at the sweet face of Mary, holding the Christ child. A blessing reached out from the stage to touch everyone who watched.

For unto you is born this day a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. . . . And then the clear, pure song of the angels rose, "Noel, Noel." *Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. . . .*

For a moment after the curtain fell, there was silence, as if people were too reverent to applaud. But then a few began to clap and soon everyone joined in.

Miss Phelps had completely forgotten about a curtain call, so she rushed on stage to congratulate her actors just as the curtain rose again to reveal them, and her, in complete confusion. The audience laughed, and Miss Phelps looked out at them, felt their friendliness and forgot to be flustered. As she stepped forward, smiling mistily, the clapping grew louder. "Don't," she said. "Don't applaud for me. Just for the children. And there's one other person who should get your thanks for this whole wonderful evening." She hesitated, unable to find the right words to present Jake.

"I've heard that people in New York who put money into shows are called angels," she said. "Our play had an angel, too. He—he doesn't look much like one," she added, "but he backed us not only with money for a theater and scenery, but he backed us with faith—in us and in Chestertown. Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Jake Edwards."

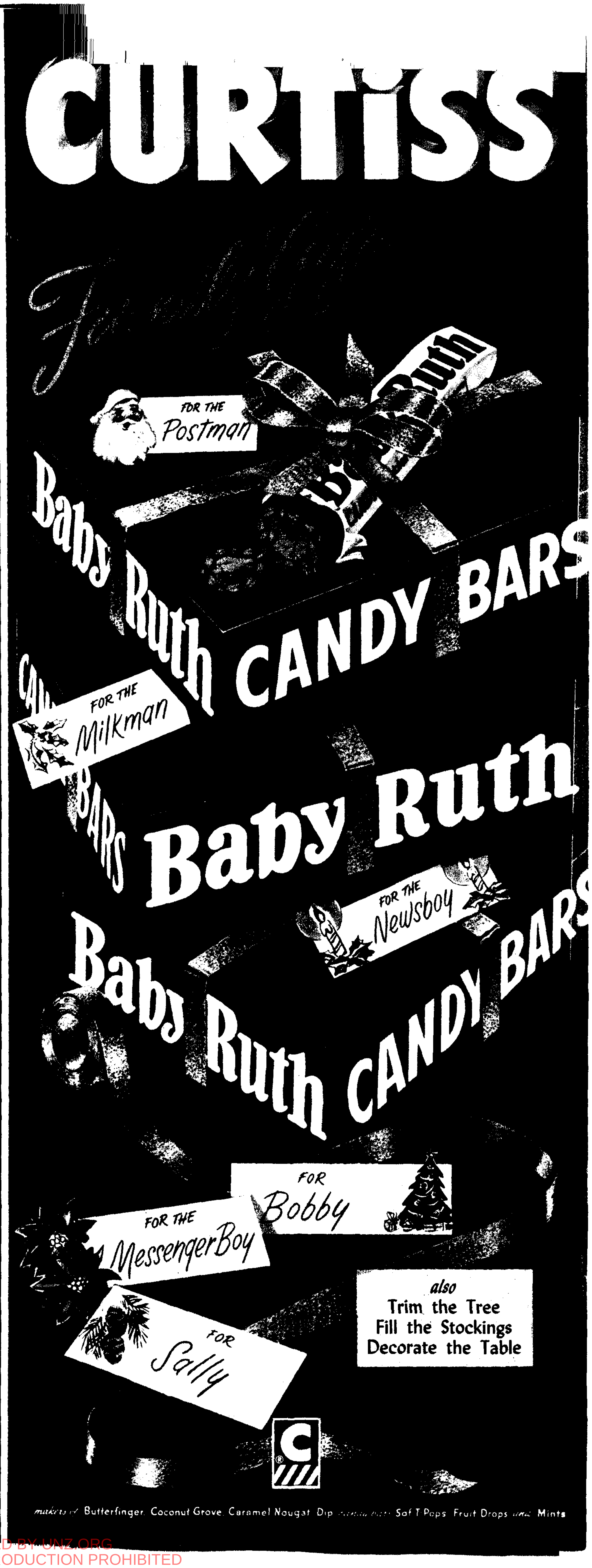
Everyone clapped wildly, and presently Jake came out. He held up his hand to stop the cheering. "I just want to say to you folks that this is a great town. And I just want to say to Miss Ella what I said to her the first time I met her. She's a great old girl. I'm going to call this the Phelps Playhouse from now on."

The clapping started again, and Miss Phelps blushed with joy.

"I got just one more thing to say," Jake added, "and that's to the kids who were in the show—both shows. For good behavior, they *all* get two free passes to the movies!"

And that brought down the house.

—ANN KENNEDY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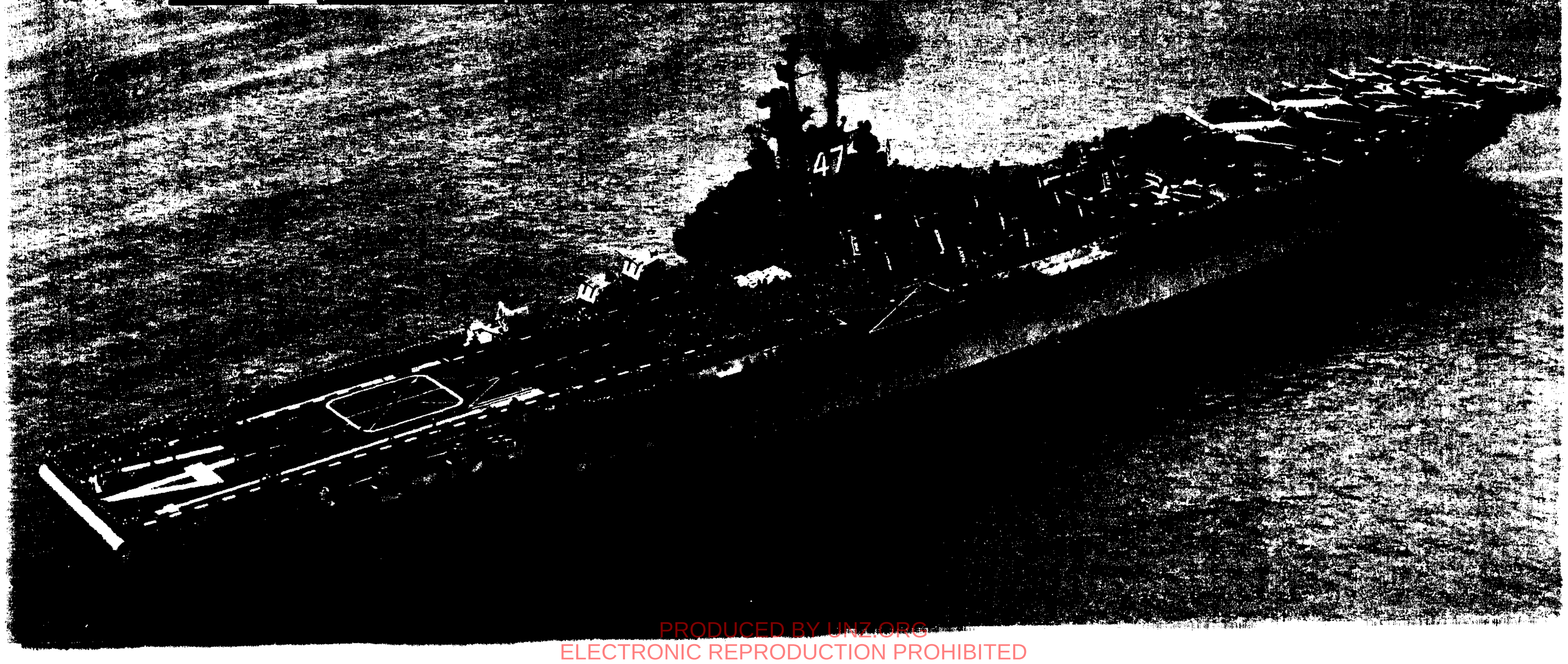
"How Can You Thank 3,000 Sailors?"

That's what's bothering a Japanese who got a free U.S. education as a yuletide gift from a carrier's crew

By THEODORE TAYLOR



U.S. NAVY PHOTO

Shigeru (Abe) Ebihara proudly carries his lawbooks on campus of University of Michigan, where he spent two years studying, thanks to the USS Philippine Sea, seen (below) returning home from combat in Korean war

CHRISTMAS EVE will be a lonely night for aircraft carrier No. 47, christened the USS Philippine Sea, but affectionately known in the service as Big Showboat. The heroine of 23 months in the combat zone of Korea will be tied up to a dock for overhaul in the naval shipyard, San Francisco, minus her planes and all but a few of her men.

A lighted star will top her masthead and the vast hangar deck may have a decorated Christmas tree; but it'll be quiet aboard, with only a duty watch patrolling her echoing passageways.

It will be a most untypical Christmas Eve for Big Showboat. Far more typical was the Christmas celebrated by Showboat in 1950, during the bitterest days of the Korean war. If ships could talk (and some old sailors swear they can) she could tell quite a story about how her crew of 3,000 played Santa Claus to a mild, bespectacled Japanese youth named Shigeru (Abe) Ebihara. It was probably the best Christmas present Big Showboat ever gave—and she has given many.

Almost as often as Showboat was called "the fightin'-est flattop" in the Korean war, she was acknowledged the most generous. It was Showboat tradition to produce money, lots of it, for any worthy cause. She'd dig down deeper, and come up quicker, than any ship in the fleet.

When Crew Played Santa to an Orphanage

Christmas, however, always called for the Phil Sea's greatest display of generosity. As the yuletide approached each year, a fund was collected to which every man aboard contributed. Before Korea, in 1948, the 27,000-ton carrier gave a collection of $3,000 to children in a Providence, Rhode Island, orphanage. Not a man aboard knew the children, but the padre had said the cause was worthy. That was enough for the Showboaters.

In November, 1950, the executive officer of the Philippine Sea, Commander Walter D. Innis, of Arlington, Virginia, realized that the distribution of the ship's latest collection would be a problem. As flagship of Task Force 77, the carrier was operating up and down the frigid east coast of Korea, aiming her jets against Communist troops and supply lines from Wonsan to Chongjin.

At sea, fighting a dreary war thousands of miles from

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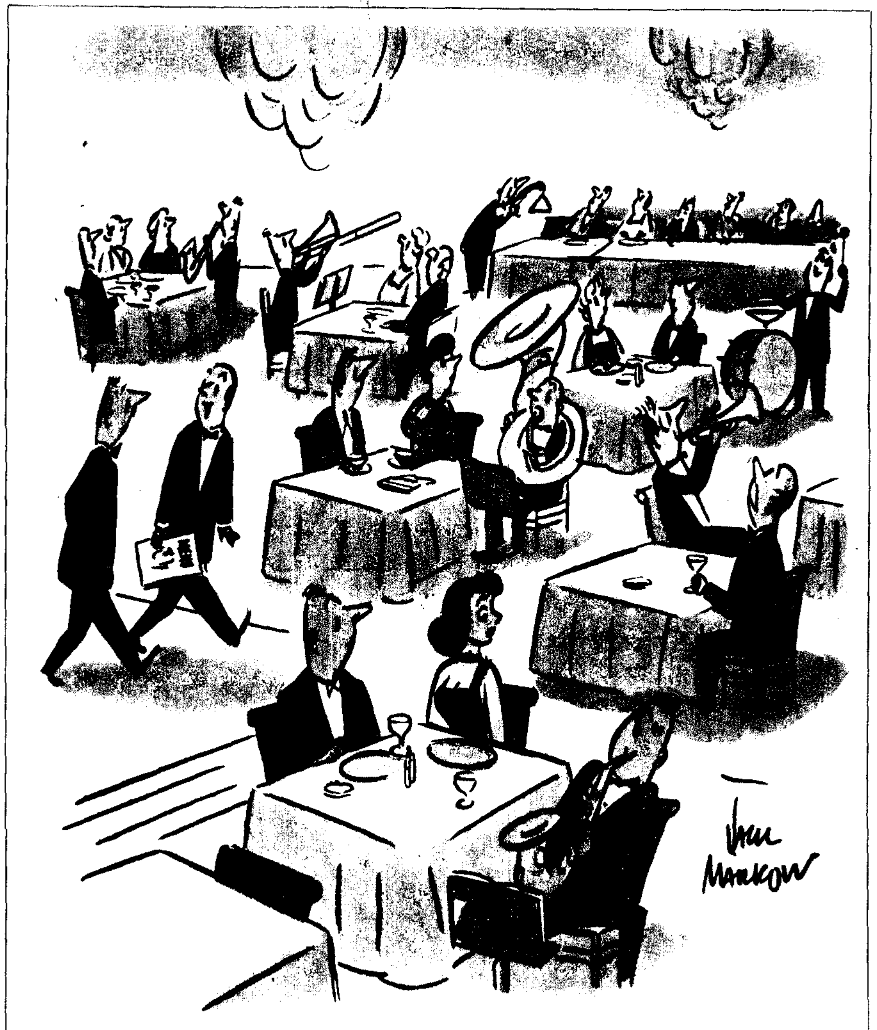

COLLIER'S "This way, everyone gets to sit near the orchestra" JACK MARKOW

home, the choice of a yuletide cause suddenly became as important to the men as dropping a bombing bull's-eye over a Commie stronghold.

Some members of the crew suggested that the Philippine Sea should select a cause with special meaning, one which would help promote peace and world understanding.

Seeking the Right "Cause"

Protestant Chaplain Dick Barnes, of San Diego, California, and the crew's Welfare Committee, also aware of the problem, racked their brains for an answer. They knew Showboat could wait five or six months, until she steamed homeward in early spring for overhaul, and unload the fund in the United States. But that wouldn't be Christmas giving.

Then Innis remembered young Abe Ebihara, a quiet, studious young man from Sasebo, Japan, whom he had met when he was a Navy pilot in World War II. Abe, he felt, might fill the bill. He knew Abe had thought a lot about how the world might stay at peace, and had wanted to be a great lawyer. Maybe he could be given a college education with the money that burned a hole in 3,000 pockets. Moreover, Abe Ebihara would not be a complete stranger to the crew; some of the old-timers who served on the Philippine Sea in World War II would certainly remember him, too.

"It's an idea," said Chaplain Barnes. "It isn't the usual gift—no wrappings, tinsel or holly. But it might be better than that. It has the real Christmas spirit."

Father Harold Meade, the Catholic padre, from Cleveland, Ohio, grinned his approval.

"Who the deuce is Shigeru Ebihara?" asked Captain Willard K. Goodney, of Michigamme, Michigan, when he was told of the plan. "And why give an unkown Jap three or four thousand dollars?"

"Abe was sort of a self-appointed good-will ambassador to the Navy in 1945," Innis answered, and launched his sales pitch.

When the naval occupation ships moved into Sasebo after V-J Day, Innis explained, young Ebihara, somewhat shabby, thin and hollow-cheeked, had walked hesitantly up to the gangways of half a dozen ships and asked if he could be of help to anyone. His reason for offering a friendly hand, he said, was because he knew someone had to break the ice—to show that bitterness was not everywhere. Still, he was amazed when his offer was accepted and the U.S. sailors displayed no animosity.

The only hostility he encountered was from the Japanese police who warned him not to fraternize with the conquerors.

Abe Ebihara disregarded them, even though his journalist father, an antimilitarist, had met with an "accident" for his beliefs. To Abe, there was no distinction between conquered and conqueror. The war was over now.

A Helpful Friend to the Gobs

He acted as an interpreter, using halting English he'd learned in high school, and steered the gobs to good buys in Japan's limited stocks of merchandise. He found fine china for Innis; acted as a guide and escort for the men. He invited the sailors to his home, where he lived with his mother and younger sister, nine-year-old, doll-like Yuko, and he shared with them the meager supply of food in the Ebihara household.

Because of the way he pronounced

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the first syllable of his last name, the sailors nicknamed him Abe. That made him happy, since he'd told them he wanted to be a lawyer, and assumed they were talking about Abe Lincoln. He adopted the U.S. Navy, and the Navy adopted him, the way it adopts everything from stray pups to tag-along orphans.

"Fine," said Goodney after Innis had finished telling the story. "I'll buy him if the crew will. But if they do, I have one request: let's try and steer him to the University of Michigan." (Michigan-booster Willard Goodney has a master's degree in engineering from Ann Arbor.)

Innis and Chaplain Barnes went to the men. The officers could only advise how the fund should be administered; the final decision was up to the crew.

Skeptics Were Soon Won Over

Innis was right: some of the Sasebo old-timers did remember Ambassador Abe and they were as enthusiastic about his selection as their executive officer. There were some skeptics, at first, but the old-timers soon had them convinced. The fund, the crew decided, would go to Abe.

Now the problem was to find him. Innis had Sasebo scoured. A man from Abe's former humble neighborhood said he was living in Nagano City, 100 miles from Tokyo. Innis finally tracked Abe down with the assistance of the "shore" Navy.

But the Navy turned up an unexpected complication: Abe Ebihara was already a lawyer. He had worked his way through Tokyo University, and now had a government job in a district court.

Abe seemed well fixed, and Showboat's crew was disappointed. With Christmas only a few weeks away, they would have to start out all over to look for a fund beneficiary.

Then Innis had a thought. "If Abe did that much on his own," he said, "look what further education in the States might do for him." Besides, in his government job, he made just enough money to support Mama-San and Yuko. With the advantage of additional education, he stood a fine chance to win a promotion.

That angle sounded pretty good to Showboat's crew. Through representative members of the Enlisted Men's Welfare and Recreation Committee, one from each division of the ship, they voted on Lawyer Abe. The decision in his favor was unanimous. The fund was given its official title: the USS Philippine Sea Burse for the Education of Abe Ebihara.

The night of December 21st, when most of the U.S. was busy checking Christmas-gift lists, broke bleak and gale-swept in Korea. Earlier, the Philippine Sea's Panther jets, back from protecting the heroic Marine withdrawal from the Chosen Reservoir, had been lashed to the flight deck. Now a frozen glaze enveloped them.

Down in the warmth of his office, Innis tugged occasionally at his crisp, black mustache as he watched the last contributions to Abe's fund come in. Five enlisted men entered and spilled money out of a cigar box. A husky Negro seaman hesitated over a lone bill, then twirled it down. Another sailor walked in with a special poker-game kitty.

"We took a little out of each pot and put it aside," he explained.

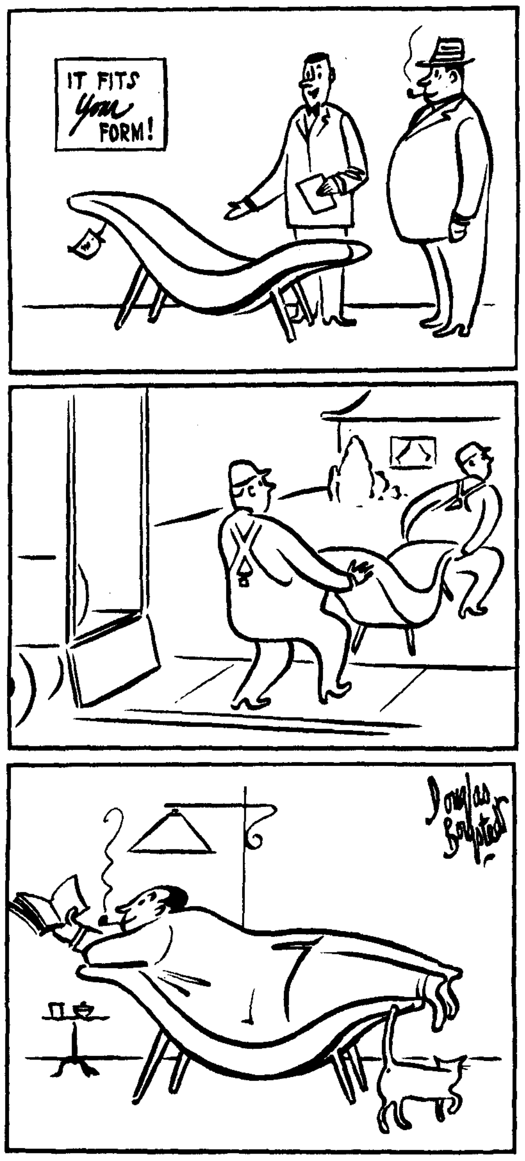
Every man in Showboat's community—cooks, firemen, pilots, doctors, machinists and laundrymen; everyone from apprentice seamen to Task Force 77's admiral, Eddie Ewen—had contributed to the $4,000 piled up on the desk in front of Innis.

The Two Messages

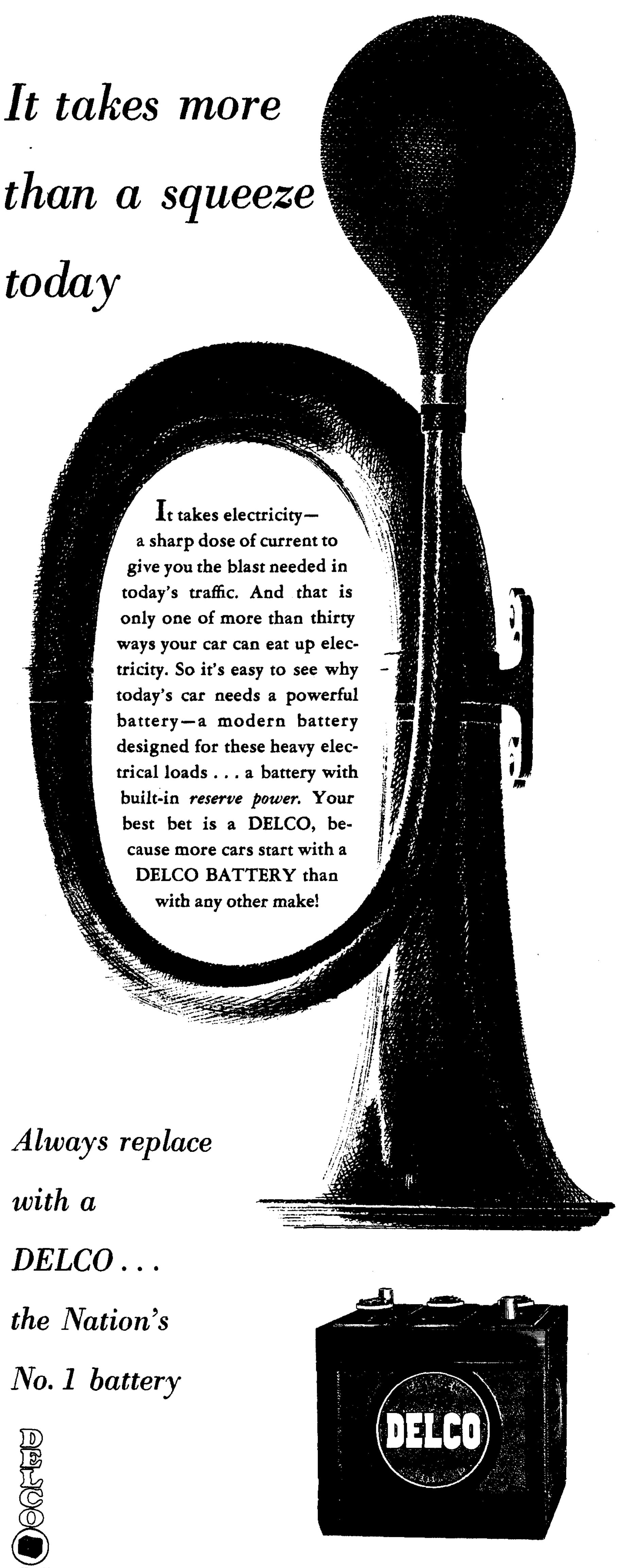
Up on the flag bridge, the TF 77 operations officer, Commander Robert F. Jones, of Duluth, Minnesota, drafted a message to a close friend, Professor Charles Davis, at the University of Michigan. The same message also was sent to his brother, Steve Jones, a Navy captain, and a Michigan graduate who knew Professor Davis.

The USS Philippine Sea would pay Abe's subsistence through two years of college, the message said. Showboat would also support Abe's mother and sister Yuko while he was in the U.S. Would Michigan please allow Abe to attend tuition free?

"The world will be a better place to live in—ultimately—if you succeed," Bob Jones said in his cable to Professor Davis. And in hopes that the request would be granted, Jones had a special plea: "Rush



COLLIER'S DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT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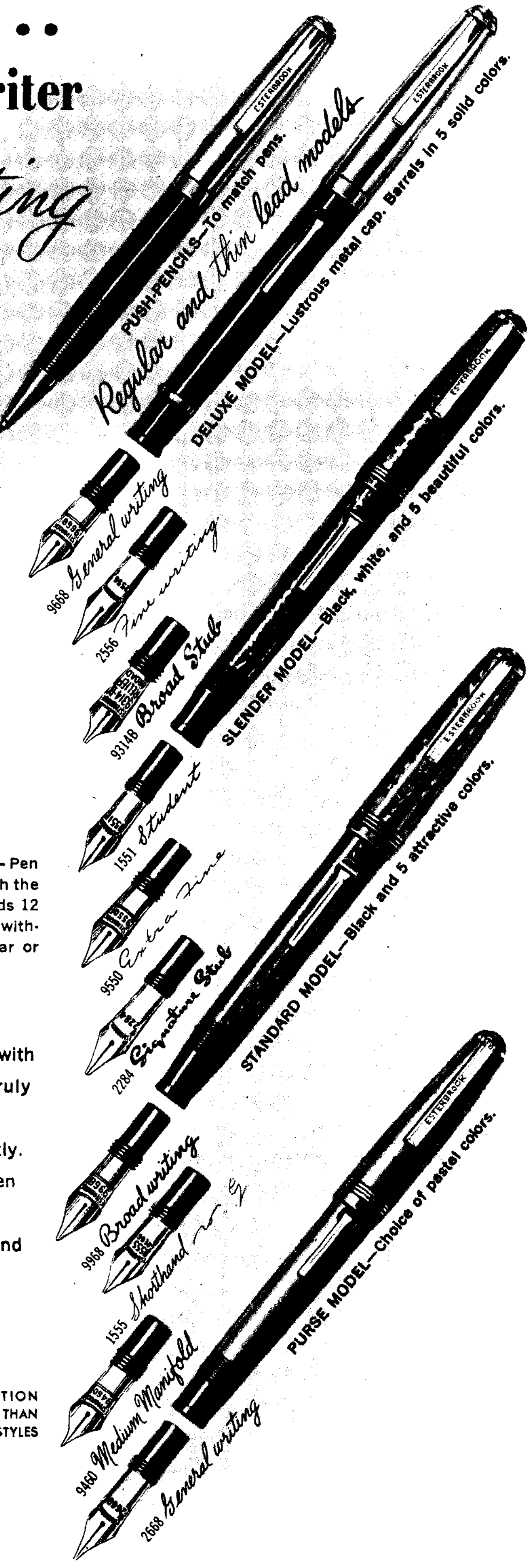
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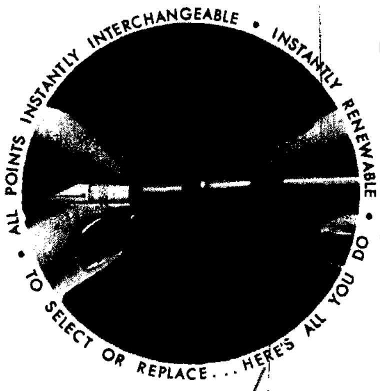
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it—please—as a Christmas gift to the men of this gallant ship."

For three days, the Phil Sea awaited an answer. Then on Christmas Eve, as she was heading for Sasebo, her fighting days over for a few weeks, word came from Professor Davis: "Will try."

That was enough for Innis. Bud Davis had been a Navy demolition man in World War II. "He knows how to apply dynamite," Innis assured Showboat's crew, and happily dispatched a note to Abe. "Request you board the USS Philippine Sea. Something very special will happen to you."

Abe's Reaction to the Message

Abe got the wire in Nagano City and remembered the short, stocky Navy officer with the thick, black mustache who sent it. He showed it to Mama-San and Yuko. "They're strange people sometimes," he said.

However, Abe obeyed the request. The Philippine Sea arrived in Sasebo harbor on December 26th, and she was riding at anchor when Abe turned up. He was met at the gangway by Innis and immediately ushered to the crew's mess. Abe didn't ask why he was aboard. Innis didn't volunteer any information.

There were no preliminaries. The chairman of the crew's Welfare and Recreation Committee, Boatswain's Mate James Clancy, of Waukegan, Illinois, stepped forward. "We want you to go to college for two years in the States," he said and passed the package of money to Abe.

Abe frowned and fidgeted. He shook his head. "I don't understand," he said.

"The University of Michigan," Captain Goodney grinned.

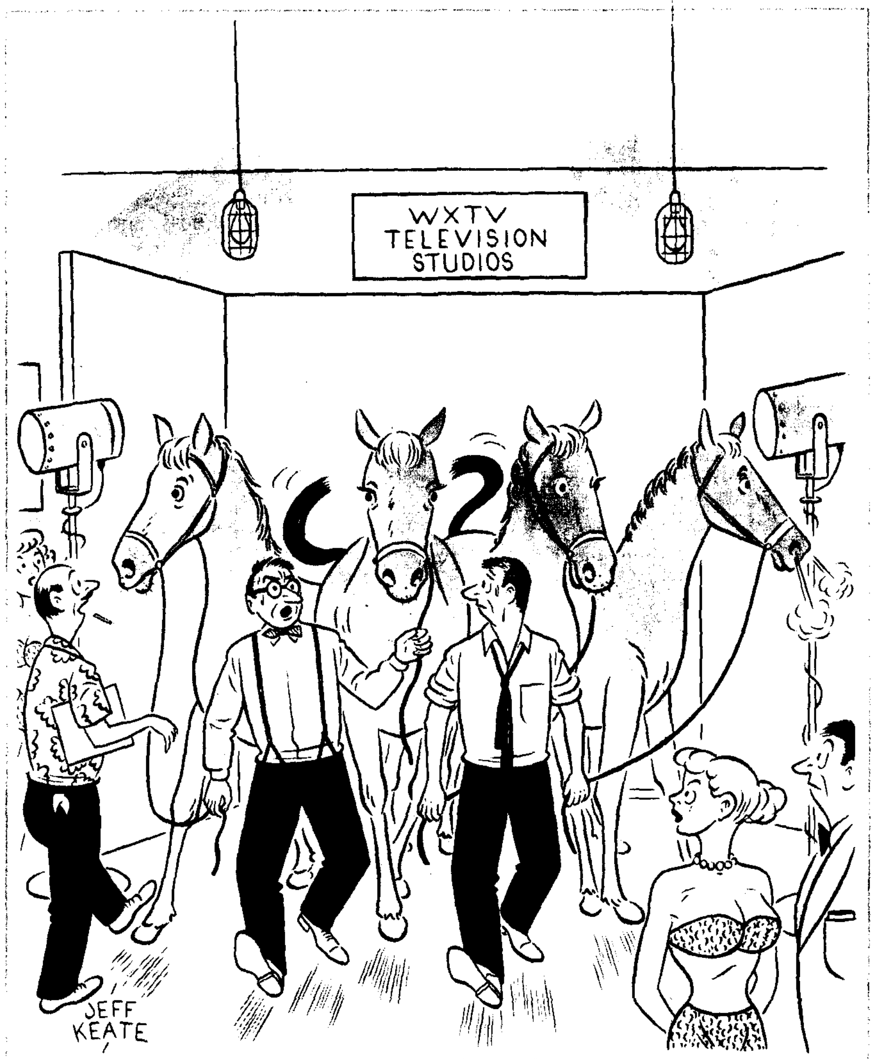
Then someone in the Showboat messroom, scrubbed spick-and-span for the occasion, murmured, "Merry Christmas," and Abe Ebihara finally understood.

His race doesn't cry easily, but Abe had trouble with his throat and his words. "Why should you do this to a nameless student of Japan?" Abe asked, the usual mask on his face cracking under the strain of his emotion. Some of the battle-hardened seamen turned away.

After the presentation, Abe went back to Nagano City and told Mama-San that as a Christmas present the United States Navy was sending him to college. Mama-San smiled sadly at her son's dreams. "I cannot believe you," she said.

But in several weeks, Alexander Grant Ruthven, then president of Michigan, agreed to obtain Abe's scholarship, and Dean Edwin Blythe Stason of the Law School threw his weight behind it, pleasantly surprised that the crew of a warship should interest itself in the problems of formal education. The final details of Abe's scholarship were worked out by Professor Russell A. Smith of the Law School. Admiral William M. Fechteler, the Chief of Naval Operations at the time, okayed air travel for Ebihara to the United States. Big Showboat's generosity was snowballing.

Abe, who had wangled a long leave from his job as a government lawyer, entered Michigan in the fall of 1951, still bewildered. There the consideration shown him continued. Professor Davis took him in tow, found him quarters at the university's Lawyers Club, and the Philippine Sea's protégé began classes, specializing in comparative law. Professor Burke Shartel, one of the nation's authorities in the field, began to give him personal guidance.



COLLIER'S "Remember the radio days when all we needed was a couple of coconut shells?" JEFF KEATE

On October 17, 1951, Davis wrote Showboat personnel: "Abe wants to stay in the U.S. as long as he can, and to that end is adjusting his living. At first I worried about him, but he appears to have clean clothes and cigarettes, although no pocket money. Last week, by a little snooping, I discovered he was working on Saturdays, together with another student, at odd jobs for people in town. So I am secretly pleased with him, but must wait until he tells me of his work."

Occasionally, the Showboat crew heard from Abe himself, still harking back to the words he said at the ceremony: "I did nothing to merit the kindness shown toward a nameless student of Japan." With the Showboat's fund transferred to his account, Davis doled out $100 monthly for Abe's living expenses and kept a close watch on his grades.

Abe got his share of letters from the crew—50 in all while he was at the university. Some of the men were frankly checking up to see how their investment was coming along. It isn't often that a flattop man can say, "Yeah, we're sending a kid to college, up at the University of Michigan." Abe answered them all.

Personnel of the Philippine Sea changed from time to time. Goodney went to other duty. So did Innis, Jones and Barnes. But Abe and Mama-San and Yuko, back in Japan, were never neglected. The Showboat kept her part of the bargain.

After Two Years in Law School

It took many sleepless nights of study, but Abe kept his part, too. A few weeks ago he stepped off a Military Air Transport plane at Tokyo's Haneda Airport to resume his interrupted career as a government lawyer in Nagano City—but this time with two solid years of an American law education under his belt.

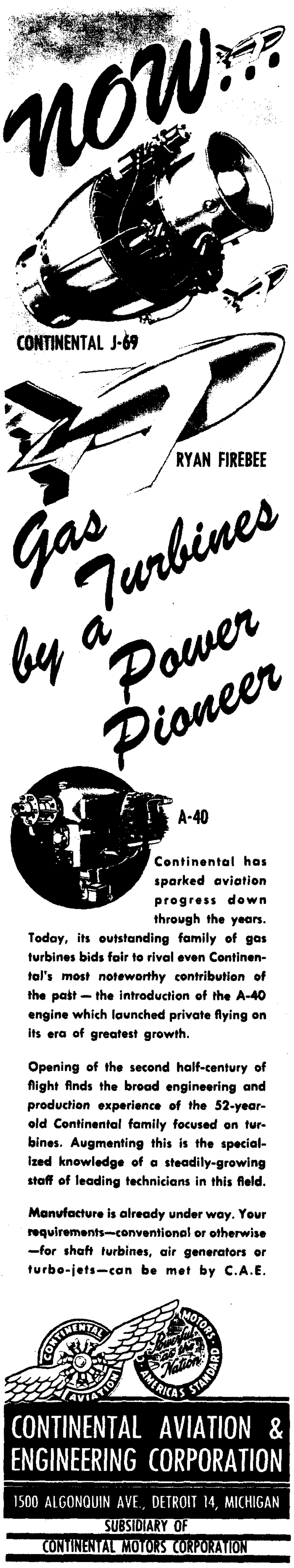
Twenty-nine-year-old lawyer Ebihara doesn't know how to repay the men of the USS Philippine Sea for their present. "How can you thank 3,000 sailors for doing such a thing as sending a stranger to college?" He shook his head. "We call it a crazy thing over here.

"Perhaps I can become a part of a bridge of understanding between my country and the United States," he said. "Communist propaganda begins to sound silly when placed alongside the deeds of men like those on the Philippine Sea. When I was in the United States, I found those men were typical of most Americans."

Even if Abe never becomes Chief Justice of the Japanese Supreme Court, as Goodney, now a rear admiral, optimistically predicted, the American people can thank the men of the Showboat for part of that bridge of understanding, already built.

Abe made three broadcasts back to Japan while he was at Ann Arbor, telling his country of the Showboat's gift and what literally thousands of American sailors, professors and students were doing for him, without thought of repayment. As a result, in Sasebo and Nagano City, carrier No. 47 is remembered as *Nasake No Sune*—the ship with a heart. Her gift to Abe was worth hundreds of diplomatic missions.

If ships really are human and have personalities, as old sailors maintain, that's something to cheer up the Philippine Sea as she lies barren and empty alongside a dock in San Francisco this Christmas Eve. ▲▲▲



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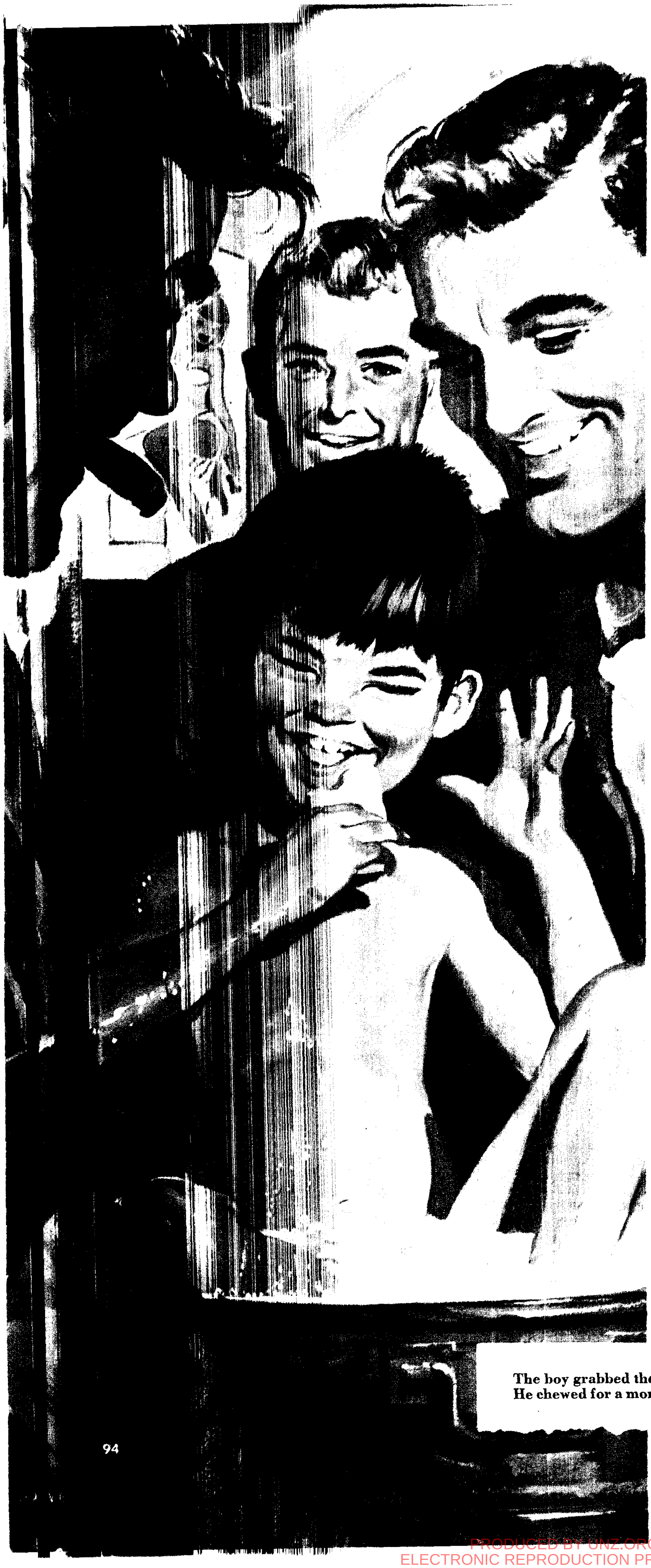


The Boy Who Was BORN AGAIN

Greaseball was a funny little Eskimo. The way he softened up a rough, tough sergeant brought a lump to my throat. What followed just couldn't be helped

By COREY FORD

GREASEBALL saw his first tree on Christmas Eve. It wasn't much of a tree; but it was the best we could offer at Whale, our weather station on the shore of the Arctic Ocean. Nothing but alders and scrub willows grow there, and the everlasting wind has bent and twisted all of them. We had arranged to import a real tree from Fairbanks, but that was lost when Jonesey's plane went down.

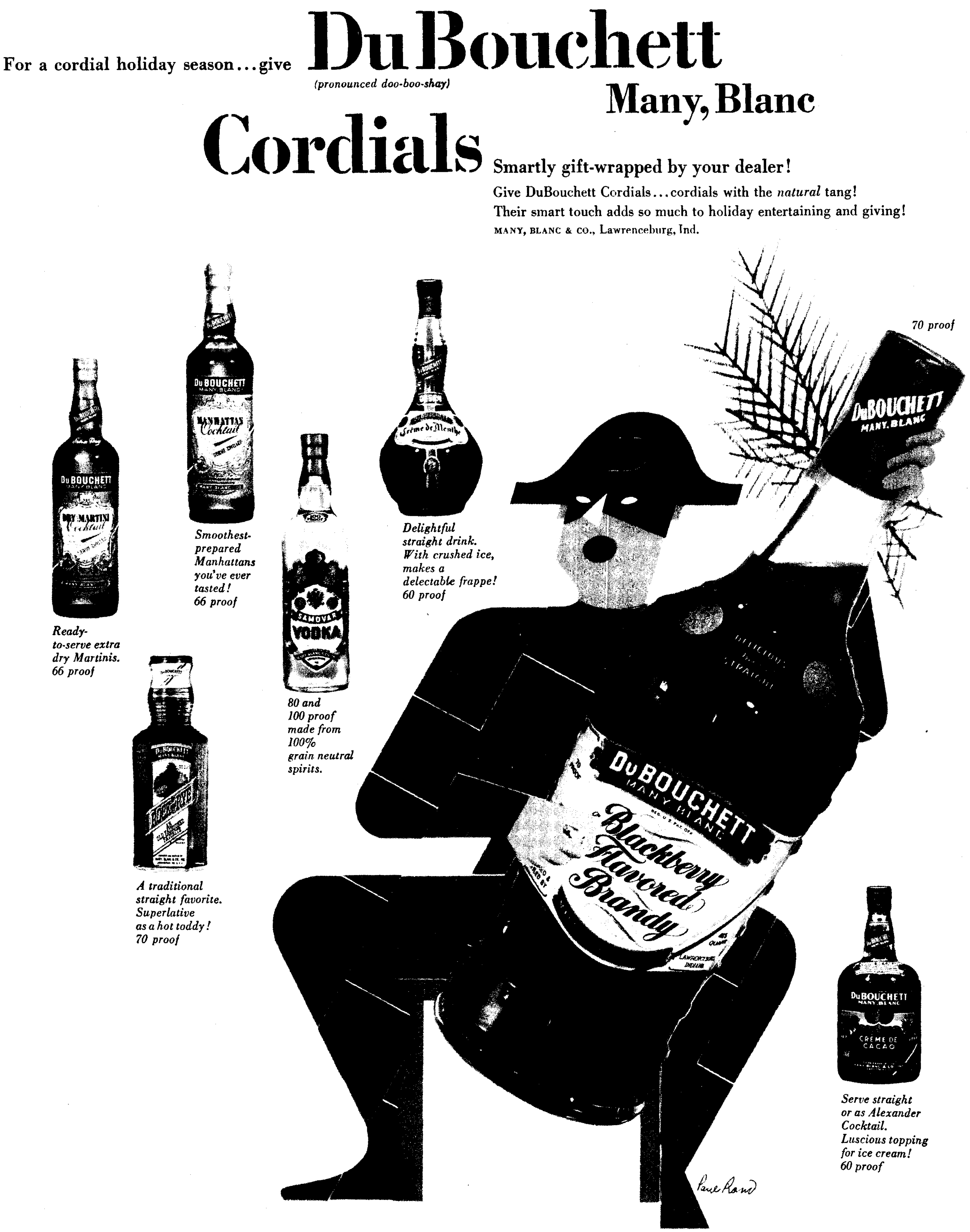
Jonesey disappeared about noon on the twenty-second of December. He had been flying back from Ladd to our weather station, carrying the tree and some Christmas mail and packages from home, and when he was over Anaktuvuk Pass he had radioed that he was picking up ice and his instruments weren't working right but he was going to try to make it in. That was the last we heard. Once we thought we heard the sound of an airplane engine in the midday darkness, and some Eskimos in the village reported seeing a flash of flame over toward the mountains, but the weather was so foul there was nothing to do but wait.

We waited. The storm kept up all that night and all the next day; the wind never dropped below fifty knots, and the snow blew horizontally off the frozen ocean. Whale is the northernmost Air Force outpost on United States soil, and the loneliest. There's a gravel landing strip, and a dozen Quonset huts anchored with steel cables, and adjoining the base is the Eskimo village of Arvek—Arvek means whale—which is nothing but a few sod huts, half-buried in snow. All day long the sled dogs lie behind the huts, curled into tight balls of fur with their backs to the wind, and at night one of them will start to howl and presently the others join in and the chorus rises and falls with the steady mourning of the wind, and the airmen sit up in their sleeping bags and curse and wonder when they'll be rotated home. All you think about at Whale is when you'll get home.

The storm was still blowing on the twenty-fourth, and we had given up all hope for Jonesey and Sergeant Monahan, his crew chief, the only other person on the plane. We tried not to think about them; we tried to think about Christmas instead. We dug down through the snow, and chopped out some blocks of green tundra moss, and stacked them in the mess hall

The boy grabbed the soap and lifted it to his mouth and took a bite. He chewed for a moment, and then his face broke into a pleased grin

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES



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in the shape of a tree. We decorated it with pieces of cotton that we borrowed from first aid, and we bent several green-and-red tobacco tins into Christmas bells, and the photo lab gave us some tin foil to fold into cornucopias, which we filled with chocolate from our emergency-ration kits. One of the men in maintenance cut out a Star of Bethlehem from the Plexiglas window of a wrecked airplane, and I was just fastening it to the top of the tree when the mess-hall door slammed open.

"Some Eskimos with a dog team, Colonel," an airman shouted. "They got a survivor."

It was Monahan. He was lying on the bottom of the sled, under a caribou robe and the pelts of half a dozen freshly killed wolves. One of his shoulders was wrenched and he had a frozen cheek, but otherwise he was all right. We helped him into the mess hall and I gave him a slug of whisky; he downed it in a gulp. He and Jonesey had served together in the Pacific; they had been together ever since.

"He told me to jump," he said, speaking indistinctly because of his swollen lips. "We were about fifty miles from the base. He said to jump; he was going to try and belly her in, but I guess the ice and all . . ." After a moment he got hold of himself and went on, "These here natives were out hunting wolves; they saw my chute."

A little group of Eskimos, a man and woman and three children, were standing in the entrance of the mess hall, the melting snow from their mukluks making puddles on the floor. The man's parka hood was pushed back; his hair was whiter than the fur edging, and the skin of his leathery face was cracked and deeply seamed. He might have been a thousand years old.

"His name's Oomut. He speaks a little English," Monahan said. "This here's his wife, and these are his four kids—" Monahan looked around and then reached under the mess table and pulled out the fourth youngster. The boy's arm was shoved up to the wrist in a jar of peanut butter. "Here's the one that found me," Monahan said, and he scrubbed the mop of shiny black hair with his knuckles. "Okay, Greaseball?"

THE boy's flat Billiken face was turned up to us in the most contagious grin I have ever seen. It covered his whole face; his button nose seemed to disappear, his slanting eyes were mere creases. A deep guttural chuckle came from somewhere down inside him. Everyone in the room began to grin with him. "Okay," Greaseball said.

"I taught him that," Monahan said with quiet pride. "He can say hello and good-by and nuts."

The three smaller children were regarding the Christmas tree stolidly. It was plain that they did not understand it; they had no idea what a real tree was. We emptied the hard chocolate from the cornucopias into their upturned palms, and we gave Oomut a carton of cigarettes, and we loaded the sled with canned goods and spare clothing. "I wish we had some oranges to give them," Sergeant Monahan said. "I bet they never seen an orange."

"We got some potatoes, we could paint them orange," the mess cook said. Sergeant Monahan scowled, and the cook said, "How would they know the difference if they never seen one?"

Corporal Leary took a jackknife from his pocket and gave it to Greaseball. "Here's a present from Santa Claus," he said.

"He never heard of Santa Claus," Sergeant Monahan said in disgust.

The corporal was shocked. "Well, then, you'd better tell him Santa Claus is an old geezer in a red suit that lives at the North Pole," he said.

"What thrill would he get out of that? The North Pole is only a little ways from here. That's like telling a kid back home that Santa Claus lives in Chicago," Monahan said.

"Tell him Santa Claus lives in Florida," an airman suggested, "and wears a red bathing suit like Marilyn Monroe."

"I wish Marilyn Monroe would come down the chimney tonight and fill my stocking," another airman said.

"I wish you'd quit talking about women," Corporal Leary said.

SERGEANT MONAHAN broke out a box of cigars, and passed them around. "I been saving these since August," he said.

Greaseball took a cigar, bit a couple of inches off the end of it, and munched it contentedly. His black eyes never left Monahan's face; they followed him worshipfully wherever he went. Oomut shook hands solemnly all around, and the rest of the family followed him out through the door, but Greaseball had to be dragged to the loaded sled. He sat facing backward, still looking at Monahan. The old man stepped onto the runners at the rear of the sled, and released the brake.

"Good-by, Greaseball," Monahan called.

The boy's lips parted in an attempt at a grin. "Goobai," he replied, "nuts."

Monahan turned and went back into the mess hall, his sentimental smile gone. He picked up the empty cigar box from the table, and looked around the room with an accusing scowl. "Some thieving louse," he said, "stole all my cigars." . . .

Greaseball was back the following afternoon. Monahan was stretched out reading a tattered comic book; he glanced up irritably as a blast of cold air struck his bare feet. "Here's your friend," the mess cook said, shoving Greaseball into the Quonset. "He was looking for you."

"Allo," said Greaseball.

Monahan swung his legs around and sat up, staring at Greaseball. The boy folded his mukluks under him and squatted at Monahan's feet, grinning up at him as happy as a lost pup that has found its way home.

"How did he get here?" Monahan asked the cook.

"Walked, I guess," the cook said. "He's all alone. I found him in the mess hall, eating peanut butter."

"Let him eat it," Corporal Leary said, from the adjoining bunk. "We got tons of the stuff."

"He has to go back to his old man. Where's your old man?" Monahan asked. Greaseball looked blank. Monahan pointed his finger in various directions and shrugged in elaborate pantomime. "Where Oomut?"

"Nedlok," the boy said.

Corporal Leary said sleepily, "Nedlok is a fishing camp down the coast; we flew over it the other day. It must be twenty miles."

"You mean this little nut walked twenty miles just to see me?" Monahan said in astonishment. Monahan had been a professional fighter back in Brooklyn; his nose was bashed almost flat and his cheeks were scarred. The blush looked out of place on his tough, homely face. "Why, the crazy little nut," he said. He covered his emotion with brusqueness. "It's too late to send him back tonight," he said. "He'll have to stay here till we get word to his old man."

"Not here," Corporal Leary said, raising himself on one elbow. "I ain't gonna sack with no codfish."

The oil-drum stove was glowing, and a ripe aroma of fish oil and whale blubber had begun to permeate the Quonset. Monahan was forced to agree. He got up and pulled on his pants. "We'll give him a bath," he said.

Operation Greaseball turned out to be a major undertaking. A couple of airmen borrowed a dishpan from the cook, and some others filled buckets with snow and put them on the stove. Monahan sat Greaseball on the edge of the table and pulled off the boy's sealskin mukluks, and Leary shoved them gingerly through the Quonset door with the toe of his boot. Greaseball watched in sober silence; once or twice his lower lip trembled a little. Monahan stood the boy on the table, and peeled his parka up over his head. A dozen crumpled cigars fell to the table. Monahan said, "Well, I'll be—" The boy lowered his eyes, and peered up at him from beneath brushy black lashes. "Okay?" he murmured.

"Okay," Monahan said, clamping the broken end of a cigar between his teeth. "Only you're darned lucky you don't understand English."

He stripped off the boy's sealskin shirt, then a pink cotton garment that looked like the upper part of a woman's dress, then a burlap sack with holes cut for the arms and neck, and at last a tattered pair of oversized red drawers held together with safety pins. It was like plucking an arctic owl; Greaseball grew smaller and smaller as the successive layers were removed, and finally he stood stark naked, just a skinny little carcass with angular shoulders and protruding ribs and a dimpled potbelly. Monahan put his hands under the boy's armpits and lifted him up.

"He don't hardly weigh enough to keep," he said.

HE SAT Greaseball in the basin of water, and everybody began to soap him down. The suds ran in zigzag lines down his oily skin, like drops of rain on a windowpane. Greaseball looked around mutely at the circle of determined airmen, faces perspiring and sleeves rolled up on big forearms, and the tears stood in his eyes.

"He thinks we're trying to drownd him," Leary said.

"Here," Monahan said, handing Greaseball the soap. "Try it yourself."

The boy grabbed the soap and lifted it to his mouth and took a large bite. He chewed it for a moment, and his face broke into a pleased grin. His round naked belly began to shake.

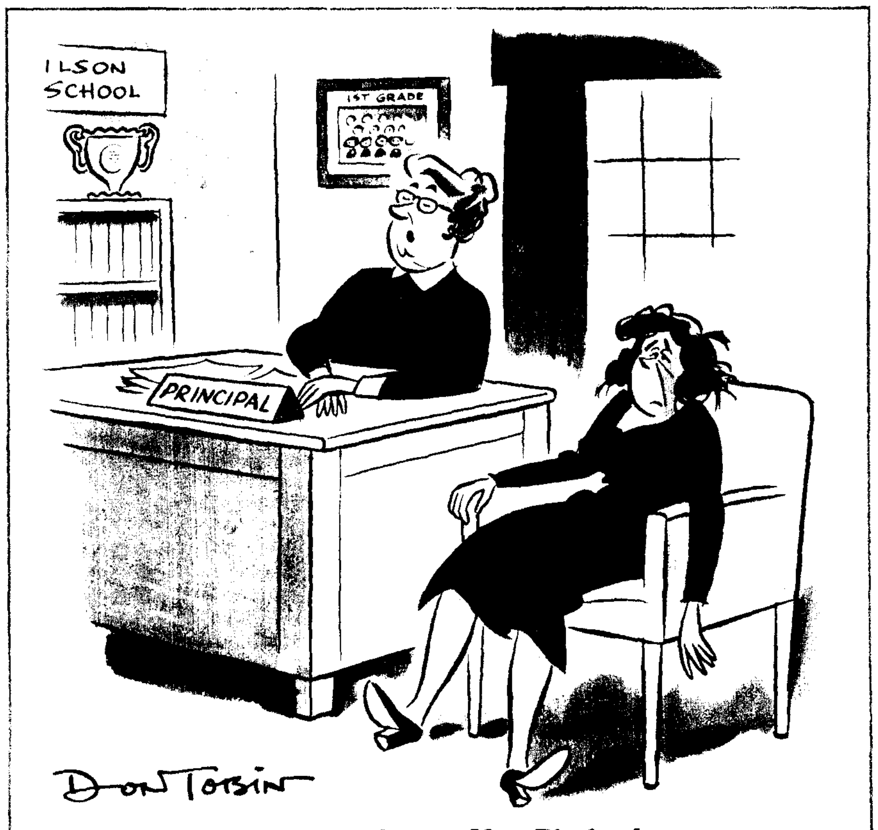
"*Ajungitok*," he said laughing.

One of the airmen contributed a spare suit of long underwear, somebody dug up some socks and an old Army shirt, and somebody else cut a pair of OD pants down to size. Leary fished under his bunk and pulled out a battered pair of combat boots, the soles worn smooth with use. "They're size twelve," he said, "but we can stuff newspapers in the toes." Sergeant Monahan took a blue Air Force blouse from a hanger; on its left side were bright-colored service ribbons. "You crazy?" Leary said. "That's your good blouse."

"It never fitted me," Monahan said belligerently.

The tops of the combat boots came up to Greaseball's knees and the blouse hung almost to the floor, giving him a curiously foreshortened appearance, as though you were looking down on him from the air. He insisted on wearing the whole outfit to bed, which was a mattress on the floor beside Monahan's cot. We found him in the morning with Monahan's flight jacket tucked around him.

"Sure I put it over him," Monahan said. Then he turned to Leary, who was smiling, and said, "He'd of probably stole it anyways."



COLLIER'S **"But let's not forget, Miss Block, that their eager little minds are thirsty for knowledge. If you can't make fractions fascinating to them, there must be something wrong with you as a teacher"** DON TOBIN

Try the Supermarket

Why must the young
Ask of their mother
The origin of baby brother?
At least let us discuss it later,
In some less crowded elevator.

—DOROTHY COX

We were eating breakfast when Oomut arrived. Greaseball slid off the bench beside Monahan, and shuffled toward his father, the sleeves of his Air Force blouse dragging. The old man's impassive face showed no sign of surprise. They squatted native-fashion in the entrance of the mess hall and talked in monosyllables, and Oomut nodded and stood up. He put an affectionate hand on the boy's shoulder, and pushed him toward Sergeant Monahan. "He like stay here," he said.

"That's up to you," Monahan said. "He's your son."

Oomut said cheerfully, "Is not mine."

"But you told me yourself—"

"That was yesterday. Today is not the same." Everyone in the mess hall had stopped eating to listen; the old man's voice was low-pitched and he hesitated as he searched for the English words. "My people believe ev'body die each night," Oomut said. "Ev'body born again next day. Yesterday maybe is owe money, is got enemies, is do something bad, is die and all finish. Today is begin new." Then he said matter-of-factly, without resentment, without regret, "Last night my son die. Is your son now."

He shook hands gravely all around. Greaseball clumped back to the table in his oversized combat boots, and resumed his breakfast. He did not even look up as Oomut closed the door.

Leary said to Monahan, "I noticed right off there was a family resemblance. He's got your same flat face and pushed-in nose."

Monahan did not bother to answer. He and Greaseball were looking at each other, both wearing the same broad grin.

GREASEBALL learned fast. Within a week he could say "Get lost" and "Blow it" and "So what." He tagged after Monahan all day, aping his long stride, walking behind him with a cigar butt clenched between his teeth at an identical angle. He would perch on the arm of Monahan's chair during an all-night poker game— "He's my mascot," Monahan insisted—and follow the cards in silent fascination, holding his sides and rocking with laughter when Monahan made a killing. Somebody had flown a case of beer up from Fairbanks; Monahan opened a can and gave the boy a taste. He swallowed, and smacked his lips, and said, "*Ajungitok*. Good."

"Lookit him go for it," Monahan said, pleased. "He's coming along."

"Sure, he's coming great," Leary said sarcastically. He owed Monahan a month's salary, and he was feeling sulky. "He gettin' quite an education."

Monahan said angrily, "What's wrong if he has a sip of beer?"

"You learn him to drink, and swear, and sit up till three in the morning playing poker. That's a fine thing to learn a kid."

"He's got to learn sometime," Monahan said, "if he's gonna be livin' in Brooklyn."

Monahan used to talk to Greaseball about Brooklyn by the hour. "They got sidewalks and big buildings higher than the radio tower here and subways. Subways are trains that run under the ground"—Monahan struggled for a simile—"like under the ice is water." Greaseball squatted at Monahan's feet, trying to comprehend. "And there's movie houses, and a bar on every corner, and dance halls and beautiful dolls with perfume on—"

"Lay off, will ya?" Leary said.

"You can live with my old lady," Monahan told Greaseball. "We got a nice flat on Wyckoff Avenue, plenty of room, and there's kids in the neighborhood to play with."

Leary was skeptical. "Who ever heard of an Eskimo in Brooklyn?"

"Just because his skin is darker don't mean he's any different from me or you, if he has a bath," Monahan said.

"I don't mean that. How do you know he'll like it? He can't spear the polar bears in the zoo. What'll he do for fun?"

"He can go to Ebbets Field on Sunday afternoon and watch the Dodgers," Monahan said. "I'm thinking of making him a second baseman."

The days were growing longer—it was early March now and there was light until three in the afternoon—and Monahan and Greaseball used to play baseball together in the hard-packed company street. Monahan found a ball, a catcher's mitt and a bat and he let Greaseball pitch to him. Throwing harpoons and spears is second nature to an Eskimo; the boy had a good arm. "See how he pegs it overhand?" Monahan would point out proudly. "He gets his whole body into it on the throw, and he's got a natural follow-through." He handed the bat to Greaseball. "Let's see you hit a couple."

The boy stood with legs apart, gripping the bat and waving it in a slow circle.

"Don't wiggle it," Monahan coached him. "Don't fidget around, see; keep your eye on the ball and swing into it. Hold your right arm close to your body, like this." He pressed his own elbow to his side, and Greaseball imitated him. "That's right. Snap your wrist when you bat, and don't step in the bucket."

He threw a fast one and the boy's bat connected, and the ball sailed high overhead, down the company street. Monahan ran to pick it up; then he stopped and stared past the row of Quonsets.

A dog team was approaching across the snow, Oomut riding the runners at the rear of the sled.

"Find plane," Oomut said, when he had braked the sled. Several airmen had gathered around. They looked down in silence at the shapeless bundle that was wrapped in caribou skins and lashed to the sides. "Bring home him."

We undid the thongs, and a couple of us lifted the frozen form. Nobody spoke; the rest of the men stepped back, forming a sort of lane, and we carried Jonesey inside. Monahan pulled off his cap, and bowed his head; his lips formed the words of a prayer. A deep guttural chuckle broke the silence, and Monahan turned, shocked. Greaseball was crouched on his haunches and with his head cocked to one side, was peering up into Monahan's grief-stricken face. He slapped his thighs with his hands and shook his head with laughter.

"Is dead," he said. "Ev'body die. So w'at."

"Shut up," Monahan said under his breath.

Greaseball laughed and said, "Blow it. Gellost."

Monahan's hand flicked out and cuffed the boy across the cheek. Greaseball's Billiken grin faded slowly, the wrinkles of laughter smoothed away, and his eyes opened, wide and black, in a suddenly sober face. He and Monahan looked at each other; there were a thousand years between them. I suppose they both knew, in that moment, that they would never be any closer.

"You damn' little heathen," Monahan sobbed, "you ain't got any heart at all."

The boy would have liked to say he was sorry, but he did not know how. He did not understand what he had done to offend Monahan.

WE ARRANGED to fly Jonesey down to Fairbanks in the morning, and Monahan was assigned to escort the body to the States. He was due for rotation in a few weeks; he would not have to return to Whale.

There were forms to fill out and last-minute details to wind up, and it was late when Monahan headed back to his Quonset to pack. Greaseball was not there. A couple of airmen thought they had seen him walking toward the Eskimo settlement near the base, but they were not sure.

Greaseball did not show up that night, and Monahan lay awake on his cot beside the empty mattress on the floor, staring at the darkness. He got up before the others, and climbed the hill to the village. There was an unusual stir of activity in the settlement; natives were hitching up their dogs, readying their sleds and kayaks, jabbering and laughing. He found Oomut behind a hut, harnessing his team of huskies.

"Walrus come," the old man said without stopping his work. "Is many at Nedlok now. Ev'body hurry, make big killing."

Greaseball ran out of the hut, carrying an armful of harpoons and lines. He was too excited to notice Monahan; he stowed the gear in the sled, and darted back inside.

Monahan said after a moment, "He's forgotten all about me."

The old man finished tightening a strap, and nodded. "Is die last night," he said casually. "Today is my son."

We took off about noon, and circled the base in a gradual climbing turn. Monahan, riding as copilot, was slumped moodily beside me. I nudged him and pointed. Oomut's team was just ahead of us, making its way westward along the coast; I dipped a wing as we flew over, so that Monahan could see. Greaseball was sitting on top of the sled, his arms folded into the beribboned Air Force blouse. He lifted his face as the shadow of our airplane raced past him across the snow. All we could see was his grin. —COREY FORD

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Smoky Valley

By DONALD HAMILTON

Lew Wilkison didn't expect to have much trouble in getting Parrish's ranch. He had three aces to play: two professional killers and a fiery, beautiful daughter

The Story: In his search for health following a Civil War wound, JOHN PARRISH became a rancher in the Colorado Territory. He felt that there had been enough violence in his life and, though it meant he appeared a weakling and coward, for three years he succeeded in holding himself aloof from the feud between the other small ranchers in Big Gun River Basin and LEW WILKISON, owner of the big Anchor Ranch. Wilkison was trying to buy up the smaller ranches—on his own terms. But on the day that DR. KINSMAN at last told Parrish he was well enough to return East, three events took place that drew him into the local quarrel: THE PECOS KID, Anchor's foreman, murdered Sheriff MARTIN COE, a hard but just old man, and went unpunished. Then JUDITH WILKISON, Lew's younger daughter, informed Parrish that her father was ready to issue the terms on which he would buy Parrish's ranch, the Rafter H. And finally, while Parrish was struggling with his outraged sense of justice and his angered pride, CAROLINE VAIL, his fiancée, forced him to promise to bow to whatever terms Lew Wilkison made, and to take her back East.

II

EVER since he had become well enough, John Parrish had taken his meals with the Rafter H crew. Their breakfast hour did not fit the routine of his day, but he had made this move deliberately, as he had done many other things, so that the men would not think he was putting on airs simply because he came from the East and happened to own the place. At first his presence had caused an awkward silence at the table; but gradually the men had become accustomed to seeing him there, and had even included him in their brief comments on the weather, the stock, the grass, and, occasionally, politics and women.

On the morning following his visit to town, the meal took the course of all other mornings: Parrish seated himself at the end of the long table, spoke the words of greeting that were expected of him, and began to eat from the well-filled plate the cook immediately put in front of him. The cook, a small brown man with a Spanish accent, had the theory that John Parrish had fallen ill simply because of the poor quality and inadequate quantity of Eastern food, and he had taken it upon himself to effect a cure in his own way.

Shortly after Parrish sat down at the table, Bud Hinkleman, still in his teens and the youngest member of the crew, stumbled in, late and only half awake as usual. Someone made the customary joke about sleeping sickness. There was some regretful discussion of Martin Coe's death, and the return of Cole Hansen and his bride to Anchor was mentioned.

Seated at the end of the table, Parrish watched and listened and kept his silence, as was his custom. He was not one of these men, and they all knew it; they tolerated him and they took his pay, but they had by no means accepted him. It was significant, he thought, that he was not asked to describe the sheriff's killing; they knew he had been present and doubtless felt he should have done something to prevent it. They had never been quite happy, he knew, about working for a man who did not wear a gun.

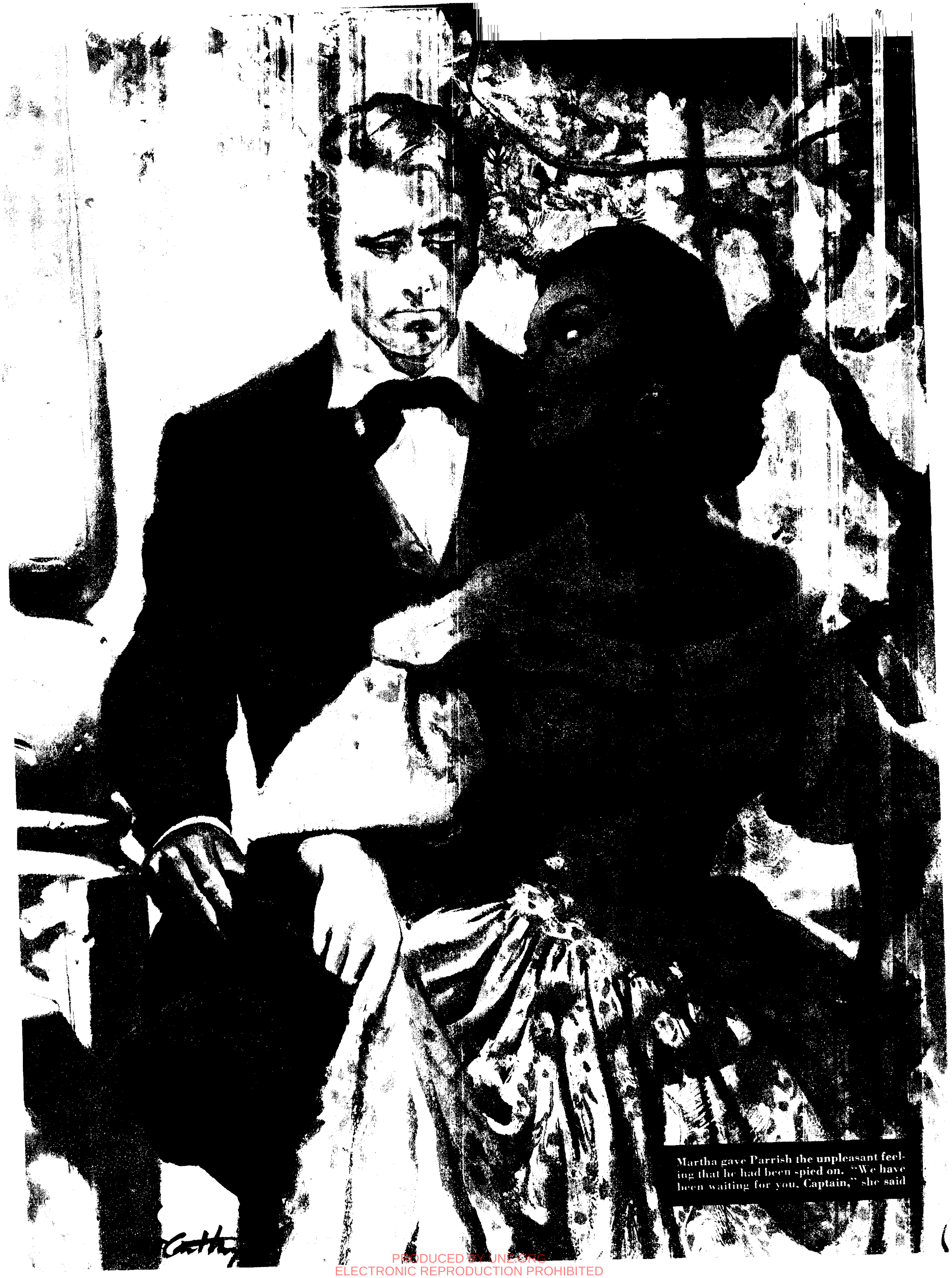
As he watched them eating and talking briefly among themselves, it occurred to Parrish, by no means for the first time, just how tough this group of riders would look to the people he had known back East. And there was no doubt that they lived up to their appearance; yet, looking at them now, Parrish was aware that there was a difference between these men and those he had seen riding for Anchor. These were brave men, but their job was cattle. They carried guns by force of habit, but their tools were the rope and branding iron.

Jim McCloud, the foreman, had finished his coffee; now he dried his mustache, pushed his chair back slightly and leaned back to roll a cigarette. It was a recognized signal, and those who had not yet finished began to eat faster.

"Harry," McCloud said to the man sitting next to him, "you take the river north from where you left it yesterday. When you hit Boundary Creek, swing east. Haze back any Anchor beef that's drifted across; but stay out of trouble with their riders, hear?" McCloud turned to young Bud Hinkleman. "Bud, you pack your gear up to Nelly's Canyon and relieve Wash Breed. Take a week's grub up to the line cabin with you. Jackson, you and DeRosa . . ."

Parrish finished his coffee slowly. This part of the morning always embarrassed him, reminding him that he still had only a superficial knowledge of what was involved in running a cattle ranch. He had been lucky, he reflected, in finding Jim McCloud still here when he arrived, and in having sense enough to prevail on the man to stay. As Walter Hard's foreman, McCloud had barely managed to keep the ranch going on what little money Hard could spare from his drinking; given a free hand by Parrish, and cash to work with, he had in three years developed the place to where it was returning an

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK MC CARTHY



Martha gave Parrish the unpleasant feeling that he had been spied on. "We have been waiting for you, Captain," she said

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McCloud was a stringy man of medium height whose black hair was flecked with gray. He had a curious, unswerving loyalty to whatever ranch employed him; he had accepted Parrish's illness as he had, apparently, accepted Walter Hard's drinking. Only a growing meagerness to his face and body betrayed his age.

Having given his instructions for the day, he got up, and the rest of the men followed his lead. Parrish said quickly, "Just a minute."

THEY turned to look at him, a little surprised, since he had never before interfered in the running of the ranch. "What is it, Mr. Parrish?" McCloud asked.

Parrish said, "You've got a right to know this, all of you. I'm selling out and going back East as soon as I can."

There was a small pause; then McCloud asked slowly, "Do you have a buyer in mind, Mr. Parrish?"

"Mr. Wilkison sent a message to town asking me to ride over and talk business with him today. I—"

"Would you sell to Anchor?" Jim McCloud said.

Parrish said, "Jim, don't try to involve me in your local feuds. I know your former employer had a fight with Wilkison; and perhaps you share his feelings, and I'm sorry about that. I don't approve of some aspects of the situation here myself. But now it's time for me to get out of here before I get involved in quarrels that have nothing to do with me."

He looked at all of them for a moment, and went on: "I mentioned it only because you've all got a right to know what to expect and also because I want to make sure that nobody runs any risks for me or Rafter H out of a mistaken sense of loyalty. Things are getting a little strained around here, and we all know it, and it may take some time for me to get my affairs straightened out. In the meantime I want every man working for this ranch to mind his business and watch his step. I want no fighting or shooting, regardless of the provocation, do you understand? In fact, you have my explicit orders to run like hell at the first sign of trouble, even if it should involve Rafter H property. Is that perfectly clear? I don't want any heroes on the payroll. I may not be much of a cattleman, but so far nobody's been hurt working for me, and I want to keep it that way for the remainder of my stay out here."

He turned and went out of the kitchen, closing the door behind him. In the living room, he stood for a moment looking about him idly: this was a rough room mainly given over to the business of the ranch. A scarred old desk in the corner held the ranch accounts. A heavy, round table held a lamp that needed cleaning; there were a few large chairs, a rack of rifles of assorted makes and calibers, and a threadbare Indian rug. The magazines and books Parrish had accumulated during his illness were stacked in dusty piles beyond the fireplace.

He frowned at the room, trying to fit into it the small, bright presence of Caroline Vail. She was right in not wanting to come here to live, he thought. It would take a different kind of woman to make a home of this place—which, he told himself hastily, was not necessarily a reflection on Caroline. He did not, after all, belong here either, although he could not honestly say that he had found his stay here unpleasant; in fact, he had enjoyed it . . . He could not, now that she had come into his mind, keep his thoughts away from Caroline. He could not help being disconcerted, as well as wryly amused, by the pretty skill with which she had used her power over him, forcing him to agree to sell Rafter H.

Yet he was not so hypocritical as to try to tell himself that she had tricked him into agreeing to something he did not want to do. It did occur to him, however, that marriage to Caroline was going to differ, in some respects, from the tranquil picture of wedded bliss that he had anticipated.

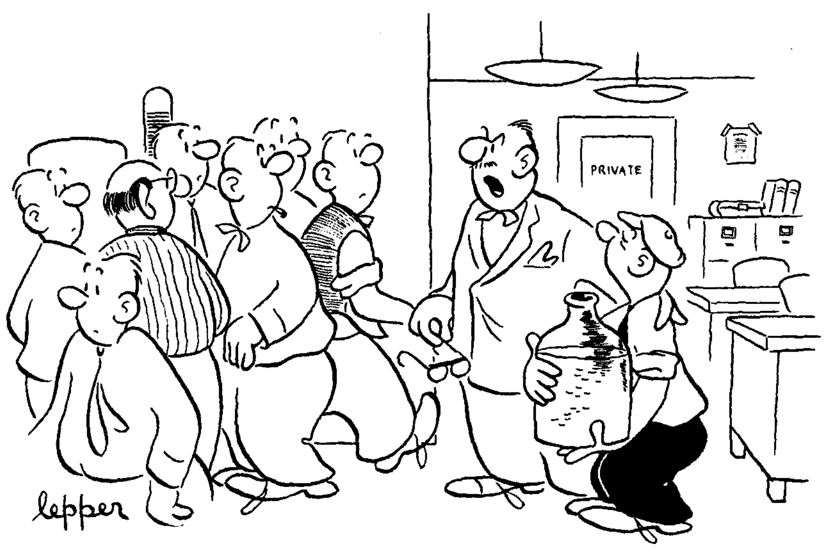
The sound of horsemen entering the yard brought him out of his reverie.

McCloud opened the front door and said, "It's Silas Purdue and a couple of his boys, Captain," the foreman said. It was his habit to use the military title in public, although Parrish had pointed out that he was no longer entitled to it.

"What do they want?"

"Well," McCloud said judiciously, "I couldn't rightly say, but from the looks of him I'd guess that old Silas was mad about something."

Parrish got his hat and went out with McCloud. The men from Box



"Would you gentlemen please let Mr. Harmison get through? He's been trying to refill that water cooler for the last three days . . ."

COLLIER'S EDWIN LEPPER

Seven had not dismounted. Silas Purdue urged his horse forward a step as Parrish and McCloud came down the porch steps. Looking up at him, Parrish noticed how all these men seemed to be of an age: Jim McCloud and Silas Purdue, and Walter Hard, who had drunk himself to death, and Jack Mahoney, who had been forced to flee the valley, and Martin Coe who had been killed.

Silas Purdue had sparse gray hair and a long New England face that the sun had turned red instead of brown. His clothing and his gear were old and worn. He carried a rifle in a saddle scabbard, and the two men with him were also armed.

"Light down and have some coffee, Mr. Purdue," Parrish said.

"I didn't come here to be social," Silas Purdue said grimly. "Is it true you're considering selling this ranch to Wilkison?"

"To anyone who will pay a reasonable price," Parrish said.

"We've been good neighbors to you, John Parrish," Purdue said. "The first winter you were here, my wife helped nurse you back to health."

"I'd be glad to sell the place to you, Mr. Purdue."

Silas Purdue made a snorting sound. "If I had that kind of money, I'd have bought Jack Mahoney's place rather than let that old vulture have it."

"I'll always be grateful for your kindness, and that of Mrs. Purdue," Parrish said, speaking rather stiffly, "but if you can't make me an offer I don't think you have a right to object if I listen to someone who can."

The older man leaned forward in his saddle. "Listen to me, young man. Twelve years ago Lew Wilkison's riders killed my boy. He was doing them no harm; he wasn't even trespassing on the Anchor range, but they beat him up so bad that when he got home he died in his mother's arms. That was their way of teaching us smaller ranchers to be respectful to Anchor. I've fought Lew Wilkison ever since, and I'll go on fighting him till I'm dead. I consider no man a friend who'll have dealings with him. So keep off Box Seven from now on—you're not welcome!"

SHORTLY before lunch a nester named Tex Kruger, on his way home to his small spread back in the San Luis Hills, stopped at the Rafter H with news that a man named Magruder had been appointed acting sheriff.

"Magruder?" McCloud said. "Dark, heavy-set fellow? Used to work for Anchor before a horse rolled on him?"

"Yeh," Kruger said. "That's the man. Well, I'll be riding along."

"Stay and eat," Parrish said.

"I thank you," Kruger said, "but the family will be expecting me." He stood in the open doorway, obviously trying to decide how to say what he had on his mind. Finally he said tonelessly: "Martin Coe was a good man. The Basin won't be the same without him."

"For a fact," McCloud said.

Then Kruger said in the same idle voice: "I heard Cole Hansen was telling somebody before his wedding that as soon as he took over at Anchor there'd be some changes made, like cleaning all the rustlers out of the San Luis. I suppose some people figure that anybody who runs less cattle than they do is a rustler."

Sensing where this was leading—the man was looking directly at him—Parrish said carefully, "Maybe you should have a talk with Silas Purdue. He shares your feelings about Anchor."

"I guess that's the one thing Mr. Purdue and us Hills folk have in common. Him and us have had disagreements in the past, Box Seven being back in the foothills like it is and cattle having a habit of straying the way they do, but Silas Purdue is a man who kills his own snakes. It's an attitude us smaller folk can admire, without being able to afford it," Kruger said. "Well, you might keep in mind that all through the hills there's men who can ride and shoot. They're willing to fight for the privilege of being left alone."

Parrish said, "I'm afraid you've come to the wrong place, Mr. Kruger. As a matter of fact, I'm riding over to Anchor on business right after lunch."

"I see," the Texan said, and creased his hat carefully and placed it on his head. "Well, that kind of answers my question, I reckon." He paused at the edge of the porch and looked back. "They tell me you served with Kirkpatrick in Georgia, Captain."

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COLLIER'S
BARNEY TOBEY

Parrish said, "That's right."

"That's funny," Kruger said but did not smile. "From over on our side, we got the idea Kirkpatrick had a pretty tough bunch of boys. But I reckon they always look tougher coming at you than running away."

Parrish watched the man mount his horse and ride off without looking back. Forget it, he told himself, forget it. You know more about your courage than he does. It's still no fight of yours.

After lunch, he walked down to the corral with McCloud. He glanced at the gray gelding that had been saddled for him, and frowned at the scabbard attached to the saddle. The incidents of the morning had rubbed his temper raw and he was glad to find an issue he could meet squarely.

"Take it off," he said.

McCloud said, "Now, Captain—"

"Damn it, Jim, I'm not a captain," Parrish said, "I'm just a poor damn' civilian trying to get rid of a piece of property that belongs to me." He swung about to look at the dark and lanky rider who had brought the gelding around. The horse itself was a subtle insult. It was old enough to have been ridden through Georgia with Sherman's army. He spoke quietly to the rider, whose name was Joe DeRosa. "Take it off, Joe. I'm not riding to Anchor with a rifle on my saddle. That's asking for trouble, isn't it, when I'm known not to pack a gun?"

He watched DeRosa remove carbine and scabbard, then swung himself into the saddle and looked down at them, and at the ranch house and outbuildings. It was a bleak enough place, yet he felt a faint regret. To hide it he wheeled the gray around sharply.

"Don't expect me for dinner. I'll be riding into town afterward and I may stay overnight," he said.

He kicked the horse into motion, aware, as always, that his straight-backed, cavalryman's way of riding seemed peculiar to these men. But what they thought of him wasn't important; they would forget him, and a year from now he would not remember their names. The important thing now was to get himself out of all this, without losing his temper or letting himself be goaded into becoming involved.

He set off northward at a steady pace. Crossing Hard Creek at the customary ford a mile above the ranch, he rode up out of the wide and deep arroyo through which the stream ran and reined in briefly at the top to let the gelding blow. Then he followed the plainly marked trail through the rougher country beyond. Occasionally he was on ground high enough for a view of the entire Basin, and usually the sight of this broad, broken valley between two mountain ranges never failed to stir him. But today he did not pause to pick out the landmarks; he would not need them again.

Presently the gelding splashed on through the shallow waters of Boundary Creek and they were on Anchor range. Parrish rode westward then, through country that was new to him, and some time later forded the swift and cold waters of the Big Gun River. It was still a long ride to his destination from this point, and the afternoon was drawing to a close when he drew up at last on a rise of land and, looking to the northwest, saw the buildings of Anchor before him.

He studied the big ranch thoughtfully, seeing it for the first time although he had lived within half a day's ride of it for three years. His approach had not gone unnoticed; a rider had picked him up several miles back and was now watching him from a little way down the ridge. Parrish paid him no attention, but continued to regard the buildings ahead with interest. Even at a distance, the house Lew Wilkison had built made a handsome impression. It was a great, sprawling place built of stone with white trim that shone through the surrounding trees.

PARRISH found himself thinking idly that, lying in a hollow and surrounded by trees, this was a pleasant, sheltered and attractive spot, but one that should be easy to surprise, militarily speaking. Parrish put the notion aside; it was high time, he told himself, that he stopped thinking like a soldier.

No one came out to greet him as he rode up, but he was aware of two men lounging in apparent idleness near the corner of the house. He slid stiffly to the ground and gave the reins a turn about the rail, and stepped back to ease the girths of the double-cinched Texas saddle. He was busy with this, pushing his head into the gray's flank to keep the animal from moving into him, when a rider came up at a gallop and pulled up sharply.

"Do you call that a horse?" Judith Wilkison asked lightly.

Finished with his job, Parrish looked up and watched her swing out of the saddle, the gracefulness of the action broken as she had to pause briefly to free the hem of her riding skirt.

"This damn' skirt!" she said irritably. "Well, if Dad and Martha had their way, I'd be riding sidesaddle, which is a fool way to sit a horse. But really, Mr. Parrish, can't you find anything better than that to ride?"

Parrish patted his horse. "You'll hurt Smoky's feelings, Miss Wilkison. This is what my men picked out for me to ride today. They don't seem to have a very high opinion of me for coming here. But we get along very well, Smoky and I. People don't expect much of either of us, and they generally get just about what they expect."

He had intended the mock humility as a joke; to his surprise, Judith Wilkison looked at him as though she took him seriously. He noticed that she was wearing a plain white shirtwaist that seemed to emphasize the pleasant if unfashionable tan of her skin. The simple costume was a great deal more becoming to her than the elaborate dress she had worn in town the previous day. He realized that she was really quite an attractive young girl despite her height, almost equal to his.

She said, "We've had dudes in this country before, Mr. Parrish, all kinds of dudes. But I can't recall ever seeing one like you before. Honest, you have me puzzled."

"I assure you it's unintentional," Parrish said dryly.

"I'm not certain I believe that," Judith Wilkison said with rather surprising bluntness. "I have a hunch very few things you do are unintentional—like leaving off your gun, for instance. You must know how to shoot; you were in the Army. So why set yourself apart from everybody else by going unarmed? There's a reason, isn't there? You're a little too good to be true, Mr. Parrish. You're so modest about your military record, so secretive about the cause of your illness—I don't think I trust you one damn' bit. Not that it matters, since you're leaving us, anyway." It was clear that Judith Wilkison had been giving him some thought since she had seen him yesterday.

"I haven't meant to puzzle you," Parrish said coolly.

"Well, you do," she said. "Most dudes that come out here, Mr. Parrish, are hardly off the stage before they're cowboys, and nobody's going to tell them different. In fact nobody's going to tell them anything. But the Basin's been waiting for three years for you to act like that, Mr. Parrish, and nothing's happened. Some people, I think, are even ready to give up and admit that you might possibly be human, even if you did come from the East and don't wear a gun."

"But not you, Miss Wilkison?"

THE girl said quietly, "I'm not sure. There's a kind of man who knows how to act natural anyplace he happens to be, who just falls into the ways of people around him, or makes them like his ways. But there's also a kind of man who can get along anywhere, just by being clever and careful." She gave him a quick glance. "I don't like clever and careful people, Mr. Parrish."

"I'll keep that in mind," he said.

"I think you will," she said. "I think you keep a lot in that mind of yours, Mr. Parrish; I think it's probably a very good mind—I'm sure you'll find plenty of chances to use it, back East."

"You're trying to pick a fight with me," he said softly. "Why?"

She said, "Go inside, Mr. Parrish. They're waiting. They'll go as high as five thousand if you handle it right."

"They'll have to go higher than that."

"Will they? They got the Mahoney place for three."

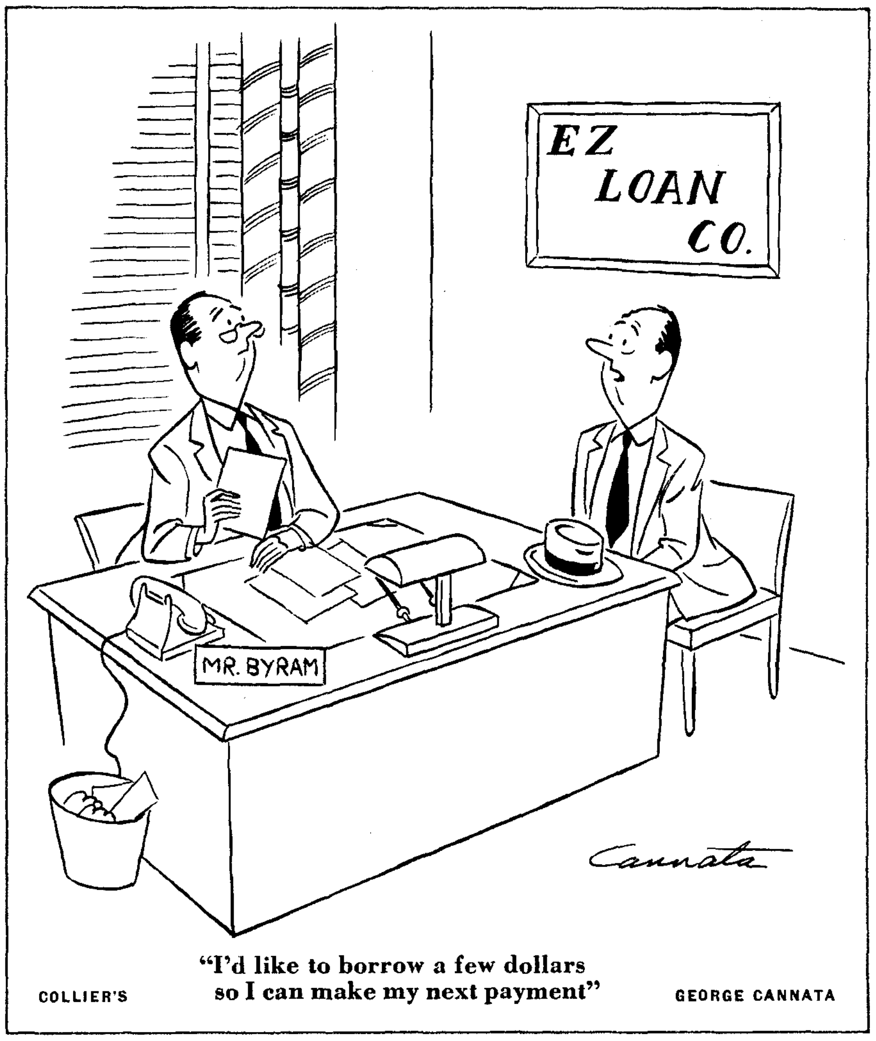
Parrish, rather bewildered, said: "This is your father and brother-in-law we're discussing now?"

"My father is an old man, Mr. Parrish," the girl said. "He's had a long time to sit in his wheel chair and hate the people who deprived him of the use of his legs. I don't blame my father. But I do blame those who encourage him by making no resistance to the grandiose schemes that have been put into his head!" She drew a long breath, and said, "I don't suppose I really have any *right* to be *disappointed* in you, Mr. Parrish. There's no reason why you should be interested in trying to show Dad that most of the people he hates are gone now, and that the ones who are coming in are willing to try to get along with us on a basis of mutual respect. But it's not your fight, is it, Mr. Parrish? This country has given you your health and, I suppose, a financial profit; what happens to it now is no concern of yours."

Parrish looked at her and said in a very dry voice, "It must be fun arranging battles for other people to fight, Miss Wilkison."

She glanced at him quickly, and color flooded her face beneath the golden tan of her skin. Suddenly she looked very young, despite her tallness and the severity of her riding costume. "I didn't mean it like that," she said after a moment. "I just meant . . . Well, damn it, you can't blame me for wanting to see *somebody* show up Cole Hansen for the cold and ruthless fortune hunter that he is. How Martha can stand—" She checked herself. "I'm sorry to have delayed you."

After she had left him, Parrish stood for a moment by the horses, brushing the dust from his clothes and putting his thoughts in order. He found himself noting the details of the ranch as he stood there; unlike Rafter H, Anchor hid its outbuildings to the rear of the main dwelling, and the front boasted a circular drive beneath the trees. It was a prosperous and well-tended establishment that bore little resemblance to his idea of Anchor as a grim and fortified robbers' roost.



COLLIER'S "I'd like to borrow a few dollars so I can make my next payment" GEORGE CANNATA

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He became aware of a slender, dark-haired woman watching him from the big veranda. He had no idea how long this girl had been standing there, and her silent presence gave him an unpleasant feeling of having been spied on. He recognized her at once, of course, having seen her several times at a distance.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Hansen," he said, removing his hat as he went forward.

She did not speak, waiting for him to reach her. Approaching, he could not help being struck by the marked difference between this sister and the tall girl in riding clothes who had just left him. Lew Wilkison's older daughter was wearing a summer dress of some light figured material; her black hair was drawn back from her face and gathered smoothly at the nape of her neck. She was extremely beautiful, but cold and serene.

"We have been waiting for you, Captain Parrish," she said, picking up her skirts to precede him into the house. He saw no reason to apologize, since no specific time had been set for his visit, and he did not speak. "Please close the door," Martha Hansen said when they were inside. "What did my *little* sister say to you, Captain?"

HER amused, light voice made a joke of the younger girl's tallness; it reduced Judith, by implication, to the status of an overgrown child. Yet Parrish thought he could detect a faint undertone of disquiet in her voice. He glanced at her sharply as they walked along the hall together.

He said, "I found it difficult to make out precisely what she wanted to say, Mrs. Hansen. She expressed an unfavorable opinion of my horse, and I gathered she wasn't greatly impressed by me, either. Altogether, she seemed in a rather hostile mood."

Martha Hansen laughed. "I'm afraid you'll have to make allowances for Judy, Captain," she said. "My little sister has always been a problem: she's a wild and irresponsible person in many ways; and she has never seemed to take an interest in the things I try to teach her." Martha Hansen shook her head, and smiled sadly. "She's even less amenable to discipline these days; she won't even listen to me politely any longer. I'm afraid it's a rather difficult time for Judy, Captain, Mr. Parrish, and I hope you'll make allowances for her."

They had stopped in front of a closed door. "Why difficult?" Parrish asked.

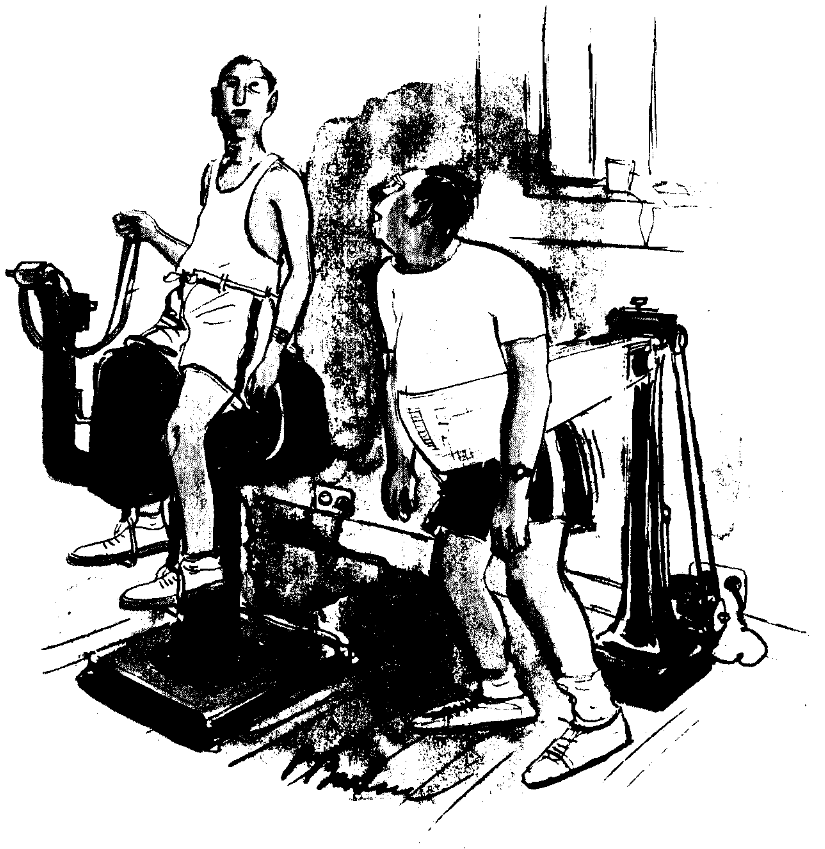
"Why, as her older sister, I've always done my best to take the place of her mother," the dark-haired girl said serenely. "But of course now that I'm married . . . Well, I'm afraid Judy's somewhat jealous of my husband's claims on my attention. But, heavens, you're not interested in our family problems, Captain Parrish! I just wanted to apologize for my sister's rudeness." She turned crisply, indicating that she wished him to open the door; and when he did so, she swept past him and into the study beyond, a small, masculine room that apparently served as an office for ranch affairs.

Of the two men inside, the older was the more striking, and it was toward him that Parrish looked first. Lew Wilkison had been a legendary, unseen character for so long that Parrish could not, for a moment, reconcile everything he had heard in the past three years with the sight of the figure that confronted him from the wheel chair. Somehow, in the stories, Wilkison had seemed ageless, but this was an old man, as Judith had said. He had obviously once been a man of giant stature, but the exercise of maneuvering the wheel chair had not been enough to keep up the muscles of his shoulders, chest and arms, and his legs were wasted sticks beneath the blanket that covered them. The great shock of white hair and the bristling white mustache were in startling contrast to the broad red face that was the only part of the man that seemed to retain vigor, even a kind of grim fierceness.

"So you're John Parrish," Wilkison shouted. "Judith said you looked like a polite little boy with red hair and freckles. Damn' if she wasn't right."

"Dad," Martha said. "Captain Parrish is right in the room. He can hear you perfectly well."

"Captain, eh?" the old man bellowed. "What were you captain of, a nursery? Well, come on in, boy; don't mind me. Help yourself to something to drink if you like. Over there." He waved a hand at a table by the window.



"I decided to do something when I discovered that I could play Santa Claus *without* the pillow this year"

COLLIER'S PERRY BARLOW

"No, thank you," Parrish said.

"Why not? You're old enough."

Parrish said, "Dr. Kinsman discourages my drinking."

Wilkison studied him for a moment. "You're a liar, son," he said in a quite normal voice. "Spit it out. What's wrong with Anchor liquor?"

Parrish said deliberately, "Seeing Sheriff Coe shot in the back spoiled my taste for it, Mr. Wilkison."

The old man's bony hands gripped the arms of the chair as if in an effort to help him rise. "Why, you young—" And then, surprisingly, Lew Wilkison grinned. "Damn, I should have known you didn't have red hair for nothing, boy. Will you drink with me if I tell you I'm sorry as hell about Martin, and that the yellow pup that shot him has been booted off this ranch? Why, Martin was a friend of mine; we came to this country together. We had our disagreements, sure, particularly after he got old and cranky and started standing up for every rustler and shirt-tail farmer in the country. Rub Martin the wrong way and he'd stand up for anybody, and I reckon I didn't put it to him right when I tried to show him how Anchor's entitled to a little extra protection from the law, since everybody figures we're fair game . . .

"Ah, hell, I'm sorry, boy," the old man said. "If it had ever come to the point where I figured Martin needed shooting, I'd have had myself rolled out on Front Street and done the job myself. You can't hold it against me because one rat happened to get on the payroll. When I heard what had happened in town, I kicked that little two-gun pipsqueak out of here so fast his tail's still burning." Wilkison turned to the man sitting behind the desk. "Cole, pour this boy a drink, damn it."

After a moment Cole Hansen got up, poured a drink and returned. Parrish took the glass that was offered him; he had made his point and there was nothing to be gained by carrying the matter further. Martha Hansen had left the room. Parrish sat in a chair facing the desk; it was low and put him at a disadvantage which he knew was deliberate. He lifted his glass to the old man and then tasted the drink. Wilkison finished his in one draught, while Hansen set his glass aside on the desk.

THERE was a moment of silence to indicate that social amenities had been concluded and it was time for business. Parrish used the pause to study Cole Hansen carefully. He knew the former Anchor foreman better than he knew anyone else from the big ranch; they had met in town. Nevertheless he had no feeling of understanding the man. Sitting behind the desk, Lew Wilkison's new son-in-law had a misplaced look: an outdoorsman never looked quite right behind a desk. Hansen was a big man in every respect, yet he knew how to handle himself lightly.

He had a long, tanned, clean-shaven face, much darker than the yellow mane of his hair. His nose had been broken at some time: the bridge of it was slightly thickened and not quite straight. His face was scarred and in the side of his neck there was a dimple that could have been made only by a bullet. Reading the signs that life had left upon this big man, not more than a year or two older than himself, Parrish knew a feeling of respect. This was, undoubtedly, a dangerous adversary: an ambitious man with no visible weaknesses except, perhaps, a certain arrogance that might lead him to underestimate the abilities of other men, particularly those smaller than himself.

Lew Wilkison broke the silence. "Well, I hear you're planning to sell and go back East," he said. "Climate's got your lungs all fixed up, eh? I wish it would do the same for my legs."

Parrish said, "Well, I'm considering selling, yes, if I can get a fair price. If not, I'll just hang onto the place as an investment, I suppose."

HANSEN spoke for the first time. "How much do you want?" he asked. Unlike Wilkison, who still seemed cordial enough, Hansen put his question in a curt and hostile manner.

Parrish glanced at him, and was a little taken aback to see a gun in the big man's hands. Hansen was toying with the weapon, idly shaking the cartridges out of it, one by one, onto the desk.

Lew Wilkison laughed. "All right, boys, go to it," he said. "Nothing I like to watch more than a good horse trade. Cole, you watch out for this here city feller, or he'll trim you."

Hansen did not smile. "How much do you want?" he repeated.

"How much are you willing to pay?" Parrish asked.

"You're low on stock this year and most of what you've got is pretty scrubby stuff," Hansen said. "And the buildings and improvements are not worth much to us; all we're interested in is the range rights."

"Yes, it's a mighty poor place," Parrish said dryly. "It's a wonder Mr. Wilkison even bothered to ask me to come here today."

"I still haven't heard your asking price, Parrish," Hansen said flatly.

"You probably know what I paid Walter Hard for the place; that's no secret," Parrish said. "I want to get my money out, no more."

Hansen gave a perfunctory laugh. "Old Walter played you for a sucker, fellow. You must know that by this time, and you can't expect Anchor to pay for your mistakes."

Lew Wilkison chuckled, watching them. The old man had swung his wheel chair around and backed it off a little so that he could see them both, and his blue eyes were bright with malicious pleasure. "Go on, boys, go on," he said. "You're doing fine."

Parrish paid no attention to him, but kept his eyes on Hansen. Having emptied his gun once, and reloaded it, Hansen now began to shake the lead-tipped shells out of it a second time. He handled the weapon, Parrish thought, with casual familiarity. The revolver held Parrish's interest also. Not only were metallic-cartridge weapons still something of a novelty to him—relatively few had been available during the war—but this one had a striking peculiarity that would catch the attention of anyone at all accustomed to firearms: it lacked a trigger. It had clearly been altered, gunman fashion, for thumbing or fanning the hammer. The fact that he possessed such a weapon threw a new light on the character of Cole Hansen, indicating that he might be some-

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thing more—or less—than just an ambitious range boss who had been smart enough, or lucky enough, to marry his employer's daughter.

"Well," Parrish said deliberately, "if that's your attitude, Hansen, and if Mr. Wilkison concurs in it, I guess I've had my ride for nothing. The price I paid for Rafter H was a fair one—I may not be much of a cattleman but I have some notion of business—and I have no intention of letting the place go for a lower figure. There's no necessity for it, since I have no immediate need for the money. I've still got an interest in a firm back East that will pay me a reasonable living, and I have a good foreman and a good crew; they can work the ranch without me until I find a buyer who'll meet my price."

"They might work it for you," Hansen said softly. "But will they fight to keep it for you?"

THERE was a brief silence. The big, blond man behind the desk swept up the five shells in front of him and, without glancing down, fed them all back into the chambers of the cylinder so rapidly that it looked like a conjuring trick. He spun the cylinder so that the empty chamber was under the hammer, shoved the weapon into the holster at his side, and stood up abruptly. But it was Lew Wilkison who spoke, forestalling whatever his son-in-law had been about to say.

"Take it easy, Cole. There's no need to get tough, yet," the old man said and turned his wheel chair toward Parrish. "Let's put the cards on the table, boy. Look at it this way: Anchor needs grass. Down in the south end of the Basin is range we can use, range we need, but we can't get at it because I once gave a bunch of stubborn old men cause to hate my guts. They've been holding a line across the Basin for twelve years; every time a man has died or moved away, the rest have taken over his range, even though they don't need it. They've even let nesters squat on it rather than let Anchor get it.

"Well, I'm plumb out of patience with this orneriness, Parrish. I've got the Peterson and Mahoney places now, and I'm taking the rest. I'm an old man myself, and half of me's dead and useless, but there's a man in the family now who isn't tied to a damn' wheel chair, and he's going to do the job for me, eh, Cole?" Wilkison's voice had grown hoarse with anger, but now he cleared his throat and went on, "So don't let's hear any more foolishness about keeping that ranch of yours for an investment, son. You're selling out, one way or another, to us."

Parrish studied the old man's wide, red face. Take it easy, now, he warned himself. Take this home and look it over. Give yourself time. He drained his glass, took his hat from the arm of his chair and got up.

He said quietly, "There are two questions I'd like to ask, Mr. Wilkison."

"Go ahead."

"Why didn't you buy the place from Walter Hard three years ago?"

"Walter wouldn't have sold to Anchor. He'd have given the place to Silas Purdue first."

"Mr. Hard was a drunkard and sick," Parrish said. "He died not very much later. Even at the time he could hardly see to sign his name. You could have bought through someone he didn't know, a dummy. He'd never have guessed the trick." The old man grinned at him pleasantly. Parrish said dryly, "I see. I was the dummy."

"Something like that, I reckon. Besides, the time wasn't right; Jack Mahoney was still acting stubborn and Cole wasn't part of the family yet. I'm good at waiting, boy."

Parrish nodded. "All right. That's one question. Now, just how high are you willing to go?"

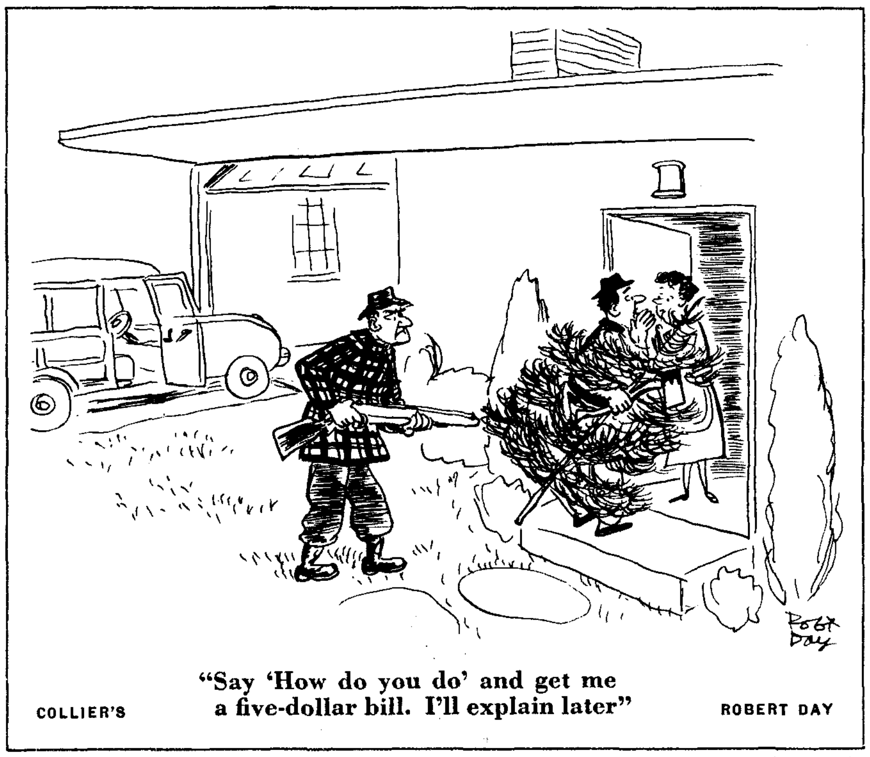
Wilkison said, "What was that figure we settled on, Cole?"

"Four thousand," Cole Hansen said.

"That isn't even a good down payment," Parrish said.

"We don't figure that way," Cole Hansen said softly. "We don't figure what the place is worth, fellow. We just figure what it's worth to us to get you off—without a fight. You've got twenty-four hours to think it over."

THE Rafter H range was unfamiliar in the dark; Parrish had not crossed it before except in daylight. Although he knew he could not get lost so long as he kept the dark ridge of the San Luis Hills on his left, it added to his sense of angry futility that he did not know precisely where he was on his own range. At last his slow progress was stopped by the wide and deep arroyo of Hard Creek, risky if not impassable in the dark. His instinct told him that he had struck the creek above



COLLIER'S "Say 'How do you do' and get me a five-dollar bill. I'll explain later" ROBERT DAY the ranch, and so he turned west, following the arroyo downstream until the lights of the house came into view, seeming faint and distant as if miles away. Some minutes later, the tired gelding found the trail at last and without guidance picked its way down the steep arroyo wall, across the brushy flat, and up the precipitous path on the far side.

Attracted by the sound of an approaching horse, Jim McCloud had come down the path from the house and a couple of the hands had come out of the bunkhouse. Parrish thought they all looked a little surprised to see him, and then he remembered that he had announced his intention of spending the night in town. He climbed stiffly from the saddle and, passing the reins to the nearest man, he turned and walked quickly up the path and into the house. There was a lighted lamp on the desk, where McCloud had apparently been working over the ranch accounts. After a moment the older man entered the room.

McCLOUD did not speak for a while, and then he asked, "Had dinner, Captain?" When Parrish shook his head, the foreman said, "I'll have Tony rustle you up something."

The kitchen door opened, and the cook said, "Tony is already rustling up. Here's coffee while you wait."

Parrish turned and looked at the steaming coffee, and then at Jim McCloud. "They offered me four thousand," he said softly. "I have twenty-four hours to think it over."

The foreman said, "It don't look like Lew Wilkison's going to bankrupt himself overbidding on the place."

Parrish laughed shortly and then said, "The hell of it is, Jim, it's enough. With what we made last year, thanks to your management, it'll do. Oh, I'll lose a little money, but I'll be able to pay back most of what I borrowed to come out here; and after all, I did come out for my health, and I've got that. And Caroline wants to go East, and I—I promised her I'd accept any fair offer." He looked at the foreman. "Do you consider four thousand dollars a fair offer for Rafter H, Jim?"

The older man said, "What do you want me to say, Captain?"

"I want you to tell me the truth," Parrish said quietly. "I want you to tell me that it's a raw steal. The question is, Jim, am I going to stand for it?" A sudden harshness came into his voice. "Do you know the answer to that, Jim?"

"Captain, I—"

Parrish said roughly, "Well, the answer is yes, Jim! I'm going to stand for it. Oh, I'll make it look good. I'll go back tomorrow and dicker with them. I'll tell them they can have it for six, and they'll split the difference with me and settle for five—the girl said so. I didn't come out here to fight a war and they know it; but damn it, they'd better not laugh where I can hear them or I'll take that fancy gun away from that two-bit hard-case and shove it down his throat butt first! I don't care how big he is. I've given orders to bigger men than that, and seen that they were obeyed. I know all about big men who think they're something to be afraid of; I've been coming up against size all my life. If there's anything I love it's big, tough men who think they've got the world by the tail; there's always some way to trip up a man who's too big for his hat, and I'm just the boy who can find it!"

His anger evaporated as quickly as it had built up; and he laughed at himself, and at his foreman's expression. "Forget it, Jim," he said. "I just had to let off a little steam. It goes against the grain to let myself get booted out of this place, as if I were a fat, frightened old man like Jack Mahoney. But that's pride, Jim; and I saw too many proud men get themselves and a lot of other people killed in the war . . . What's the matter now?"

"Why, nothing," the older man said. "Nothing at all, Captain. It was just—well, for a moment there you had me scared. I thought you was going to turn out human after all, with a temper and everything." He turned to go.

Parrish stopped him. "Jim."

In Collier's Jan. 8 Issue . . . on Sale Dec. 23

The Mau Mau had sworn to rid Kenya of white men; Andy's oldest friend was said to be their leader. Yet he couldn't realize his family's danger—till the death warning came

By RICHARD LLEWELLYN

The KENYA CURSE

YOURS IN SONG

By HANNIBAL COONS

Arthur's mother fed so many birds that Arthur could not afford to feed a wife. His girl got impatient; the birds got fat—and Arthur got an idea

McCloud turned and asked, "What is it, Captain?"

"Temper is something only the very strong or the very rich can afford, Jim," Parrish said. "That's something my father taught me early."

"Your dad did a good job of teaching," the older man said. "Good night, Captain."

"Good night, Jim."

AFTER the door had closed, Parrish looked at it for a moment and then shrugged his shoulders. He picked up the mug of coffee from the table and drank. He wished that he had, after all, ridden to town; Caroline would have sympathized with his feelings and appreciated the wisdom of his decision. But he immediately realized that he did not want her sympathy or appreciation. He had, he discovered, no respect for her judgment and very little faith in her motives, and the realization shocked him. It revealed an emptiness to their relationship that was a little terrifying.

He turned and strode into the kitchen.

"Dinner all hours of the night is not good," the cook said reproachfully. "Next time you let me know, *sí?*"

"*Sí*, Antonio," Parrish said, sitting down to eat.

"This Wilkison, he make trouble for you, *señor?*"

Parrish said, "Well, he's trying."

He looked up as Joe DeRosa came into the kitchen. "Mr. Parrish," the rider said, "Jim wants me to tell you we just heard a bunch of riders hightailing it down the main road. They must have come from out of the Hills, or else from over Silas Purdue's way. Jim wants to know if you think we should do anything about it."

"Do?" Parrish asked. "Such as?"

"Well," DeRosa said, "Jim seemed to think maybe old Silas had run into trouble of some kind."

Parrish said evenly, "The last time Mr. Purdue was here, he didn't sound as if he was interested in our help."

DeRosa nodded, as if hearing a theory confirmed. "Jim figured you'd think that way, Mr. Parrish. I'll go tell him."

Parrish pushed his plate aside and got to his feet, reaching for his hat. "Keep it warm for me, Antonio. I'll be back," he said and walked grimly past DeRosa, who made way for him with a show of respect that lacked sincerity. McCloud was waiting in the yard. "All right, Jim," Parrish said. "What is it now? How many riders?"

"Eight or ten, by the sound."

"Heading toward town?"

"Or toward Anchor. In the dark, going around by the road would be almost as quick and a lot easier than cutting across country."

"But you don't know," Parrish said. "And Mr. Purdue has warned us to stay off Box Seven. What you heard could have been just a bunch of Hills folk. It's Saturday night, remember."

"A little late for that, Captain. They won't reach town before midnight, if that's where they're going," McCloud said. "First, Anchor went after Jack Mahoney, then the sheriff, then us. I figure they're not going to neglect Box Seven forever; and they're not going to bother making Silas any offers, since they know he won't sell."

Parrish sighed and said, "Hell, Jim, you're bound to get me into this, one way or another, aren't you? All right, while I finish my dinner, saddle me up something that won't fall over its feet in the dark. We'll go take a look; I owe the Purdues that much in spite of what the old man—"

He stopped. They all heard it: the shuffle and scrape of a tired horse approaching at a walk from the direction of the Hills. A moment later the animal came around the corner of the bunkhouse, a dark pony moving with a curious, exaggerated care, so as not to dislodge the bowed figure clinging to the saddle horn. The pony came to a halt in the center of the yard. Parrish and McCloud reached it in time to catch the rider as he started to fall loosely to the ground.

"It's Bud," McCloud said.

Parrish said, "Get him up to the house."

"Bunkhouse is closer, Captain." The foreman's voice had a cold, withdrawn sound. "A couple of you boys give me a hand here!" he snapped. "Easy now, the lad's been shot, slip a blanket under him and grab the corners."

Parrish found himself shouldered aside. He watched the men carry Bud Hinkleman gently into the bunkhouse. After a moment, he glanced down at his hands, which had blood on them. The tired horse was still standing where it had halted, head down. Parrish looked toward the bunkhouse door. Instinct told him that he was not wanted inside; these men looked out for their own, and he was not one of them. He started to take care of the pony.

PRESENTLY McCloud came out of the bunkhouse with Joe DeRosa. "Ride like hell, Joe," the foreman said. "Tell Doc Kinsman it looks bad. Captain, he wants you."

Parrish looked up, slapped the pony on the rump, and walked quickly over to where McCloud was waiting. They looked at each other for a moment. Parrish wanted to say, "They gave me twenty-hour hours; how could I know?" But he did not say it; this was not a time for self-justification. He went in and walked slowly down the long, cluttered room to the bunk where the other men were standing. They made way for him. The sight of Bud Hinkleman's face in the yellow lamplight was a double shock to Parrish; outside it had not been apparent that the boy had taken a bad beating, nor had it been obvious that he was dying. Parrish, who had seen men die before, knew instantly that DeRosa was riding on a fruitless errand. He tried to keep the knowledge out of his face and voice.

"How's it coming, Bud?" he asked.

The boy opened his eyes. "My fault," he whispered. "Slept too heavy. All around the cabin before I could get my boots and gun—got the drop on me—didn't expect—didn't expect—"

Parrish said, "It's all right. Nothing could have helped, Bud. Don't worry about it."

"They said"—Bud Hinkleman licked his lips weakly—"said to tell you it was to—to help you make up your mind."

"Who said that?"

"Fellow was running things, young fellow, fancy clothes, two guns, they called him Kid. He beat me up while two of them held me. Then—then they started to fire the cabin. I—I kicked this Kid fellow." A faint smile came to Bud Hinkleman's lips. "I kicked like hell, but the others caught me and the Kid fellow straightened up and he shot me. While they was holding me." He licked his lips again. "One of the others, he didn't like that much. Heard them arguing and carrying on. Cabin was burning. One of them—saddled my pony and lifted me on—didn't think I was going to—make it—"

Parrish said gently, "You made it, Bud." Then he saw that the boy was dead.

—DONALD HAMILTON

(This is the second of four parts.)

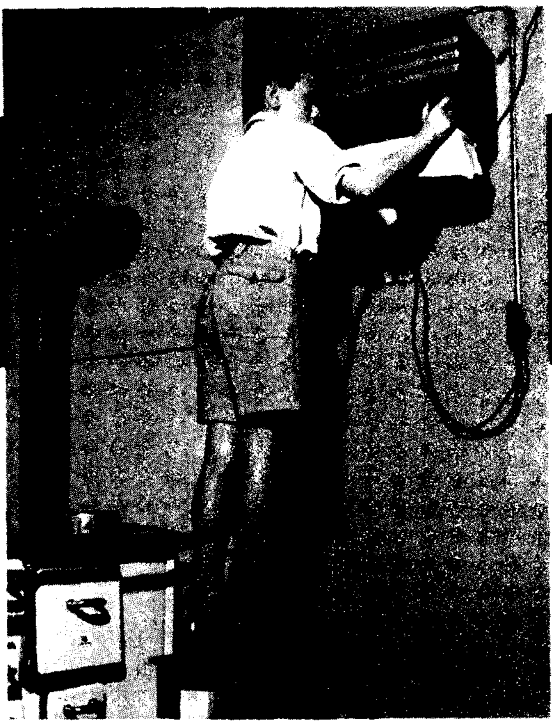
Free at Last from the Littl

By SEYMOUR FREIDIN and WILLIAM RICHARDSON

Ladislav Broz helps his son, Mila, 12, with his studies in a refugee camp near Nuremberg, Western Germany, after their escape from Czechoslovakia. They hiked 160 miles to freedom

Mila Broz lived under Communist rule in Czechoslovakia. He was taught in school to hate America, and he wanted to be a Russian guerrilla. Then his father brought home a crystal set and showed the boy how to tune in broadcasts from the free world

RED Schoolhouse



Mila tunes in Voice of America program at German camp. He hopes to go to the U.S.

WE HEARD this story in a refugee camp near Nuremberg, Germany. It is a true story of a schoolboy's everyday life in Communist Czechoslovakia, as it was told to us by the boy himself and his father after their flight to the West. . . .

On a winter afternoon three years ago, when the snow lay thick on the evergreens in the hills above Racice, 100 miles northwest of Prague, nine-year-old Mila Broz came home from the village school in tears. A big gash in his forehead was bleeding, but that was not the reason he cried.

Mila was at an age when most American boys want to be either cowboys or space cadets. Mila had an ambition, too. He wanted to be a Russian guerrilla because the Russians were "brave and courageous"; he wanted to fight against the Americans because they were "cowardly and capitalistic."

But at school that day his schoolmates had made him an American in their game of "guerrilla warfare." There were no special rules for the game. The youngsters did not take a toy gun, point it, cluck the tongue like a pistol shot and say "You're dead"—as in the American game of cowboys and Indians. The "Russians" just picked up rocks and threw them at the "Americans," then took "prisoners" of the faint or the wounded.

Mila had been hit by a rock the size of a baseball. After the game was over, he had left the battlefield and returned home, where his father was busy mending shoes.

Ladislav Broz, a thin, wiry man in his mid-forties with kind blue eyes and a great shock of curly hair, looked up from his cobbler's bench and went to the kitchen sink. Taking a towel, he drew the boy close to him and wiped the blood from his forehead.

"They made me an American," the child sobbed. "The Americans are cowards and that is why I was hurt, because I was a coward."

The father remained silent. He knew all about the game. Czech children had been playing it ever since the Communists seized power in 1948. In the classrooms, the children were taught that the Russians were the bravest and most courageous people in the world and that the Americans were cowards and bullies. It was only natural that a boy of nine would want to be a Russian.

"But it isn't true about the Americans, Mila," the father finally said. "It isn't true at all."

Ladislav Broz had to be both father and mother to his son; his wife had died when Mila was just beginning to walk. As he wiped away the blood on Mila's forehead, Ladislav went on gently, "Son, it cannot be true what they said about the Americans. You were too small to remember, but once they were here in Czechoslovakia and they were very kind and gentle. They were generous with food and clothing when we had so little. They are not cowards or bullies."

"But it must be true," Mila cried. "They told us so in school. It must be true. What do you know about it?"

Although he was only a cobbler, Ladislav Broz knew much that Mila was too young to know. He remembered how life had been before the Communists came, how he used to earn the equivalent of $170 a month and dream of one day owning his own shop. He remembered how the Communist coup forced him to work for the state at a mere $50 a month and dashed his dream of independence. He had heard what had happened in other countries behind the Iron Curtain, how the children had been taught to worship Soviet Premier Joseph Stalin and admire everything Russian.

Now the pattern of Poland, Hungary and other Communist-controlled states was being repeated in Czechoslovakia. It no longer was something that had happened to a Polish or a Hungarian child; it was happening to his own son. Broz was a deeply religious man and a devout member of the Czech Brethren, a branch of the Protestant Moravian Church; the Communist way of life was repugnant to him.

But how could you explain to a small boy that the Reds had imposed their rule on an independent people, trampling their rights and bending them to the Communist will? When the Reds replaced the classroom pictures of Tomás Masaryk, Czechoslovakia's George Washington, and his protégé, Eduard Benes, with those of Stalin, Lenin and Czech Communist President Klement Gottwald, it meant little to Mila and his schoolmates.

And when the Communists began to teach the Russian language and the glories of Red Russia in the schools it was just a new and exciting game to the children. The youngsters prattled phrases of the alien tongue to their parents, as Mila Broz had to his father.

Ladislav Broz had brought his children, Mila and Irene (eight years older than Mila), to Racice from Prague in 1946. He had wanted them to live in the country, in the foothills of the mountains where the air was fresh and clean. He had begun buying a three-room house that had a workshop. There he had intended to raise his son and daughter and put a little property aside for them.

Communist Monitors Boss Other Pupils

But even in a hamlet like Racice, life had been shuffled swiftly into the Communist pattern. Ladislav Broz could see it whenever he took Mila to school, right in the yard of the yellow brick-and-plaster schoolhouse. Monitors, pupils of ten to twelve, strutted importantly in the gray uniforms of Communist Pioneers, herding the other children inside.

One of the teachers, a slender, stern young woman, beamed on her monitors. She was Maria Valesova, whose husband was the Communist school superintendent for the entire district. At her side hovered Antonin Zeman, the principal. He was a man in his late fifties and not a Communist. When the new regime took over, Zeman had been demoted from a large school and sent to Racice.

Although Zeman was the principal, Mrs. Valesova ran the school. She often spoke sharply to Zeman and the other teacher, mousy, middle-aged Anna Preibischova, who also had been demoted from a job in a large city.

From Valesova—as she was generally known—Mila would bring home stories of the great feats of the Russians. They had never been defeated, and all alone they had beaten the Germans in World War II, Mila would tell his father. Czechs should be grateful to the Soviet Union and happy that Czechoslovakia now had the same kind of government as Russia, he used to say. Then, eyes bright, Mila would tell how his teacher said there soon would be big playgrounds and bicycles for everyone.

Ladislav Broz had listened to his son and said nothing. But he remembered that before the Communists seized power, Mila had been given free lunches at his school; now they cost the equivalent of $4 a month. He remembered he used to put aside money to complete the purchase of his shop; now he wondered whether he could spare enough cash to buy Mila the new overcoat the boy needed. . . .

The elder Broz's thoughts returned to the present, to the unhappy boy clasped in his arms. He dried Mila's tears and released him. Mila walked slowly to a corner of the room, got his skis and went out into the snow. The boy fastened the skis to his feet and went up in the hills above the town. He took some very fast runs down the slopes, skiing recklessly.

As children will, Mila quickly forgot about his tears and resolved his problem very simply: tomorrow and the next day and the next, he would just see to it that he was always on the "Russian" side when the children played guerrilla warfare. It was as simple as that—or so it seemed that afternoon.

After a time, he felt much better and went over to see his only close friend, Jindra Dushek, who was the same age and in the same class. Jindra had an accordion and, sitting before the fire, he played The Red Army Marching Song.

Mila left Jindra's house just before dusk. They said good-by in Russian and both laughed as though it were a great joke. Mila skied home slowly, taking his time and feeling good because his forehead didn't hurt any more. Just as he passed the school, he saw Georgi Holobek, who was his great personal hero.

Georgi was in the same class as Mila and Jindra, but he was much bigger and more sure of himself. He came from an educated family, and he said both his father and mother had been guerrillas fighting with the Russian army in World War II.

"Hi, Georgi," Mila yelled across the snow.

"Hi, you American," Georgi said, and turned his back.

Tears welled in Mila's eyes again. He wanted desperately to be liked by Georgi, who was always chosen captain of the "Russians" in the guerrilla war game.

His face smarting because of Georgi's remark, Mila went up to the hills again to take out some of his desperation on a fast run down a slope. On the way down, he hit a rock and broke one ski. It seemed a sort of final injustice. He was not hurt,

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY KRYN TACONIS

Communist patrols searched for the fleeing family with dogs

but as he walked home through the thick powdery snow he somehow associated Georgi with his broken ski. He began to suspect that Georgi, the good little "Russian," was not perhaps such a hero after all.

That evening Mila went to bed even earlier than usual. He slept badly.

Usually Ladislav went to bed around ten o'clock, but this night he stayed up much later, just sitting in a chair and staring ahead. After Irene kissed him good night, he went into his son's room and stood for a long time looking at Mila's sleeping face.

Through his mind ran a conversation he'd had with Mila only a week or so earlier. The boy had come home to tell him all the wonderful logic he had learned in school about religion. The teacher had chided some of the children for going to church and asked why they went.

"To learn about God," one of the children had replied.

"But there is no God—else you would see Him at church," Valesova had said.

Mila had thought the teacher's argument inescapably logical.

Ladislav felt completely defeated as he looked down on his sleeping son. He was not a brilliant man, nor did he pretend to be. He was a cobbler and he did not have much education. He felt he could never combat successfully the teachings of Mila's Communist instructors, however false. He needed some other voice of authority, someone Mila would trust and respect.

Planning Far Into the Night

That night, long after midnight, Ladislav Broz made some decisions for the future. What he wanted could not be accomplished overnight, he knew, but sooner or later . . .

Next morning, as usual, Mila lugged his books to school. He had a Russian-language grammar, a Czech grammar, an arithmetic, two history books and a geography. He entered one of two small buildings shaped like towers and connected by a low-lying corridor. There were four rooms in all. One was set aside as the principal's office and two classes met in each of the others. There were about 10 children in each class, and the classes ranged from the kindergarten to fifth grade.

School began at 8:00 A.M.

After each hour of instruction, there was a five-minute break. There also was a 15-minute recess at 10:00 A.M., during which Georgi and five other student monitors appointed by Valesova would check on their schoolmates' cleanliness. The monitors reported dirty ears and fingernails and unkempt hair. If Georgi were angry at someone, he would report him even if the boy were not dirty. The complaints were given to the teacher, who marked them down in a report book along with all cases of disobedience. Every week report cards were sent home for parents to sign.

At noon, the pupils went to a canteen next to the schoolhouse for a lunch of soup and potatoes, except for an occasional chunk of bread, the menu was invariably the same. Mila and his classmates always bolted their lunch to have more time to play in the schoolyard. The boys played the guerrilla warfare game, while the girls sang Russian songs and danced Russian dances. Classes were resumed at 1:00 P.M. and school was dismissed for the day at 3:00 P.M. After school, the boys played guerrilla warfare again.

That day, the next day and the one after that, too, Mila failed in his wish to be designated a "Russian." Georgi said he didn't think him good enough to be on the Russian side. He also sneered at Mila for being backward in learning the Russian language, now a required subject in Czech schools.

Was Georgi Like His Parents?

Mila began to wonder what the Holobek boy's parents were like. Did they, he thought, lord it over other parents the way Georgi lorded it over him and the other boys? It was worth thinking about, he decided.

As the weeks went on, Ladislav Broz scrimped and saved for a present for his boy—a present that the father hoped would have a profound influence on Mila's life. The gift was part of Ladislav Broz's plan to counter the teaching of Communism with another, and more logical, voice of authority.

Before supper one evening several months later, he presented the gift to the boy. It was a small crystal set with earphones. Mila swelled with pride as he inspected the little radio. He was the only boy in the village with a set of his own.

Ladislav showed his son how to set the crystal to pick up programs from faraway places—the Radio Free Europe broadcasts from Munich, the BBC Czech language programs from London and the Voice of America relayed from New York. Listening to such broadcasts was not forbidden by the Communists, although Czechs known to be doing so were regarded with suspicion.

In the long spring evenings and all during the following year, Mila spent countless hours at the earphones. He picked up new songs which he would play on a clarinet his father had bought him, and he taught the songs to his friend Jindra. From the news and feature programs, he heard evidence that the Russians, far from liberating the countries within their orbit, were enslaving them.

He heard religious services and, more and more, he moved away from the circle of young Communist bullies at his school to the handful of children who still went to church. One night he talked to his father about God, and Ladislav knew the time had come for the second part of his plan. Although he was a devout Protestant, there was no church of his denomination in the region. Therefore he took Mila to the neighboring town of Liberec and had him baptized as a Roman Catholic.

From that time on, Mila's life changed radically. He began to see clearly how his teachers were far more interested in making good Communists than good students. Valesova would give good grades to boys and girls who proved proficient in Russian and Communist doctrine and bad grades to the others.

Then the teacher organized a group of Communist Pioneers. Members were given candy and favored treatment and promised summer holidays in a camp. When Mila and Jindra didn't join, their report cards suffered. But now there was some organized resistance to Georgi and his little group of informers. When the child Reds carried tales about other students, Mila and Jindra would catch them outside the school building and beat them.

At home, Mila grew closer to his family. Finally one day last January, Ladislav decided the time had come for the final part of his plan—escape to the West. He took Irene and Mila into his confidence, and together they prepared for their flight.

The last weeks at school were difficult for Mila. He found it harder to control his contempt for Georgi and his gang of informers. One day Georgi reported Mila to Valesova for making slighting remarks about the Russians; as punishment the teacher made Mila stand in a corner of the room for several hours.

Just after Stalin died, Mila was given his worst punishment. The teachers had tuned the school radio to a funeral oration for the "Great Soviet Father." Mila and some of the children couldn't understand the speakers, so they talked among themselves. The teachers forced them to stand facing the wall every day for four days. Mila wasn't interested in school any more.

On a bright day last April, Mila went to see his friend Jindra, for the last time. He gave Jindra his marbles, the broken skis, his clarinet and—his most prized possession—the crystal set.

The Start of the Long Hike

That night Ladislav Broz and his two children set out on foot toward the German border. They took with them only the clothes on their backs and what they could carry in three small knapsacks.

Averaging a little more than 10 miles a day, they walked 160 miles across Czechoslovakia and East Germany to the West German border in 15 days. Generally traveling after dark, they slept during daylight in woods or barns. Only at the West German border were they in any real danger, and even then no shots were fired at them. Roving Communist patrols with dogs had picked up their trail in a fringe of woods along a stream at the border. However, the soldiers could not see them and Ladislav, Mila and Irene slipped across the frontier into West Germany under cover of the noise made by the guards crashing through the underbrush.

The Brozes are now living in one room in a wooden barracks in a refugee camp near Nuremberg, and it was there that they told us the story of the education of Mila Broz—first in Communism and then in democracy. It is a story being repeated daily in Czechoslovakia, Eastern Germany, Poland, Romania, Bulgaria, Hungary—everywhere behind the Iron Curtain—as parents struggle to save their families from the blight of Communism.

Like thousands of other refugees waiting in Western Germany, the Brozes do not know what the future holds for them. There are endless formalities about immigration and visas and passports. But one fact stands out as Mila Broz prepares to celebrate his first real Christmas since the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia: the boy who wanted so desperately to become a Russian that winter's day in 1950 now wants to become an American—an American radio engineer, in fact. You see he already knows about crystal sets. ▲▲▲

Next in Collier's

January 8 Issue on Sale December 24

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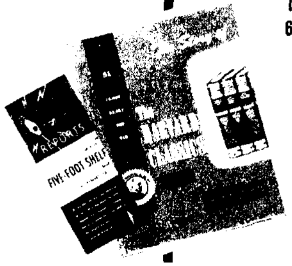

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Collier's Editorials

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

LOWELL HESS

Dear Santa: Here's a giant task—
Almost four million gifts we ask.
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Mink coats, convertibles (a few),
Cameras, watches, tons of toys
For people who have girls and boys,
And any other kind of present
Designed to make the yuletide pleasant.

Please also bring 'em peace of mind
And peace of soul and every kind
Of benediction that one sends
At Christmastime to buoy one's friends . . .
Who are these folks we're speaking for?
A great big army we adore,
The nicest folks you've ever seen—
They buy and read this magazine.

The Hopes for Peace—Christmas, 1953

NOW IS THE SEASON when we sing of "Peace on earth." But peace on earth is not, of course, a seasonal aspiration. It is a goal which men of good will have sought through all the centuries of Christendom. The quest has been beset by almost constant frustration. Wars have grown in scope as the world's population has grown, and their destructive ferocity has increased with the increase of man's scientific knowledge. Yet there is hope. And there will continue to be hope so long as there are people and governments who believe that a potentially world-destroying conflict is not inevitable, and who take intelligent and realistic steps toward preventing the occurrence of such a conflict.

What are the reasons for hope at Christmas, 1953? We can do little more than guess. But let us begin by approaching the question of peace from the opposite direction, and consider some of the more obvious and familiar reasons that are advanced to support the argument that war must come:

The Marx-Lenin-Stalin theory of world revolution has not been demonstrably abandoned, in spite of some conciliatory, insincere and unproductive double talk since Stalin's death.

The Soviet Union has nuclear weapons.

The Soviet Union has some 4,000,000 trained and ready men under arms, plus numerous divisions in the satellite countries—the greatest "peacetime" army in history. Such a military establishment cannot be classed as a defensive weapon. The tremendous armed might of the U.S.S.R. seems intended for aggressive use. But there are also arguments in favor of peace, at least in the foreseeable future. And they can be summed up in one question: If the Soviets intend all-out war, what are they waiting for?

Two years ago, with atomic weapons in their arsenal and with NATO a tottering infant, the Russian and satellite armies could have walked from the Elbe to the Atlantic in a matter of days, and probably could have bombed the United States severely at the same time.

Some of the best military minds on our side think that one of the chief deterrents to aggression is the Soviet Union's failure—or really, to date, its inability—to produce enough steel, oil and coal to fight a major war. The Kremlin cannot be sure that, in spite of the catastrophic impact of an atomic Pearl Harbor, the United States would not arise, injured but not incapacitated, and retaliate with swift devastation.

Then there is the question of discord and a struggle for power among the top Communists. Outsiders can only speculate about these matters. But there is no speculation about the discontent and ripeness for revolt which already have been demonstrated within the Communists' imprisoned neighbor nations. The smoldering resistance would inevitably flare up in the event of general war.

The cold comfort of these cold facts gives no reason for complacency or relaxation. The American people cannot live normally or even as comfortably as they would wish. They cannot, if they are wise, insist that their government cut taxes at the expense of national strength. Rather, the United States and the free world must grow stronger, through sacrifice and hard work. And they must increase their strength until Moscow has taken at least three important steps:

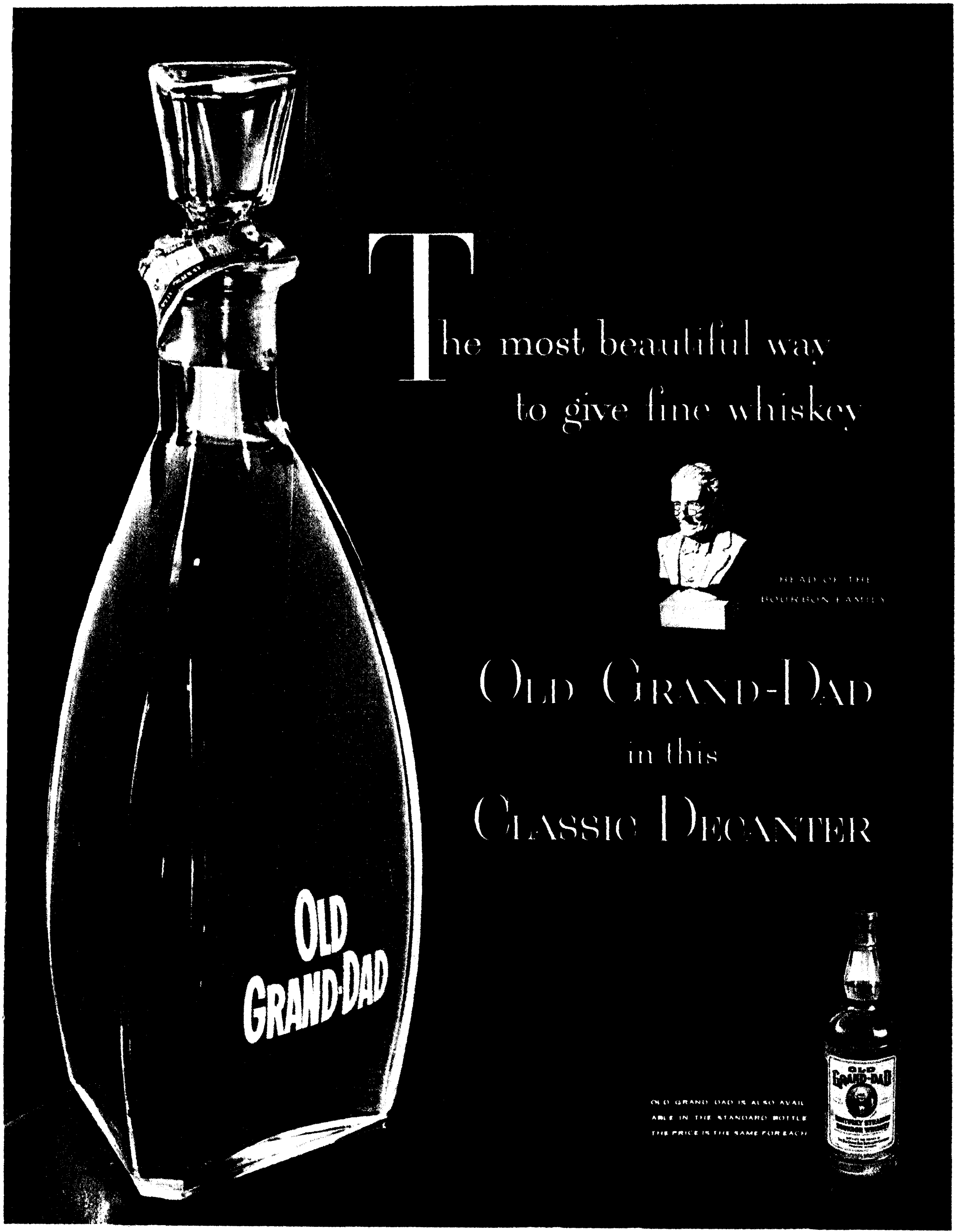
Renounced, publicly and positively, the Lenin-Stalin theory that war with the non-Communist world is inevitable, and ceased its divisive and disruptive efforts in that world;

Made the real co-operative contribution necessary to dissolve the partitions of Germany and Austria and to settle existing territorial and political disputes;

Moved toward a general agreement on world disarmament and the control, inspection and eventual destruction of nuclear weapons.

Not until all this is done can the world really relax. Today we can only give sober, earnest, prayerful thanks that peace, however precarious, is still with us.

And we may hope that the longer peace persists and the stronger the free world becomes, the greater are the chances that the cold war will dissolve into settlement rather than explode into Armageddon.



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